THE HUNDRED BEST
ENGLISH ESSAYS;

fashion, and retired, a trifle soured, to his ancestral château. This pile, from which he derived his surname, was situate at Dordogne, thirty miles from Perigueux, in a countryside wild, remote and uncultured Polite society did not exist in such a region; solitude, good wine, and isolation from politics were all that the proprietor of this solitude could hope to gain from his self-imposed immolation.

His loneliness, however, suited his character. Introvert, mature sensualist—in the best meaning of that vilified term—insatiably curious Montaigne gave himself the task of setting down his own disjointed but pungently personal comments upon the contemporary world.

For nine years he hovered between his memories and their transformation into prose. Then, in 1580, at Bordeaux, he published the sum of those genially reflective seasons, and gave to his work the modest title of *Essais*.

What precisely did he mean by this title? I believe that Montaigne held his pieces to be mere trials and experiments in prose composition fugitive attempts at self-revelation which must not, by the reader, be confused or unfairly contrasted with the treatises, tracts and sermons which made the serious prose literature of his day.

Some readers still idolize the manner no less than the matter of Montaigne. I am not wholly among their number. The man invented a new, useful and charming literary form. But beyond his travail of innovation he did little to adorn the fabric which he raised In his judgments he is severe; in his expression, crabbed; in his charity uncharitable.

Yet, sour as thin claret though he was, Montaigne opened the channel of polite letters to a world of men whose preoccupation with affairs, adventure or the routine of high office, had hitherto precluded them from the specialized studies deemed the essential probation of a prose writer.

Because he produced something utterly different from what had gone before, his *Essais* inevitably acquired a gigantic popularity. In his own generation, his pages were read with eager appreciation in England, both in their original French and in Florio's deliciously apt translation. It was only five years after Montaigne's death in 159? when Francis Bacon, primed by the perusal of this monitor's periods produced the first ten of his own Essays in a small and not-too-well edited octavo volume.

From this tentative beginning the whole sequence of English Essays has sprung. Bacon, warmed by popular appreciation, considered those

first slight papers worthy of greater perseverance. He applied himself to their extension and elaboration, with the result that in 1613 a reprint of them was embellished by twenty-eight additional pieces. By the time the third edition of 1625 came from the press, this number had risen to fifty-eight.

Original in all things, Bacon did not slavishly imitate the form or the atmosphere of Montaigne. He chose rather to compress enough matter for a closely reasoned treatise within the compass of a few hundred words. So determined was he in avoiding prolixity that many later critics, with perfect misunderstanding, have judged his essays as mere "heads of discourse"—concentrated notes from which longer and more elaborated treatises were to be derived.

Of course Bacon did not intend anything of the kind. The most practical as well as the most worldly-wise of Englishmen, he deliberately wrote his essays in the form they retain. He desired to set down his personal judgments, the clean-cut dicta of his experience; and, gifted with a vast but lucid genius for compression, he did this in a sequence of sentences the least barbed of which rings as true as the most carefully minted epigram.

His essays, however, fulfil even more accurately than Montaigne's the qualifications implicit in their title. They are the true "trial pieces" of a full mind; "experiments" which never degenerate into treatise or sermon. Had Bacon not fallen from his high estate as Lord Chancellor, he might have crystallized for all time his own sort of essay as the English standard. But he fell; and his disgrace tainted the authority of his literary no less than his administrative innovations. His essays were treated as the cynical reverberations of a mind, gifted maybe, but eternally concerned with base motives, sordid triumphs and worldly advantage.

In consequence, literary purveyors paid little heed to the superlative excellence of the model he left behind him. And when Abraham Cowley wrote eleven "Several Discourses by way of Essays" and published them in 1668, the world hailed him as the pioneer of a novel literary form.

Bacon's essays were the smaller compositions of a vast intellect; Cowley's the superlative achievement of a small mind. And because Cowley set a fashion, while Bacon was held in dubious esteem, the English essay has largely remained the appanage of the comparatively petty.

It is true that some of the greatest Englishmen since the Revolution

have chosen to adorn their native literature with slight pieces inspired by the fullness of their spirit. But it is even truer that the perfection of the English Essay has been achieved by the smaller, though no less delicious, writers—by the chaste Addison, the humane Steele, the genteel but convivial Lamb.

For myself, I confess that these latter, perfect though their essays are in form and distinguished in substance, do not hold my attention comparably with such papers as Lord Halifax's "Character of a Trimmer," Lord Shaftesbury's plain words on Enthusiasm, or any one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses."

Here are full and allusive minds expressing themselves concisely on subjects which, through a lifetime of active affairs, have most occupied their attention. Each paragraph is pointed; each sentence pregnant; each word necessary. By comparison with these, or even with the shorter pieces of Bolingbroke, Huxley, and Darwin, the complacently professional essayist strikes a reedy note. He strains continually to appear charming, easy, and companionable: he strives to be confidential, like Lamb; querulous, like Hazlitt; expansive, like Leigh Hunt. The writer who concentrates on essay-writing can only hope to succeed by buttonholing his audience, as tiresome a practice in print as in life.

The great intellects, however, when they relax to essay-writing, do not condescend to so odious a familiarity. Sure of their own mental integrity; careless whether the world heeds or remembers their small *essay*; they are free to express themselves with as much independent vigour as though a national policy or a momentous philosophic discovery impelled their pens. They are free of the always rather self-conscious smirk of forced *bonhomie* which must, from the very nature of his undertaking, disfigure the pages of the daily essayist.

Unhappily, the eighteenth century's delight in graceful small-talk established the writing of pretty essays as a remunerative literary exercise. Unfortunately too, the fashion for airy inconsequence in letters has lately received a new stimulus. At the close of the last century an immense new public arose, which demanded pleasant, innocuous, but diverting reading matter. It insisted on perusing pages which, while not extending the intellect, imparted the gratifying sensation of sharing a culture withheld from the completely vulgar.

To sate this appetite, flimsy essays were compiled in thousands; the whimsicalities of Lamb and his tribe of disciples were exploited beyond endurance; Hazlitt was exhumed from his weed-grown grave to provide a comfortable and gentlemanly livelihood for half a dozen plagiarists;

sanity of Pascal and the Olympian calm of Goethe, is more than this. It is "Just, polite and lucid"; with justice as its pre-eminent distinction. And by justice, I do not mean mere avoidance of cant and prejudice, but rather a habit of thought, a mental discipline to which inflammation of matter or manner is alike intolerable, a sweet reasonableness of outlook content to look at life evenly, and as a whole.

A few Englishmen have attained this. Fewer of them have chosen to crystallize their mood in essays. But the sparse products of their pens rank as the noblest essays of the world's literature; saved from mere impartiality by a noble warmth of natural temperament; raised above mere logic by a vision which pierces the bonds of ratiocination. Turn the pages of this book, and you will find such essays here, interspersed with the more charming if less valuable fabrications of those artists who were content with the essay *per se* and gloried in its limitations.

The title of "Essay" early changed its significance. Soon after its first use, it was applied to compositions which certainly did not fit such a description. John Locke, in 1690, chose to name his weightiest philosophic work, "An Essay concerning Human Understanding." But it seems doubtful whether he was humble enough to regard the consummation of eighteen years' concentrated study as a mere trial piece; as the experimental venture of an immature intellect; or even as the relaxation of a mind habitually engaged in more serious pursuits. For, in the same year, he also published two mere political tracts, designed to placate moderate men towards the Revolution settlement of 1688; these he called "Treatises on Civil Government."

The eighteenth century followed his example, and gave the name "Essay" to almost every variety of non-fictional composition. Dryden chose "An Essay of Dramatick Poesy" as the title for the first reasoned treatise of literary æsthetics in the language. Pope declared his sparkling collection of social criticisms to be an "Essay on Man."

In the following century this misuse of the word "Essay" spread. Richard Hutton, the only Unitarian mystic, reprinted the best sermons which he composed to edify the readers of the *Spectator*, and called them Essays. David Masson dignified his prolix researches into literary origins by the same word. Had John Ruskin chosen to publish a section of his perennial scoldings of the British public as "Essays," not a critic would have quarrelled with the description.

To-day the word Essay is applied indifferently to every kind of prose piece. Any journalist, temporarily impecunious or desiring a small reputation as a man of letters, who gathers a haphazard sheaf of

his least unpicturesque contributions to the Press and can persuade publisher to foist them on the world, calls them essays. · He can shelt himself behind the argument that many of the most polished Engli essays, in the true meaning of the term, first appeared in periodicals. I can quote Steele, Johnson and Coleridge in his support; and pretend th his own papers, though perhaps less remarkable, might reasonably i included in the same species as theirs.

He would be wrong. As I have already indicated, the true Essay the reflective and leisurely product of a mind not generally occupied wi the ornamental trivialities of literature. It is a work of art created in mood of reminiscent self-indulgence, a diversion in which a man fin pleasure as another might in his garden, his horses, or his friends.

Nevertheless, this broadening of the essay's scope has definite occurred, and cannot be ignored. Nor would it be anything b frivolous to refuse to recognize as Essays those compositions of me which to-day pass by the name, however remote from the true speci they may be. We must accept the current distinctions and departme of literary taste as we accept the mechanization of physical life. Thoug possibly, we regret both, we cannot reject either; for by so doing we c ourselves off from what is most typical and vivid in contemporary hum achievement.

Therefore I accept as essays all that is so named by modern autho of merit—the prophecies of Dean Inge, the dogmatic paradoxes Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the playful dialectic of Mr. Chesterton. I a even complaisant when a writer elaborates a theory of taste, elliptical titles it "Armour for Aphrodite," and sees it hailed by the mo authoritative contemporary critics as an essay.

There is a peculiar pleasure to be derived from the present fashi of dressing up nearly every kind of prose writing, other than the nov in the shape of the Essay. This mode causes authors to present t content of their minds in short detached pieces, each one of which m easily be assimilated at a sitting. Philosophy, criticism, political theor theological polemics—these were formerly accessible only in close written volumes of many hundreds of dreary pages. To-day they m be compressed and divided into series of essays, each one complete itself, and readable without reference to their context.

Many modern essayists, had they lived in earlier ages, would sure have cast their work in far different moulds.

Joseph Conrad placed in his natural environment, the sixteen century, might perhaps have written nothing save accounts of h

"Discoveries," or Histories of the World—and they would have been admirable. Andrew Lang would have been happier living history than criticizing it through the spectacles of romance. Constrained by his age to write most excellent essays, how much more happily and naturally would he have signed the Covenant or plotted in the lost cause of Stuart restoration!

Had he lived among those Whigs whose last legitimate lineal descendant he is, Dean Inge would not have written essays in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Whig regime, a paradise for Deans, would have loaded so gravely witty an ecclesiastic with sinecures, and chuckled with him over its leisurely port. We must be thankful that Nature withheld Dean Inge until our own day; for his trenchant papers, etched rather than written, are among the most stimulating features of contemporary journalism.

The times in which he lives have likewise disciplined Mr. G. K. Chesterton to become an essayist. Placed in the Middle Ages he loves so well, he might rather have produced great comic poetry in the tradition of the Canterbury Tales—poetry inspired by an underlying gravity of didactic earnestness, and for this very reason more poignantly charming than verses intended merely to charm.

Mr. Chesterton's close friend, Mr. Belloc, also seems to me an essayist whose gifts would not have led him to composing such pieces, had he adorned another age. As a historian he stands high among his contemporaries for re-creating past scenes and persons with a vividness which often transcends verisimilitude. Critics may say that he idealizes his heroes and deforms his villains. Your cold precise historian, lamentably accurate and dismally exact, may tell us all about the characters who played great rôles in past happenings; it is only a historian like Mr. Belloc, generously partial, full-blooded in his preferences, who can present to our eyes the living and breathing men and women who created by their actions the stuff of history. This same positive mentality, of course, provides Mr. Belloc's essays with their peculiar virtues. He is refreshing, because he does not balance himself delicately between "yes" and "no," hoping thereby to please all tastes and succeeding only in boring them. He is downright or nothing; and even when I most disagree with his conclusions, I most enjoy reading the process by which he arrives at them.

Though Mr. Belloc is the most idiosyncratic of historians he is careful to mask his identity when he writes an essay. You will find him using the word "I" at infrequent intervals. He is content to conceal his abundant personality behind such terms as "one" and "a man."

Other talented modern essayists have chosen to spare themselves pain of self-assertion by similar phrases. Arthur Clutton-Brock, for all his absorption in the particulars of religious reaction upon -ryday life, possessed the most detached attitude of mind and wrote most temperately lucid prose of his generation, invariably dignified If as "we." Mr. Chesterton has concealed his ample proportions the longer and possibly more suitable pseudonym "every one of in childhood." Alice Meynell delighted to parade as "He who" and man," a personation which deceived no one, so piercingly feminine each conclusion at which this "man" arrives.

Modern men of action, however, who have found time and inclina- for short prose compositions, do not mask their proper persons with turns of phrase.

Lord Rosebery speaks his lucid mind without concealment, as rectly personal as a judge summing up when the advocates have had say. Lord Balfour, though a philosophic detachment inclines m towards the use of the impersonal "one," pretends no concealment to who speaks when he delivers a nicely considered opinion. The Lord Oxford and Asquith, whose essays are all too few in and slender in bulk, speaks as bluntly as any other Yorkshire-

Probably this preference for direct self-revelation results from long in politics and affairs. Personalities comprise the essence of and transform declamation to oratory.

Besides those writers whom current taste has persuaded to turn ists, and men of affairs to whom essay-writing has provided a serious there exists a third sort of modern essayist. This is the list. Sometimes he detaches his essays from the body of fiction generally inspires them; sometimes he leaves them embedded in substance of his stories.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is a separatist. He has published several lumes of essays, most of them candidly didactic in intention, all of them and profitable. He is a man who has brought the art of living to igh pitch. He knows, better than any other man, how to arrange life in order to extract the maximum content of profit and pleasure all his actions.

This rational hedonism is closely reflected in his novels, where it res the conduct of the protagonists. In Mr. Bennett's essays, it is as a rule of life with consummate skill. As primers for a 's instruction, no less than as polished exercises in composition,

these papers can scarcely be surpassed among anything written by living author.

Mr. H. G. Wells, on the other hand, has chosen to scatter his mos interesting essays among the chapters of his novels. They form a pai of that prodigious treatise on everything-under-the-sun which he hε been publishing in volumes of varying lengths during the past thirt years. It is a treatise in which many protagonists appear, create for the purpose of carrying on the argument one stage further, c expounding to the world the amazing torrent of vivid ideas which pour from their originator's mind.

But, occasionally, Mr. Wells abandons his habit of speaking througl the medium of a character's soliloquy, and inserts into his novels a sparkling essay, which, though closely connected with the subject-matter o the novel in question, does nothing to further the plot's development. "Mr. Britling sees it Through," "Joan and Peter," "The World oı William Clissold"—to take only the later volumes of the Wellsian logos—all contain admirable essays. In the following pages one of these has been removed from its context and reprinted as a detached piece. Its readers will discover that Mr. Wells is as talented a writer of essays as he is a humorist, a dreamer, and a compiler of scientific textbooks.

Reviewing the works of contemporary authors, I cannot discover a single figure of outstanding importance, save one, who has not written essays. The one exception, of course, is Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Shaw, propagandist and political theorist, might be expected to have worked the essay to death as a vehicle for his abundant dialectic. But he possesses an austere sense of style. He knows that the best literature has never attempted to use a form of expression to convey ideas for which it was not intended. The finest examples of didacticism, English or foreign, ancient or modern, are contained in poems, plays and treatises. Therefore Mr. Shaw, with severe common sense, and poetic gifts which he does not judge worth display, has confined himself to plays and treatises.

Though I profoundly disagree with the matter of his works, I strongly admire their manner. He makes no pretence to disguise his concern with politics and morals by specious pleasantry. If the matte in hand demands a treatise, he writes one with unflagging gusto. If h can best impress his ideas upon the world by a sequence of plays, h constructs the necessary scenes with an unparalleled knowledge of wh is possible on the stage and what is impossible. He knows his busine he is self-sufficient and expects his reader to be so as well.

The reader may consider that some modern essayists should follow example. Yet, without the modern essay, embracing every kind of se-writing except fiction, periodical literature would be non- . Apart from the news columns of the papers, the entire reading tter of the thousand and one journals which we now support consists of one kind or another.

Most of them are trivial in subject, or ponderous in execution; but a ll number of graceful writers contribute regularly to the Press. One , whose pen name is "The Londoner," produces a charming tch each afternoon in the London *Evening News*. It would be sible, perhaps, to emulate his example for a fortnight, or even a but he contrives to maintain a consistent level of excellence on h weekday throughout the year. And he does so without growing e in ingenuity or stereotyped in treatment of his subjects.

His slight papers, and those of others who excel in similar departnts, reconcile me to the fact that the essay has lost the distinctive , given to it by Montaigne and now, as the medium of almost sort of intellectual expression, imitates Puck in putting a girdle t the earth in forty—or fourteen—minutes.

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THE HUNDRED BEST ENGLISH ESSAYS

HUGH LATIMER (1491–1555)

Hugh Latimer was the son of a Leicestershire yeoman, who sent him to Cambridge, where he became a Fellow of Clare Hall in 1510. After ordination he was noted as an eloquent and moving preacher, and was appointed to deliver a sermon before Henry VIII at Windsor, in 1530, who rewarded him with a good Wiltshire living. His outspoken expression of the new views soon brought him into trouble, however, for in 1532 he was cited to appear before the Bishop of London on a charge of heresy. On this occasion he submitted to the ecclesiastical powers, and for some time afterwards was left in peace. The royal favour fell upon him once again, and in 1535 he was made Bishop of Worcester. He became zealous in the Catholic cause, and for some time assisted Cranmer in the examination of heretics. But his old freedom of thought soon reasserted itself; he fell into disfavour in 1539 and resigned his see. Under Edward VI he was able to preach and speak with impunity, but on the accession of Mary in 1553 he was thrown into the Tower, from which he was removed to Oxford with Ridley and Cranmer. On October 1, 1555, Latimer and Ridley were condemned to death, and on the 16th they were burned together "at the ditch over against Balliol College."

DECAY OF THE YEOMANRY

My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty

the commanders names of everie squadron, with all other their magasines of provisions, were put in print, as an Army and Navy unresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing rounde about England, so much as sinke or take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or ever burnt so much as one sheepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with only 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago*, *Santo Domingo*, *Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being above 40. English miles. Where the Earle of *Essex* himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braved the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the veri gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor provision to batter: made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one covetous of honour without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonours, as they wil not only blush to spread all maner of untruthes: but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poore adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in everie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we never yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the Brasill fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and frivolous vaineglorious vaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with sixe of her Majesties ships, sixe victualers of London, the barke Ralegh, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere unto Flores, one of the Westerlie Ilands of the Azores, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my L. *Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some providing balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land

with such thinges as they coulde either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging everie thing out of order, verie light for want of balast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of everie shippe sicke, and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were nintie diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesties shippes were these as followeth: the *Defiaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Revenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Foresight* by M. *Thomas Vavisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffeild*. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but smal ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besid(e)s the Barke *Ralegh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete having shrouded their approach by reason of the Iland; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinvile* was the last waied, to recover the men that were upon the Iland, which otherwise had beene lost. The L. *Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinvile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his maine saile, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the shippe: for the squadron of *Sivil* were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* utterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Majesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of them: and enforce those of *Sivill* to give him way. Which he performed upon diverse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well have beene answered in so great an impossibilitie of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundreth tuns. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboord. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the

ships that wer under his lee luffing up, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the *Admirall of the Biscaines*, a verie mightie and puysant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona.* The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleven peeces in everie tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having receyved the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, unlesse wee were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some five, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, besides the Marriners, but the servants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their own shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble of London*, having received some shot thorow her by the Armados, fell under the Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bidde him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodies with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Syr *Frances* Godolphin, of 4. other Marriners of the same shippe being

returned, which examination, the said Syr *Frances* sent unto maister *William Killigrue*, of her Majesties privie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene severall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Jacob Whiddon*, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourscore and ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. But those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fifteene shipes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from everie squadron: all manner of Armes and pouder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten over board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her upper worke altogither rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable anie longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults and entries. And that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enimie, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; The *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards:

seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, fifteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimes, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion and besought Sir *Richard* to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diverse sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable seruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should neuer glorie to haue taken one shippe of her Majesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selves) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir *Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons; the maister of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wan unto him the greater party) was convoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonso Bassan.* Who finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least S. *Richard* would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the maister of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition: yeelded that all their lives should bee saved, the companie sent for England, and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have saide, for feare of further losse and mischiefe to them selves, as also for the desire hee had to recover Sir *Richard Grinvile*; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answere was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir *Richard* thus prevented and maistered by the greater

number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent manie boates abord the *Revenge*, and diverse of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, stole away aboord the Generall and other shippes. Sir *Richard* thus overmatched, was sent unto by *Alfonso Bassan* to remove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marvellous unsaverie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reviving againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall used Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, brother to the Marquesse of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Sivill*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commanded by *Luis Cutino*. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de sant John*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of speciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascention of *Sivill*, were both suncke by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and suncke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

For the rest of her Majesties ships that entred not so far into the fight

by our ships of London, besides one verie rich *Indian* shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boorded by the Pilgrim, and five other taken by Maister *Wats* his ships of London, between the *Havana* and *Cape* S. *Antonio*. The 4. of this month of November, we received letters from the *Tercera*, affirming that there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saved out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000. cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for us, and to defend the justice of our cause, against the ambicious and bloudy pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to devour all nations, are themselves devoured. A manifest testimonie how injust and displeasing, their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloudy and injurious designes, purposed and practised against all Christian Princes, over whom they seeke unlawfull and ungodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the spanish fleet, when as some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore upon the Ilands, hoping to be from thence transported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promised: One *Morice Fitz John*, sonne of old *John* of *Desmond* a notable traitor, cousen german to the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent to the English from ship to ship, to persuade them to serve the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he used to induce them, were these. The increase of pay which he promised to bee trebled: advancement to the better sort: and the exercise of the true Catholicke religion, and safetie of their soules to all. For the first, even the beggerly and unnaturall behaviour of those English and Irish rebels, that served the King in that present action, was sufficient to answere that first argument of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they stripped their poore country men prisoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by six months service, and spared not to despoile them even of their bloudie shirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very shooes from their feete; A notable testimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of advancement if they served well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant ever to expect place or honour from a forraine king, having no other argument or perswasion then his owne disloyaltie; to bee unnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whose obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, and by religion. No, they are onely assured to be imployed in all desperate enterprises, to be held in

scorne and disdaine ever among those whom they serve. And that ever traitor was either trusted or advanced I could never yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could have lesse becommed the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice* of *Desmond.* For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subjects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, having almost whole countries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, five hundred gentlemen of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left living, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land given by a Parlament to her Ma(j)estie, and possessed by the English. His other cosen Sir *John* of *Desmond* taken by M. *John Zouch*, and his body hanged over the gates of his native citie to bee devoured by Ravens: the third brother Sir *James* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde have moved much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I should set downe how irreligiously they cover their greedy and ambicious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then invade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is unsought. Where they dare not with their owne forces to invade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by those and by their runnagate *Jesuits* to win partes, and have by that meane ruined many Noble houses and others in this land, and have extinguished both their lives and families. What good, honour, or fortune ever man yet by them achived, is yet unheard of, or unwritten. And if our English Papistes do but looke into *Portugall*, against whom they have no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a pray, and all sortes of people captived; they shall find that the obedience even of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of the slaverie and tyrannie of *Spaine.* What they have done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene spared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certain Burger of *Antwerpe*, whose

house being entred by a companie of Spanish souldiers, when they first sacked the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes answered, that they knew him to be of a good conscience for him selfe, but his money, plate, jewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therfore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a sufficient Target against all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither have they at any time as they protest invaded the kingdomęs of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Christianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they have wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmelesse people created of God, and might have beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as manie as ever were perswaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Bishop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Casas*, and translated into English and manie other languages, intituled *The Spanish cruelties*. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of ravinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst after English bloud, then after the lives of anie other people of Europe; for the manie overthrowes and dishonours they have received at our handes, whose weaknesse we have discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we have even with handfulles of men and shippes, overthrowne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion soever, have other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemeth base and traiterous, unworthie persons, or unconstant fooles: and that he useth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch us from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring us to slaverie and subjection, and then none shall be unto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselves, who have solde their countrie to a straunger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who have alwaies sustained what labour soever, and embraced even death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or commonwealth. To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Majestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of unjust practises and invasions. She hath

ever beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, served by faithfull subjects, and shall by the favour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS (1561–1626)

Bacon, perhaps our greatest English philosopher and jurist, was born in London, and after graduating at Cambridge, entered Gray's Inn in 1576, six years later being admitted an outer barrister. His career at the Bar was rapid, but he did not enter Parliament until 1593, for Middlesex. His attitude in the House angered the Queen, who refused to sanction his appointment as Attorney-General. Her opinion of him changed, however, as time went on, and when Essex fell out of royal favour it was upon Bacon's advice that Elizabeth acted in the action taken against the fallen courtier, and it was he who finally secured Essex's condemnation. His private affairs, however, did not improve until 1613, when James I made him Attorney-General, followed three years later by promotion to the Chancellorship with the title of Lord Keeper. In 1620 he published his most famous work, "Novum Organum," having already established his reputation as one of the most learned men England has produced. His good name as Chancellor was sadly besmirched by charges of having received bribes, and in 1621 he was deprived of the Great Seal and his public career ended.

OF GARDENS

GOD *Almightie* first Planted a *Garden*. And indeed, it is the Purest of Humane pleasures. It is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man; Without which, *Buildings* and *Pallaces* are but Grosse Handy-works: And a Man shall ever see, that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancie, Men come to *Build Stately*, sooner then to *Garden Finely*: As if *Gardening* were the Greater Perfection. I doe hold it, in the Royall Ordering of *Gardens*, there ought to be *Gardens*, for all the *Moneths* in the Yeare: In which, severally, Things of Beautie, may be then in Season. For *December*, and *January*, and the Latter Part of *November*, you must take such Things, as are Greene all Winter: Holly;

ever beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, served by faithfull subjects, and shall by the favour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

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Ivy; Bayes; Iuniper; Cipresse Trees; Eugh; Pine-Apple-Trees; Firre-Trees; Rose-Mary; Lavander; Periwinckle, the White, the Purple, and the Blewe; Germander; Flagges; Orenge-Trees; Limon-Trees; And Mirtles, if they be stooved; & Sweet Marioram warme set. There followeth, for the latter Part of *Ianuary*, and *February*, the Mezerion Tree, which then blossomes; Crocus Vernus, both the Yellow, and the Gray; Prime-Roses; Anemones; The Early Tulippa; Hiacynthus Orientalis; Chamaïris; Frettellaria. For *March*, There come Violets, specially the Single Blew, which are the Earliest; The Yellow Daffadill; The Dazie; The Almond-Tree in Blossome; The Peach-Tree in Blossome; The Cornelian-Tree in Blossome; Sweet-Briar. In *Aprill* follow, The Double white Violet; The Wall-flower; The Stock-Gilly-Flower; The Couslip; Flower-Delices, & Lillies of all Natures; Rose-mary Flowers; The Tulippa; The Double Piony; The Pale Daffadill; The French Honny-Suckle; The Cherry-Tree in Blossome; The Dammasin, and Plum-Trees in Blossome; The White-Thorne in Leafe; The Lelacke Tree. In *May*, and *Iune*, come Pincks of all sorts, Specially the Blush Pincke; Roses of all kinds, except the Muske, which comes later; Hony-Suckles; Strawberries; Buglosse; Columbine; The French Mary-gold; Flos Africanus; Cherry-Tree in Fruit; Ribes; Figges in Fruit; Raspes; Vine Flowers; Lavender in Flowers; The Sweet Satyrian, with the White Flower; Herba Muscaria; Lilium Convallium; The Apple-tree in Blossome. In *Iuly*, come Gilly-Flowers of all Varieties; Muske Roses; The Lime-Tree in blossome; Early Peares, and Plummes in Fruit; Ginnitings; Quadlins. In *August*, come Plummes of all sorts in Fruit; Peares; Apricockes; Berberies; Filberds; Muske-Melons; Monks Hoods, of all colours. In *September*, come Grapes; Apples; Poppies of all colours; Peaches; Melo-Cotones; Nectarines; Cornelians; Wardens; Quinces. In *October*, and the beginning of *November*, come Services; Medlars; Bullises; Roses Cut or Removed to come late; Hollyokes; and such like. These Particulars are for the *Climate* of *London;* But my meaning is Perceived, that you may have *Ver Perpetuum*, as the Place affords.

And because, the *Breath* of Flowers, is farre Sweeter in the Aire, (where it comes and Goes, like the Warbling of Musick) then in the hand, therfore nothing is more fit for that delight, then to know, what be the *Flowers*, and *Plants*, that doe best perfume the Aire. Roses Damask & Red, are fast Flowers of their Smels; So that you may walke by a whole Row of them, and finde Nothing of their Sweetnesse; Yea though it be, in a Mornings Dew. Bayes likewise yeeld no Smell,

as they grow. Rosemary little; Nor Sweet-Marioram. That, which above all Others, yeelds the *Sweetest Smell* in the *Aire*, is the Violet; Specially the White-double-Violet, which comes twice a Yeare; About the middle of *Aprill*, and about *Bartholomew-tide*. Next to that is, the Muske-Rose. Then the Strawberry-Leaves dying, which [yeeld] a most Excellent Cordiall Smell. Then the Flower of the Vines; It is a little dust, like the dust of a Bent, which growes upon the Cluster, in the First comming forth. Then Sweet Briar. Then Wall-Flowers, which are very Delightfull, to be set under a Parler, or Lower Chamber Window. Then Pincks, and Gilly-Flowers, specially the Matted Pinck, & Clove Gilly-flower. Then the Flowers of the Lime tree. Then the Hony-Suckles, so they be somewhat a farre off. Of Beane Flowers I speake not, because they are Field Flowers. But those which *Perfume* the Aire most delightfully, not *passed by* as the rest, but being *Troden upon* and *Crushed*, are Three: That is Burnet, Wilde-Time, and Water-Mints. Therefore, you are to set whole Allies of them, to have the Pleasure, when you walke or tread.

For *Gardens*, (Speaking of those, which are indeed *Prince-like*, as we have done of *Buildings*) the Contents, ought not well to be, under *Thirty Acres of Ground*; And to be divided into three Parts: A *Greene* in the Entrance; A *Heath* or *Desart* in the Going forth; And the *Maine Garden* in the midst; Besides *Alleys*, on both Sides. And I like well, that Foure Acres of Ground, be assigned to the *Greene*; Six to the *Heath*; Foure and Foure to either *Side*; And Twelve to the *Maine Garden*. The Greene hath two pleasures; The one, because nothing is more Pleasant to the Eye, then Greene Grasse kept finely shorne; The other, because it will give you a faire Alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a *Stately Hedge*, which is to inclose the *Garden*. But, because the Alley will be long, and in great Heat of the Yeare, or Day, you ought not to buy the shade in the *Garden*, by Going in the Sunne thorow the *Greene*, therefore you are, of either *Side the Greene*, to Plant a *Covert Alley*, upon Carpenters Worke, about Twelve Foot in Height, by which you may goe in Shade, into the *Garden*. As for the Making of *Knots*, or *Figures*, with *Divers Coloured Earths*, that they may lie under the Windowes of the House, on that Side, which the *Garden* stands, they be but Toyes: You may see as good Sights, many times, in Tarts. The *Garden* is best to be Square; Incompassed, on all the Foure Sides, with a *Stately Arched Hedge*. The *Arches* to be upon *Pillars*, of Carpenters Worke, of some Ten Foot high, and Six Foot broad: And the *Spaces* between, of the same Dimension, with the

Breadth of the *Arch.* Over the *Arches*, let there bee an *Entire Hedge*, of some Foure Foot High, framed also upon Carpenters Worke: And upon the *Upper Hedge*, over every *Arch*, a little *Turret*, with a *Belly*, enough to receive a *Cage* of *Birds:* And over every *Space*, betweene the *Arches*, some other little *Figure*, with Broad Plates of *Round Coloured Glasse*, gilt, for the *Sunne*, to Play upon. But this *Hedge* I entend to be, raised upon a *Bancke*, not Steepe, but gently Slope, of some Six Foot, set all with *Flowers*. Also I understand, that this *Square* of the *Garden*, should not be the whole Breadth of the Ground, but to leave, on either Side, Ground enough, for diversity of *Side Alleys:* Unto which, the Two *Covert Alleys* of the *Greene*, may deliver you. But there must be, no *Alleys* with *Hedges*, at either *End*, of this great *Inclosure:* Not at the *Hither End*, for letting your Prospect upon this Faire Hedge from the *Greene;* Nor at the *Further End*, for letting your Prospect from the Hedge, through the Arches, upon the *Heath*.

For the Ordering of the Ground, within the *Great Hedge*, I leave it to Variety of Device; Advising neverthelesse, that whatsoever forme you cast it into, first it be not too Busie, or full of Worke. Wherein I, for my part, doe not like *Images Cut out* in *Iuniper*, or other *Garden stuffe:* They be for Children. *Little low Hedges*, Round, like Welts, with some Pretty *Pyramides*, I like well: And in some Places, *Faire Columnes* upon Frames of Carpenters Worke. I would also, have the *Alleys*, Spacious and Faire. You may have *Closer Alleys* upon the *Side Grounds*, but none in the *Maine Garden*. I wish also, in the very Middle, a *Faire Mount*, with three Ascents, and Alleys, enough for foure to walke a breast; Which I would have to be Perfect Circles, without any Bulwarkes, or Imbosments; And the *Whole Mount*, to be Thirty Foot high; And some fine *Banquetting House*, with some *Chimneys* neatly cast, and without too much *Glasse*.

For *Fountaines*, they are a great Beauty, and Refreshment; But *Pooles* marre all, and make the *Garden* unwholsome, and full of Flies, and Frogs. *Fountaines* I intend to be of two Natures: The One, that *Sprinckleth* or *Spouteth Water;* The Other a *Faire Receipt* of *Water*, of some Thirty or Forty Foot Square, but without Fish, or Slime, or Mud. For the first, the *Ornaments* of *Images Gilt*, or of *Marble*, which are in use, doe well: But the maine Matter is, so to Convey the Water, as it never Stay, either in the Bowles, or in the Cesterne; That the Water be never by Rest *Discoloured*, *Greene*, or *Red*, or the like; Or gather any *Mossinesse* or *Putrefaction*. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the Hand. Also some *Steps* up to it, and some *Fine Pave-*

ment about it, doth well. As for the other Kinde of *Fountaine*, which we may call a *Bathing Poole*, it may admit much Curiosity, and Beauty; wherewith we will not trouble our selves: As, that the Bottome be finely Paved, And with Images: The sides likewise; And withall Embellished with Coloured Glasse, and such Things of Lustre; Encompassed also, with fine Railes of Low Statua's. But the Maine Point is the same, which we mentioned, in the former Kinde of *Fountaine*; which is, that the *Water* be in *Perpetuall Motion*, Fed by a Water higher then the *Poole*, and Delivered into it by faire Spouts, and then discharged away under Ground, by some Equalitie of Bores, that it stay little. And for fine Devices, of Arching Water without Spilling, and Making it rise in severall Formes, (of Feathers, Drinking Glasses, Canopies, and the like,) they be pretty things to looke on, but Nothing to Health and Sweetnesse.

For the *Heath*, which was the Third Part of our Plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a *Naturall wildnesse*. *Trees* I would have none in it; But some *Thickets*, made onely of *Sweet-Briar*, and *Honny-suckle*, and some *Wilde Vine* amongst; And the Ground set with *Violets*, *Strawberries*, and *Prime-Roses*. For these are Sweet, and prosper in the Shade. And these to be in the *Heath*, here and there, not in any Order. I like also little *Heaps*, in the Nature of *Mole-hils*, (such as are in *Wilde Heaths*) to be set, some with Wilde Thyme; Some with Pincks; Some with Germander, that gives a good Flower to the Eye; Some with Periwinckle; Some with Violets, Some with Strawberries; Some with Couslips: Some with Daisies; Some with Red-Roses; Some with Lilium Convallium; Some with Sweet-Williams Red; Some with Beares-Foot; And the like Low Flowers, being withal Sweet, and Sightly. Part of which *Heapes*, to be with *Standards*, of little *Bushes*, prickt upon their Top, and Part without. The *Standards* to be Roses; Iuniper; Holly; Beare-berries (but here and there, because of the Smell of their Blossome;) Red Currans; Goose-berries; Rose-Mary; Bayes; Sweet-Briar; and such like. But these *Standards*, to be kept with Cutting, that they grow not out of Course.

For the *Side Grounds*, you are to fill them with *Varietie* of *Alleys*, Private, to give a full Shade; Some of them, wheresoever the Sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for Shelter, that when the Wind blows Sharpe, you may walke, as in a Gallery. And those Alleys must be likewise hedged, at both Ends, to keepe out the Wind; And these *Closer Alleys*, must bee ever finely Gravelled, and no Grasse, because of Going wet. In many of these *Alleys* likewise, you are to set

Fruit-Trees of all Sorts; As well upon the Walles, as in Ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the *Borders*, wherin you plant your *Fruit-Trees*, be Faire and Large, and Low, and not Steepe; And Set with *Fine Flowers*, but thin and sparingly, lest they Deceive the *Trees*. At the End of both the *Side Grounds*, I would have a *Mount* of some Pretty Height, leaving the Wall of the Enclosure Brest high, to looke abroad into the Fields.

For the *Maine Garden*, I doe not Deny, but there should be some Faire *Alleys*, ranged on both Sides, with *Fruit Trees;* And some Pretty *Tufts* of *Fruit Trees*, And *Arbours* with *Seats*, set in some Decent Order; But these to be, by no Meanes, set too thicke; But to leave the *Maine Garden*, so as it be not close, but the Aire Open and Free. For as for *Shade*, I would have you rest, upon the *Alleys* of the *Side Grounds*, there to walke, if you be Disposed, in the Heat of the Yeare, or day; But to make Account, that the *Maine Garden*, is for the more Temperate Parts of the yeare; And in the Heat of Summer, for the Morning, and the Evening, or Over-cast Dayes.

For *Aviaries*, I like them not, except they be of that Largenesse, as they may be *Turffed*, and have *Living Plants*, and *Bushes*, set in them; That the *Birds* may have more Scope, and Naturall Neastling, and that no *Foulenesse* appeare, in the *Floare* of the *Aviary*. So I have made a Platforme of a *Princely Garden*, Partly by Precept, Partly by Drawing, not a Modell, but some generall Lines of it; And in this I have spared for no Cost. But it is Nothing, for *Great Princes*, that for the most Part, taking Advice with Workmen, with no Lesse Cost, set their Things together; And sometimes adde *Statua's*, and such Things, for State, and Magnificence, but nothing to the true Pleasure of a *Garden*.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637)

This English dramatist and poet served as a soldier in the Low Countries and became an actor as well as a playwright. In 1598 he produced what is, perhaps, his best known Comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," which was published in 1601. In 1618 he made his well-known journey to Scotland of which the "Conversations" was the result. He is usually thought of as a carouser and frequenter of taverns, but the long list of his works makes it clear that he was essentially industrious. He is chiefly known to-day by the lines prefixed to the first Shakespearian folio. Some of his lyrics are exquisite.

ON STYLE

For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words and examine the weight of either. Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, [first notions] or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of

met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-struecken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: and the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that *Solomon* says, "The diligent hand maketh rich," and it is true indeed: but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep these riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days, and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconsciously, got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that *Diogenes* walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country-fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gim-cracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair; he said to his friend, "Lord! How many things there are in this world, of which *Diogenes* hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil

themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly *meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed,* wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health, and plenty; but a wife, that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew of the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it; and, at last, into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit, lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment; because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend, Why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for, content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. *Matthew's* Gospel: for he there says, —"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the *meek*, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the mean time he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful,

and content with what his good God has allotted to him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour, or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness; such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness: and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet *David* was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins: yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praise Him because they be common: let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man was born blind, could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the Sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they are so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

JOHN EARLE (*c.* 1601–65)

Earle was a Yorkshireman, and went up to Oxford as a very young man. He became a Fellow of Merton and gained such a reputation for learning that he was appointed chaplain and tutor to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II). During the Commonwealth he was proscribed as a Malignant, and after Worcester followed Charles into exile. At the Restoration he was appointed Dean of Westminster, and two years later Bishop of Worcester, when he was translated to Salisbury. Earle was a strong opponent of the repressive measures against the nonconformists. His chief work was "Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered, in Essayes and Characters," which appeared in 1628, and it is from this that the following essay has been selected.

A CHILDE

Is a Man in a small letter, yet the best Copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve, or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write this Character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in Oil, which time and much handling, dims and defaces. His Soul is yet a white paper unscribled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knowes no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar, to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young 'prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drums, rattles and hobby-horses but the emblems, and mocking of man's business. His father

hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember; and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse. The one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

"*Microcosmographie.*"

OWEN FELTHAM (c. 1602–68)

Little is known of Feltham's life. He was born at Mutford, in Suffolk, and at the early age of eighteen published the first version of "Resolves," from which the following essay is taken. During the troublous times he was a staunch adherent of Charles I and wrote many spirited poems of a royalist complexion. During the eighteenth century his "Resolves" had a great vogue.

OF WOMEN

God is said to be Love; and, I am sure, everywhere woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the female sex: and if you observe them, you shall find they were both of melting dispositions. I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures: yet still the same reason gives it: for, *Optima corrupta pessima*: the best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things whose souls are of a more ductile temper than the harder metal of man: so may be made both better and worse. The representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not but at meetings men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring genius of man. Their easy natures make them somewhat more irresolute; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak: and then, how easy is it to conclude them guilty? Besides, education makes more difference between men and them than nature: and all their aspersions are less noble, for that they are only from their adversaries, men.

I am resolved to honour virtue in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women than men; though

weaker, and less firmly guarded. I believe they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to all, nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man than I have found in woman; and yet of these I have not found a number.

Resolves.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–82)

Browne was a Londoner, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford, where he graduated in 1626. After travelling on the Continent, and taking his doctor's degree in medicine at Leiden, he settled down to practise as a physician in Norwich, in 1637. In 1642, without his apparent approval, a copy of his book "Religio Medici" was printed, and created so much interest that in the following year he published a more accurate version. He only published two other well-known books —"Hydriotaphia, Urne-buriall," in 1658, and "Christian Morals," which appeared after his death. He was knighted in 1671. Evelyn describes a visit to him in 1658. In 1840 his coffin was broken by accident and his skull is still preserved in the Norwich Hospital Museum. The style and matter of his best known works were a source of wonder to his contemporaries and remain a matter of speculation still. In his own words, he loved to lose himself in a mystery.

OF PROVIDENCE AND FORTUNE

THIS is the ordinary and open way of His providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered; whose effects we may fortell without an oracle. To foreshew these is not prophecy but prognostication. There is another way, full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides; and that is a more particular and obscure method of His providence; directing the operations of individual and single essences: this we call fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby He draws those actions His wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way: this cryptic and involved method of His providence have I ever admired; nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes or dangers, and hits of chance, with a *bezo las manos* to Fortune, or a bare gramercy to my good stars. Abraham might have thought the ram in the thicket came thither by accident: human reason would have said, that mere chance

conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter. What a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph! able to convert a stoic. Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance; but at the last well examined, prove the mere hand of God. 'Twas not dumb chance that, to discover the fougade, or powder-plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of '88 the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonour, and the partiality of fortune; to wit the tempests and contrariety of winds. King Philip did not detract from the nation, when he said he sent his armada to fight with men, and not to combat with the winds. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior: but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty province of Holland (of which the grand Seignior proudly said, if they should trouble him, as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pickaxes, and throw it into the sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving genius; and to the will of His providence, that dispenseth His favour to each country in their preordinate season. All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestined periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of commonwealths and the whole world, run not upon a helix that still enlargeth; but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

THOMAS FULLER (1608–61)

He was the son of a Northamptonshire parson, who sent him to Cambridge, where he took his degree at the age of sixteen. He soon became known for a style of quaint and humorous oratory, but became more generally famous by "The Holy State and the Profane State," which appeared in 1642. Under the rigid rule of the Presbyterians and the Long Parliament, he gave up the living of Broadwindsor, to which he had been preferred in 1634, and threw in his lot with the King. The rest of his life was spent in literary work, culminating in his great "Church-History of Britain" (1655). Immediately after the Restoration, Charles appointed him chaplain, but the following year he caught typhus fever, while preaching in the pulpit of the Savoy Chapel, and died a few days later.

THE GOOD YEOMAN

Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a gentle impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man for living privately in his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry a fortunate condition, living in the temperate zone, betwixt greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die, which hath no points between sink and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling stones. Indeed Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen, but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be gentle denied to our yeoman, who thus behaves himself.

(1) *He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment*, having tin in his buttons, and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes

above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise he is the surest landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions.

(2) *In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people.* Some hold when hospitality died in England she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes: no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid substantial food; no servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it.

(3) *He hath a great stroke in making a knight of the shire.* Good reason, for he makes a whole line in the subsidy book, where, whatsoever he is rated, he pays without any regret, not caring how much his purse is let blood, so it be done by the advice of the physicians of the state.

(4) *He seldom goes far abroad, and his credit stretcheth further than his travel.* He goes not to London, but *se defendendo*, to save himself of a fine, being returned of a jury, where, seeing the king once, he prays for him ever afterwards.

(5) *In his own country he is a main man in juries.* Where, if the judge please to open his eyes in matter of law, he needs not to be led by the nose in matters of fact. He is very observant of the judge's *item*, when it follows the truths *imprimis*; otherwise, though not mutinous in a jury, he cares not whom he displeaseth, so he pleaseth his own conscience.

(6) *He improveth his land to a double value by his good husbandry.* Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one, and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burnt, he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread. Conquest and good husbandry, both enlarge the king's dominions: the one by the sword, making the acres more in number; the other by the plough, making the same acres more in value. Solomon saith, *The king himself is maintained by husbandry.* Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them, whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king, her

husband, to dinner, as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it, that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold, and the king was much delighted with [illegible]

(7) *In time of famine he is the Joseph of the country, and keeps the poor from starving.* Then he tameth his stacks of corn, which not his covetousness but providence hath reserved for time of need, and to his poor neighbours abateth somewhat of the high price of the market. The neighbour gentry court him for his acquaintance, which either he modestly waveth, or thankfully accepteth, but no way greedily desireth. He insults not on the ruins of a decayed gentleman, but pities and relieves him; and as he is called *Goodman*, he desires to answer to the name, and to be so indeed.

(8) *In war, though he serveth on foot, he is ever mounted on a high spirit;* as being a slave to none, and a subject only to his own prince. Innocence and independence make a brave spirit: whereas otherwise, one must ask his leave to be valiant on whom he depends. Therefore if a state run up all to noblemen and gentlemen, so that the husbandmen be only mere labourers or cottagers, which one calls but housed beggars, it may have good cavalry, but never good bands of foot, so that their armies will be like those birds called *Apodes*, without feet, always only flying on their wings of horse. Wherefore, to make good infantry, it requireth men bred, not in a servile or indigent fashion, but in some free and plentiful manner. Wisely, therefore, did that knowing prince, King Henry the Seventh, provide laws for the increase of his yeomanry, that his kingdom should not be like to coppice-woods, where the staddles being left too thick, all runs to bushes and briars, and there is little clean underwood. For, enacting that houses used to husbandry should be kept up with a competent proportion of land, he did secretly sow hydras' teeth, whereupon, according to the poet's fiction, should rise up armed men for the service of this kingdom.

Holy and Profane State.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–67)

When he was elected a Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, in 1633, Taylor attracted the attention of Archbishop Laud, before whom he preached at Lambeth. When the troublous times came he attached himself to the cause of Charles I, and little is known of his wanderings in exile. He is frequently mentioned in Evelyn's Diary, and was imprisoned no less than three times for various injudicious writings. In 1646 appeared his discourse on the "Liberty of Prophecy," and in 1656, the "Rules and Exercises of Holy Living," which was followed in 1662 by the "Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying." At the Restoration he remained in Ireland, where he became Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. It was here that he was able to continue his advocacy of Toleration. But Jeremy Taylor is of less importance in the realm of action than in that of supplication and devotion. He was a learned and a brilliant man.

CARE OF OUR TIME

HE that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions; lest the first engage him in vanity and loss, and the latter, by being criminal, be a throwing his time and himself away, and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends: but so, that for every hour of our life (after we are persons capable of laws, and know good from evil), we must give account to the great Judge of men and angels. And this is it which our blessed Saviour told us, that we must account for "every idle word:" not meaning that every word which is not designed to edification, or is less prudent, shall be reckoned for a sin; but that the time which we spend in our idle talking and unprofitable discoursings, that time which might and ought to have been employed to spiritual and useful purposes, that is to be accounted for.

For we must remember that we have a great work to do, many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to serve, and much good to do, many children to provide for, or many friends to support, or many poor to relieve, or many diseases to cure, besides the needs of nature and of relation, our private and our public cares, and duties of the world, which necessity and the providence of God hath adopted into the family of religion.

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us, or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered (and indeed must), that it may be a perpetual serving of God: the greatest trouble, and most busy trade, and worldly encumbrances, when they are necessary, or charitable, or profitable, in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being a doing of God's work. For God provides the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature, by the labours of the ploughman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the dangers and traffic of the merchant: these men are in their callings the ministers of the Divine Providence, and the stewards of the creation, and servants of a great family of God, the world, in the employment of procuring necessaries for food and clothing, ornament and physic. In their proportions also, a king, and a priest, and a prophet, a judge, and an advocate, doing the works of their employment according to their proper rules, are doing the work of God, because they serve those necessities which God hath made, and yet made no provisions for them but by their ministry. So that no man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion: his calling itself and his very worldly employment in honest trades and offices is a serving of God, and if it be moderately pursued, and according to the rules of Christian prudence, will leave void spaces enough for prayers and retirements of a more spiritual religion.

God hath given every man work enough to do, that there shall be no room for idleness; and yet hath so ordered the world, that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world, is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath the most affairs, may so order them, that they shall be a service of God; whilst at certain periods they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed by a holy intention.

However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented, and there is

but little room left for temptation: and therefore to a busy man temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents and occasions; whereas to an idle person they come in a full body, and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity

Idleness is called "the sin of Sodom and her daughters," and indeed is "the burial of a living man," an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth: like a vermin or a wolf, when their time comes they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good; they neither plough nor carry burthens; all that they do either is unprofitable or mischievous.

Holy Living.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-67)

At the age of ten Cowley wrote an epic romance called "The Tragecall History of Pyramus and Thisbe" which is perhaps the most precocious literary production on record. In 1633 he became well known through the publication of "Poetical Blossoms." When the Civil War broke out he chose the Royalist side and was ejected from his Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. After the Battle of Marston Moor he followed the Queen into exile for twelve years, acting constantly for the Royalist Party as envoy under the most dangerous circumstances. The alarms of civil war put literary production and fame at a discount, but on his return to England, in 1656, he published a volume of his collected poetical works. It is strange to remember that Cowley and Milton lived parallel lives, and that the former eclipsed the latter in contemporary opinion. His essays have often been published and are still read.

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with

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a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them—I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant, for that was the state then of the English and French Courts; yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rode safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though

I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *A corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease": I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

.... Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

Give me a country, how remote so e'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there,
The house maintains the ground about it here
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little lukewarm fires are to you sold.
There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almost as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score:
The Place's bounty there, shall give me more.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–88)

Born at Bedford, the son of a tinker, Bunyan was sent to a village school and trained in his father's trade. Despite his description of himself as a profligate he was evidently a very ordinary village lad, finding his pleasure in wrestling, dancing, bell-ringing and playing tipcat. At seventeen he enlisted in the Parliamentary army and served through the campaign of 1645. The following year he returned home, and after a time settled down to married life. One day while he was playing tipcat he suddenly paused with the stick in his hand, for he heard a voice from heaven denouncing the waste of time in sinful games, with hell for eternity. For some time he lived in a state of spiritual terror, until his conversion was completed with the gift of spiritual peace. In 1660 he was thrown into Bedford Jail as a dissenter and there he read the Bible and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." He then wrote "Grace Abounding," from which the following extract is taken. Bunyan was in and out of prison in more or less close confinement for ten years, though the latter part of this term he was allowed to spend in Bedford. But it was while in jail that he started "Pilgrim's Progress," which was published in 1678. The rest of his life Bunyan spent in preaching and ministering in the Baptist connexion around Bedford.

BELL-RINGING AND DANCING. THE POOR WOMEN OF BEDFORD AND THE RANTERS

Now, you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered. Wherefore I should go to the steeple house, and look on it, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, How, if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwart the steeple,

from side to side, thinking there I might stand sure. But then I should think again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this, I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go further than the steeple door; but then it came into my head, How, if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought, it may fall for aught I know, when I stood and looked on, did continually so shake my mind that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing. I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept this or that Commandment, or did, by word or deed, anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience; and should think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me more of my state by nature.

But upon a day the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling; and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker also myself in the matters of religion. But I may say, I heard, but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. Moreover they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do them any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their neighbours.

At this I felt my own heart begin to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind, neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, etc.

Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one.

Therefore I should often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people; for I could not stay away. And the more I went amongst them, the more I did question my condition; and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me at which I did sometimes marvel (especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was); the one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted; and the other was a great bending in my mind to a continual meditating on them, and on all other good things which at any time I heard or read of.

By these things my mind was now so turned that it lay like a horseleech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give; yea, it was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the Kingdom of Heaven (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little), that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loosen it, or make it let go his hold. And though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven.

One thing I may not omit. There was a young man in our town,

to whom my heart before was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing and swearing and whoring, I now shook him off and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, he was well. But, Harry, said I, Why do you swear and curse thus? What will become of you, if you die in this condition? He answered me in a great chafe, What would the Devil do for company, if it were not for such as I am?

About this time I met with some Ranters' books, that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors; some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgment about them. Wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them (feeling myself unable to judge), I should betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error. Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of, or condemn this doctrine. If it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the Devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul, in this matter, only at Thy foot; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee. I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man that I spoke of before. But about this time he also turned a most devilish Ranter, and gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness. He would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety. When I laboured to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never light on the right till now. He told me also, that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the Ranters. Wherefore, abominating those cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger as I had been before a familiar.

Neither was this man only a temptation to me; but my calling lying in the country, I happened to light into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also swept away by these Ranters. These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection that could do what they would, and not sin. Oh! these temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime. But God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of His name, and did not suffer me to accept

of such cursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to Him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in His preserving me not only from ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

Grace Abounding.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700)

Dryden came from a long-established Northamptonshire family and was sent to Westminster School, then under the headmastership of the famous Dr. Busby. In 1650 he went to Cambridge, where he graduated four years later, and stayed on for some years reading. In 1657 he came to London and appeared for the first time in print with "Heroic Stanzas," which were written (1659) on the death of Oliver Cromwell. This did not, however, prevent his publishing in the following year "Astræa Redux," a welcome to Charles II. With the coming of the Restoration he devoted himself to writing for the stage and produced a succession of plays some of which have become classics but most of which have sunk into deserved obscurity. In 1681 he published "Absalom and Achitophel," a satiric poem inspired by the Exclusion Bill. On the accession of James II, Dryden imitated his Royal master by becoming a Roman Catholic and two years later wrote "The Hind and the Panther" in defence of his new faith. After the Revolution he naturally fell out of favour and wrote little, and that of no great value.

SHAKESPEARE, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER AND BEN JONSON

To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is

presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets:—

"Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he wrote to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him into esteem was their *Philaster*; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he wrote *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation much better; whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had.

He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially; perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the most correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

Essay of Dramatic Poesy.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633–1703)

Pepys was educated at St. Paul's and went up to Cambridge in 1649. Just before this he had witnessed the execution of Charles I. Little is known of his University life except that on one occasion he got into severe trouble for being "scandalously overserved with drink." In 1659 he was appointed secretary to his cousin Edward Montagu, later Earl of Sandwich, and accompanied him to Holland, in 1660, to fetch back Charles II. During the same year he was appointed a clerk in the Navy Office, where he gradually rose, as time went on, to be clerk to the Navy Board—a post equivalent to that of permanent under-secretary nowadays. Pepys's services to the Navy were many and he proved a loyal coadjutor to James, Duke of York. Naturally he lost his position at the Revolution, when he retired to Clapham where he spent the remainder of his life with his old friend and servant, William Hewer. From 1660 to 1669 he kept the diary by which he will be ever famous. It is too well known for description here, but no one ever undertook such complete self-revelation. He wrote it in shorthand, which was not deciphered until 1822, and three years later the diary was issued in a very mutilated form. It can now be read, however, in its original richness.

EPSOM AGAIN

July 14, 1667. (Lord's Day.) Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us, by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To

Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to the church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inn. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people hath taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and here Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the air, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn with his lady, and also my Lord George Berkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the King at the ball I was at, at our Court, last winter, and also their son, a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cousin Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which

brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him some- [illegible] boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty: and, taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me. I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crook. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them: and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mrs. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsom town to our inn, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any cream; and so to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasures of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place, and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew

dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cerecloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

The Diary.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON (1642–1727)

The son of a Lincolnshire farmer, Newton was educated at Grantham Grammar School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1665. It was in this year that he committed to writing his first discovery on fluxions; in the following year the fall of an apple suggested the law of universal gravitation. He wrote copiously on scientific subjects, and in 1689–90 took part in defending the rights of the university against the illegal encroachments of James II, and obtained a seat in the Convention Parliament. In 1696 he solved two celebrated problems proposed by John Bernouilli, as a challenge to the mathematicians of Europe, and performed a similar feat in 1716, by solving a problem proposed by Leibnitz. The controversy between Newton and Leibnitz as to priority of discovery of the differential calculus, or the method of fluxions, was raised through the partisanship of jealous friends. The verdict of Science is that the methods were invented independently, and that, although Newton was the first inventor, a greater debt is owing to Leibnitz for the superior facility and completeness of his method. Newton died in March, 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

OF THE CREATION OF MATTER

ALL these things being considered, it seems probable to me, that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles; of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed them; and that these primitive particles being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard, as never to wear or break in pieces: no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made One, in the first creation. While the particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same nature and texture in all ages: but should they wear away, or break in pieces, the nature of things, depending on them, would be changed.

Water and earth, composed of old worn particles and fragments of particles, would not be of the same nature and texture now, with water and earth composed of entire particles, in the beginning. And therefore that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations, and new associations, and motions of these permanent particles; compound bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and only touch in a few points.

PRINCIPLES OF MOTION

It seems to me farther, that these particles have not only a *Vis inertia*, accompanied with such Passive laws of motion as naturally result from that force; but also that they are moved by certain active principles, such as that of gravity, and that which causes fermentation, and the cohesion of bodies. These principles I consider not as occult qualities, supposed to result from the specific forms of things, but as general laws of Nature, by which the things themselves are formed: their truth appearing to us by phenomena, though their causes be not yet discovered. For these are manifest qualities, and their causes only are occult. And the *Aristotelians* gave the name of occult qualities not to manifest qualities, but to such qualities only as they supposed to lie hid in bodies, and to be the unknown causes of manifest effects: such as would be the causes of gravity, and of Magnetic and Electric attractions, and of fermentations, if we should suppose that these forces, or actions, arose from qualities unknown to us, and uncapable of being discovered and made manifest. Such Occult qualities put a stop to the improvement of Natural Philosophy, and therefore of late years have been rejected. To tell us, that every species of things is endowed with an occult specific quality, by which it acts and produces manifest effects, is to tell us nothing: but to derive two or three general principles of motion from phenomena, and afterwards to tell us how the properties and actions of all corporeal things follow from those manifest principles, would be a very great step in philosophy, though the causes of those principles were not yet discovered: and therefore I scruple not to propose the principles of motion above mentioned, they being of very general extent, and leave their causes to be found out.

Now by the help of these principles, all material things seem to have been composed of the hard and solid particles above mentioned; variously associated in the first creation by the counsel of an intelligent Agent. For it became Him who created them to set them in order. And if He did so, it is unphilosophical to seek for any other origin of the world, or

to pretend that it might arise out of a chaos by the mere laws of Nature; though being once formed, it may continue by those laws for many ages. For while comets move in very eccentric orbs in all manner of positions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric, some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, till this system wants a reformation. Such a wonderful uniformity in the planetary system must be allowed the effect of choice, And so must the uniformity in the bodies of animals, they have generally a right and left side shaped alike, and on either side of their bodies two legs behind, and either two arms, or two legs, or two wings before upon their shoulders; and between their shoulders a neck running down into a backbone, and a head upon it; and in the head two ears, two eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a tongue, alike situated. Also the first contrivance of those very artificial parts of animals, the eyes, ears, brain, muscles, heart, lungs, midriff, glands, larynx, hands, wings, swimming bladders, natural spectacles, and other organs of sense and motion; and the instinct of brutes and insects, can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful everliving Agent; who, being in all places, is more able by his will to move the bodies within his boundless uniform sensorium, and thereby to form and reform the parts of the universe, than we are by our will to move the parts of our own bodies.

GOD NOT THE SOUL OF THE WORLD

And yet we are not to consider the world as the body of God, or the several parts thereof as the parts of God. He is an uniform Being, void of organs, members or parts; and they are His creatures subordinate to Him, and subservient to His will; and He is no more the soul of them, than the soul of a man is the soul of the species of things carried through the organs of sense into the place of its sensation, where it perceives them by means of its immediate presence, without the intervention of any third thing. The organs of sense are not for enabling the soul to perceive the species of things in its sensorium, but only for conveying them thither; and God has no need of such organs, He being everywhere present to the things themselves. And since space is divisible *in infinitum*, and matter is not necessarily in all places, it may be also allowed, that God is able to create particles of matter of several sizes and figures, and in several proportions to space, and perhaps of different densities and forces, and thereby to vary the laws of Nature, and make worlds of several sorts and

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several parts of the universe, At least, I see nothing of contradiction in all this.

As in Mathematics, so in Natural Philosophy, the investigation of difficult things by the method of analysis, ought ever to precede the method of composition. This analysis consists in making experiments and observations, and in drawing general conclusions from them by induction, and admitting of no objections against the conclusions, but such as are taken from experiments, or other certain truths. For hypotheses are not to be regarded in Experimental Philosophy. And although the arguing from experiments and observations by induction be no demonstration of general conclusions; yet it is the best way of arguing which the nature of things admits of, and may be looked upon as so much the stronger, by how much the induction is more general. And if no exception occur from phenomena, the conclusion may be pronounced generally. But if at any time afterwards any exception shall occur from experiments; it may then begin to be pronounced, with such exceptions as occur. By this way of analysis we may proceed from compounds to ingredients; and from motions to the forces producing them; and in general, from effects to their causes; and from particular causes to more general ones, till the argument end in the most general. This is the method of Analysis. And the Synthesis consists in assuming the causes discovered, and established as principles, and by them explaining the phenomena proceeding from them, and proving the explanations.

In the two first Books of these Optics, I proceeded by this analysis to discover and prove the original differences of the rays of light in respect of refrangibility, reflexibility, and colour; and their alternate fits of easy Reflexion and easy Transmission; and the properties of bodies, both opaque and pellucid, on which their reflexions and colours depend. And these discoveries being proved, may be assumed in the method of composition for explaining the phenomena arising from them: an instance of which method I gave in the end of the first Book. In this third Book I have only begun the analysis of what remains to be discovered about light, and its effects upon the frame of nature; hinting several things about it, and leaving the hints to be examined and improved by the farther experiments and observations of such as are inquisitive. And if Natural Philosophy in all its parts, by pursuing this method, shall at length be perfected; the bounds of Moral Philosophy will be also enlarged. For so far as we can know by Natural Philosophy what is the First cause, what power He has over us, and what benefits we receive from Him; so far our duty towards Him, as well as that towards one another, will

appear to us by the light of Nature. And, no doubt, if the worship of false gods had not blinded the heathen, their Moral Philosophy would have gone farther than to the four Cardinal Virtues. And instead of teaching the transmigration of souls, and to worship the sun and the moon, and dead heroes; they would have taught us to worship our true Author and Benefactor, as their ancestors did under the government of *Noah* and his sons, before they corrupted themselves.

Optics.

DANIEL DEFOE (*c.* 1659–1731)

Defoe was born in London, the son of a Nonconformist, and educated at a famous Dissenting academy at Stoke Newington. He set up in business as a hosiery factor in London and prospered until 1692, when he failed for £17,000. In 1695 he was introduced to William III, who employed him as a political pamphleteer. But his troubles began with the King's death and a satire in favour of the Dissenters resulted in Defoe's being put in the pillory three times and fined heavily. He languished in jail for a couple of years, but on Harley's representations he was released and given financial help. In 1719 he published the first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" which made him instantly famous, and in 1720 the "Memoirs of a Cavalier." In 1722 he produced "Moll Flanders," "The Journal of the Plague Year" and the "History of Colonel Jack." He continued to write and became rich, although there is doubt as to the condition in which he died in 1731.

THE STORM

Before we come to examine the damage suffered by this terrible night and give a particular relation of its dismal effects; it is necessary to give a summary account of the thing itself, with all its affrightning circumstances.

It had blown exceeding hard, as I have already observed, for about fourteen days past; and that so hard, that we thought it terrible weather: several stacks of chimnies were blown down, and several ships were lost, and the tiles in many places were blown off from the houses; and the nearer it came to the fatal 26th of November [1703], the tempestuousness of the weather increased.

On the Wednesday morning before, being the 24th of November, it was fair weather, and blew hard; but not so as to give any apprehensions, till about four o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased, and with squalls of rain and terrible gusts blew very furiously.

The collector of these sheets narrowly escaped the mischief of a part of a house, which fell on the evening of that day by the violence of the wind; and abundance of tiles were blown off the houses that night: the wind continued with unusual violence all the next day and night; and had not the great storm followed so soon, this had passed for a great wind.

On Friday morning, it continued to blow exceeding hard, but not so as that it gave any apprehensions of danger within doors; towards night it increased: and about ten o'clock, our barometers informed us that the night would be very tempestuous; the Mercury sunk lower than ever I had observed it on any occasion whatsoever, which made me suppose the tube had been handled and disturbed by the children.

It did not blow so hard till twelve o'clock at night, but that most families went to bed, though many of them not without some concern at the terrible wind which then blew. But about one, or, at least, by two o'clock, 'tis supposed, few people, that were capable of any sense of danger, were so hardy as to lie in bed. And the fury of the tempest increased to such a degree, that, as the editor of this account being in London, and conversing with the people the next days, understood, most people expected the fall of their houses.

And yet, in this general apprehension, nobody durst quit their tottering habitations; for, whatever the danger was within doors, it was worse without. The bricks, tiles, and stones, from the tops of the houses, flew with such force, and so thick in the streets, that no one thought fit to venture out, though their houses were near demolished within.

The author of this relation was in a well-built brick house in the skirts of the city, and a stack of chimneys falling in upon the next houses, gave the house such a shock, that they thought it was just coming down upon their heads: but opening the door to attempt an escape into a garden, the danger was so apparent, that they all thought fit to surrender to the disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect their graves in the ruins of the house, rather than to meet most certain destruction in the open garden. For, unless they could have gone above two hundred yards from any building, there had been no security; for the force of the wind blew the tiles point blank; though their weight inclines them downward, and in several very broad streets we saw the windows broken by the flying of tile-sherds from the other side: and where there was room for them to fly, the author of this has seen tiles blown from a house above thirty or forty yards, and stuck from five to eight inches into the solid earth. Pieces of timber, iron and sheets of lead, have from higher buildings been blown much farther, as in the particulars hereafter will appear.

and in an half-an-hour's time it blew a storm. Wednesday, December the 2nd, it was very tempestuous all the morning; at one o'clock, the wind abated, the sky cleared, and by four o'clock, there was not a breath of wind.

Thus ended the greatest and the longest storm that ever the world saw.

The Storm.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745)

Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Swift became secretary to Sir William Temple, where his pride suffered in subjection. He took orders and wrote his first satires "Tale of a Tub" and "Battle of the Books," which revealed him as the foremost controversialist in the kingdom. The Whigs having done nothing for him, he became a Tory and wrote the "Conduct of the Allies," to denounce Whig jobbery. Undoubtedly he helped to overthrow Marlborough. His life is recorded in his "Journal to Stella" (Hester Johnson) and in his letters to "Vanessa" (Mrs. Vanhomrigh). He became Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in 1713, and his party losing office later, he left England for good. In 1726 "Gulliver's Travels" were published. He kept up a regular correspondence with Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke and others, and never lost a friend from his bitterness.

ON SLEEPING IN CHURCH

And there sat in the window a certain young man, named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep; and while Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.—Acts xx. 9

I HAVE chosen these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half-an-hour's sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated.

There is, indeed, one mortal disadvantage to which all preaching is subject; that those who by the wickedness of their lives stand in greatest need have usually the smallest share; for either they are absent upon the account of idleness or spleen, or hatred to religion, or in order to doze away the intemperance of the week: or, if they do come, they are sure to employ their minds rather any other way than regarding or attending to the business of the place.

The accident which happened to this young man in the text hath not been sufficient to discourage his successors, but, because the preachers

now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the working of miracles; therefore men are become so cautious, as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for taking their repose, without hazard of their persons; and upon the whole matter, *choose rather to trust* their destruction to a miracle, than their safety. However, this being not the only way by which the lukewarm Christians and scorners of the age discover their neglect and contempt of preaching, I shall enter expressly into consideration of this matter, and order my discourse in the following method:—

First, I shall produce several instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

Secondly, I shall reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching.

Thirdly, I shall set forth the great evil of this neglect and contempt of preaching, and discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

Lastly, I shall offer some remedies against this great and spreading evil.

First, I shall produce certain instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

These may be reduced under two heads. First, men's absence from the service of the church; and secondly, their misbehaviour when they are here.

The first instance of men's neglect is in their frequent absence from the church.

There is no excuse so trivial that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's-day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church. Others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit and deep understanding to stay at home on Sundays. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out of mere contempt of religion. And, lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their cattle, to keep the Sabbath by eating, drinking, and sleeping after the toil and labour of the week. Now in all this the worst circumstance is, that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.

Secondly, Men's great neglect and contempt of preaching appear by their misbehaviour when at church.

If the audience were to be ranked under several heads, according to their behaviour when the word of God is delivered, how small a number would appear of those who receive it as they ought! How much of the seed then sown would be found to fall by the wayside upon stony ground, or among thorns; and how little good ground there would be to take it! A preacher cannot look round from the pulpit without observing that some are in a perpetual whisper, and by their air and gesture give occasion to suspect that they are in those very minutes defaming their neighbour. Others have their eyes and imagination constantly engaged in such a circle of objects, perhaps to gratify the most unwarrantable desires, that they never once attend to the business of the place; the sound of the preacher's words does not so much as once interrupt them. Some have their minds wandering among idle, worldly, or vicious thoughts. Some lie at catch to ridicule whatever they hear, and with much wit and humour provide a stock of laughter by furnishing themselves from the pulpit. But of all misbehaviour, none is comparable to that of those who come here to sleep Opium is not so stupefying to many persons as an afternoon sermon. Perpetual custom hath so brought it about that the words of whatever preacher become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties is manifest from hence, because they all awake so very regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing, dozed and besotted with indecencies I am ashamed to repeat.

I proceed, secondly, to reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching, and to show the unreasonableness of them.

Such unwarrantable demeanour as I have described among Christians in the house of God in a solemn assembly, while their faith and duty are explained and delivered, have put those who are guilty upon inventing some excuses to extenuate their fault: this they do by turning the blame either upon the particular preacher, or upon preaching in general. First, they object against the particular preacher; his manner, his delivery, his voice are disagreeable; his style and expression are flat and slow, sometimes improper and absurd; the matter is heavy, trivial, and insipid, sometimes despicable and perfectly ridiculous; or else, on the other side, he runs up into unintelligible speculation, empty notions, and abstracted flights, all clad in words above usual understandings.

Secondly, they object against preaching in general; it is a perfect road of talk, they know already whatever can be said, they have heard the same a hundred times over. They quarrel that preachers do not relieve an old beaten subject with wit and invention, and that now the art is lost of moving men's passions, so common among the ancient orators of Greece and Rome. These and the like objections are frequently in the mouths of men who despise the foolishness of preaching. But let us examine the reasonableness of them.

The doctrine delivered by all preachers is the same: "So we preach, and so ye believe;" but the manner of delivering is suited to the skill and abilities of each, which differ in preachers just as in the rest of mankind. However, in personal dislikes of a particular preacher, are these men sure they are always in the right? Do they consider how mixed a thing is every audience whose taste and judgment differ perhaps every day, not only from each other but themselves? and how to calculate a discourse that shall exactly suit them all is beyond the force and reach of human reason, knowledge, or invention. Wit and eloquence are shining qualities that God hath imparted in great degrees to very few; nor any more to be expected in the generality of any rank among men than riches and honour. But further, if preaching in general be all old and beaten, and that they are already so well acquainted with it, more shame and guilt to them who so little edify by it. But these men, whose ears are so delicate as not to endure a plain discourse of religion, who expect a constant supply of wit and eloquence on a subject handled so many thousand times; what will they say when we turn the objection upon themselves, who, with all the rude and profane liberty of discourse they take upon so many thousand subjects, are so dull as to furnish nothing but tedious repetitions, and little, paltry, nauseous common-places, so vulgar, so worn, or so obvious, as, upon any other occasion but that of advancing vice, would be hooted off the stage? Nor, lastly, are preachers justly blamed for neglecting human oratory to move the passions, which is not the business of a Christian orator, whose office it is only to work upon faith and reason. All other eloquence hath been a perfect cheat to stir up men's passions against truth and justice for the service of a faction; to put false colours upon things, and, by an amusement of agreeable words, make the worst reason appear to be the better. This is certainly not to be allowed in Christian eloquence, and therefore St. Paul took quite the other course; he "came not with the excellency of words or enticing speech of men's wisdom, but in plain evidence of the spirit and power." And perhaps it was for that reason

the young man Eutychus, used to the Grecian eloquence, grew tired and fell so fast asleep.

I go on, thirdly, to set forth the great evil of this neglect and scorn of preaching, and to discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

I think it is obvious that this neglect of preaching hath very much occasioned the great decay of religion among us. To this may be imputed no small part of that contempt some men bestow on the clergy; for whoever talketh without being regarded, is sure to be despised. To this we owe in a great measure the spreading of atheism and infidelity among us, for religion, like all other things, is soonest put out of countenance by being ridiculed. The scorn of preaching might perhaps have been at first introduced by men of nice ears and refined taste; but it is now become a spreading evil through all degrees and both sexes; for since sleeping, talking, and laughing are qualities sufficient to furnish out a critic, the meanest and most ignorant have set up a title, and succeeded in it as well as their betters. Thus are the last efforts of reforming mankind rendered wholly useless "How shall they hear," saith the Apostle, "without a preacher?" But if they have a preacher, and make it a point of wit or breeding not to hear him, what remedy is left? To this neglect of preaching we may also entirely impute that gross ignorance among us in the very principles of religion, which it is amazing to find in persons who very much value their own knowledge and understanding in other things; yet it is a visible, inexcusable ignorance even in the meanest among us, considering the many advantages they have of learning their duty. And it hath been the great encouragement to all manner of vice: for in vain we preach down sin to a people "whose hearts are waxed gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes are closed." Therefore Christ himself, in his discourses, frequently rouseth up the attention of the multitude and of his disciples themselves with this expression, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." But among all neglects of preaching, none is so fatal as that of sleeping in the house of God. A scorner may listen to truth and reason and in time grow serious; an unbeliever may feel the pangs of a guilty conscience; one whose thoughts or eyes wander among other objects may, by a lucky word, be called back to attention; but the sleeper shuts up all avenues to his soul; he is "like the deaf adder that hearkeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." And we may preach with as good success to the grave that is under his feet.

But the great evil of this neglect will further yet appear, from

considering the real causes whence it proceedeth; whereof the first I take to be an evil conscience. Many men come to church to save or gain a reputation, or because they will not be singular, but comply with an established custom; yet all the while they are loaded with the guilt of old-rooted sins. These men can expect to hear of nothing but terrors and threatenings, their sins laid open in true colours, and eternal misery the reward of them; therefore no wonder they stop their ears, and divert their thoughts, and seek any amusement rather than stir the hell within them.

Another cause of this neglect is a heart set upon worldly things. Men, whose minds are much enslaved to earthly affairs all the week, cannot disengage or break the chain of their thoughts so suddenly as to apply to a discourse that is wholly foreign to what they have most at heart. Tell a usurer of charity, and mercy, and restitution, you talk to the deaf: his heart and soul, with all his senses, are got among his bags, or he is gravely asleep and dreaming of a mortgage. Tell a man of business that the cares of the world choke the good seed; that we must not encumber ourselves with much serving; that the salvation of his soul is the one thing necessary; you see, indeed, the shape of a man before you, but his faculties are all gone off among clients and papers, thinking how to defend a bad cause or find flaws in a good one; or he weareth out the time in drowsy nods.

A third cause of the great neglect and scorn of preaching ariseth from the practice of men who set up to decry and disparage religion; these, being zealous to promote infidelity and vice, learn a rote of buffoonery that serveth all occasions, and refutes the strongest arguments for piety and good manners. These have a set of ridicule calculated for all sermons and all preachers, and can be extremely witty as often as they please upon the same fund.

Let me now, in the last place, offer some remedies against this great evil.

It will be one remedy against the contempt of preaching rightly to consider the end for which it was designed. There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence it is become an impertinent vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion. Our business, alas! is quite another thing; either to learn, or at least be reminded of our duty, to apply the doctrines delivered, compare the rules

we hear with our lives and actions, and find wherein we have transgressed. These are the dispositions men should bring into the house of God, and then they will be little concerned about the preacher's wit or eloquence, nor be curious to inquire out his faults and infirmities, but consider how to correct their own.

Another remedy against the contempt of preaching is that men would consider whether it be not reasonable to give more allowance for the different abilities of preachers than they usually do. Refinements of style and flights of wit, as they are not properly the business of any preacher, so they cannot possibly be the talents of all. In most other discourses men are satisfied with sober sense and plain reason, and, as understandings usually go, even that is not over-frequent. Then why they should be so over-nice in expectation of eloquence, where it is neither necessary nor convenient, is hard to imagine.

Lastly, the scorners of preaching would do well to consider that this talent of ridicule they value so much is a perfection very easily acquired and applied to all things whatsoever, neither is anything at all the worse because it is capable of being perverted to burlesque; perhaps it may be the more perfect upon that score, since we know the most celebrated pieces have been thus treated with greatest success. It is in any man's power to suppose a fool's cap on the wisest head, and then laugh at his own supposition. I think there are not many things cheaper than supposing and laughing; and if the uniting these two talents can bring a thing into contempt, it is hard to know where it may end.

To conclude:—These considerations may perhaps have some effect while men are awake, but what arguments shall we use to the sleeper? what methods shall we take to hold open his eyes? Will he be moved by considerations of common civility? We know it is reckoned a point of very bad manners to sleep in private company, when perhaps the tedious impertinence of many talkers would render it at least as excusable as the dullest sermon. Do they think it a small thing to watch four hours at a play where all virtue and religion are openly reviled, and can they not watch one half hour to hear them defended? Is this to deal like a judge (I mean like a good judge), to listen on one side of the cause and sleep on the other? I shall add but one word more: that this indecent sloth is very much owing to that luxury and excess men usually practise upon this day, by which half the service thereof is turned to sin, men dividing their time between God and their bellies, when after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupefied, they retire

to God's house to sleep out the afternoon. Surely, brethren, these things ought *not* so to be.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." And God give us all grace to hear and receive His holy word to the salvation of our own souls.

A Sermon.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719)

This famous essayist, poet, and man of letters took his degree at Oxford and was soon notable for his poems, one of which secured him a pension of £300, which he lost subsequently by a change of Government. After visiting France, he returned to England and began further official work. He became associated with the Whig Party, produced poems on their behalf, succeeded John Locke as a Commissioner of Excise, and in 1706 became an Under-Secretary of State. In 1708 he entered Parliament, although he remained a silent Member. Addison purchased an estate in 1711, and was able to devote the following years to literary work, composing then many of his famous essays. Steele had started the "Tatler" in 1709 and he became a regular contributor. When the "Tatler" ceased, in 1711, Addison started the "Spectator" to take its place. The invention of Sir Roger de Coverley was probably a combined stroke of genius in which Steele and Addison had equal shares. In April, 1713, he produced his tragedy "Cato."

MEDITATIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial

of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε, Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or polite-

ness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Spectator.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672–1729)

Born in the same year as Addison and his schoolboy friend, they will ever be associated in the world of letters. Steele showed himself generous and wise as a young man, and first won attention by "The Christian Hero," which he published in 1701. In 1709 he launched the "Tatler" and made it a success before Addison joined him. Its subsequent collapse may have been due to the extravagance of his political satires, but the "Spectator" was started two months after the "Tatler" left off. The "Spectator" was followed by the "Guardian" and other journals which did not live very long. Perhaps the "Plebian" was the best known political paper which Steele edited, and it involved him in a quarrel with Addison. He was a staunch Whig and upon the accession of the House of Hanover, many honours, including that of knighthood, were conferred upon him.

THE CLUB

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of antient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho-Square:* It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelor by reason he was crossed in Love, by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester*

and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson* in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. He is now in his Fifty sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House both in Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago gain'd universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple;* a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursom Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump: He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate

Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes thro' *New-Inn*, crosses thro' *Russel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruined more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, among which the greatest Favourite is, "A Penny saved is a Penny got." A General Trader of good Sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take Notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the

better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even Regular Behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through Crowds, who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will however in his Way of Talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or inquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come to him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnish'd him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who according to his Years should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easie Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turn'd, of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods, and whose Vanity to show her Foot made Petticoats so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of

his Troop in the *Park.* In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a Glance or a Blow of a Fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the Present Lord such-a-one. This way of Talking of his very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company but my self, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes, when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.

Spectator.

LORD CHESTERFIELD (1694–1773)

Philip Dormer Stanhope, 3rd Earl of Chesterfield, entered Parliament at the age of nineteen, but after his maiden speech travelled on the Continent for some years, observing men and manners. In 1726 he succeeded to the peerage, and two years later went to the Hague as ambassador. In 1732 his illegitimate son was born, the lad to whom his father wrote those famous letters which Dr. Johnson stigmatized as instilling "the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a whore." With Johnson, indeed, the Earl of Chesterfield's universal reputation for being a cultured man of the world and patron of literature carried no weight, and one of the most dignified pieces of English prose was the doctor's coldly ironical letter to the man who had proved so unworthy the dedication of the great dictionary. Chesterfield was a cynic who jested at life and death alike. "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known," was a famous jest of his that gave an indication of his attitude to the world.

AFFECTATION

Most people complain of fortune, few of nature; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of such and such? is the common expostulation with fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of such and such others? is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit, natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially, if I may use that pedantic word, many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at

the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of nature, how few listen to her voice! how few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion, assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones; for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, "that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not." Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object, of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry; which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it. Even some people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, though at the same time unenjoyed, in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of what he called a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine Destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the libertine *destroyed*. A discreet friend of his who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the libertine *destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash He persisted,

however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the libertine, and *destroyed.* Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that for my own part I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that our people should have no vices but *their own.*

The blockhead who affects wisdom, because nature has given him dullness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon everything, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all. . . .

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted nor remembered; FOLLY supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

Miscellanies.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–84)

Johnson was born at Lichfield and entered Pembroke College, Oxford, where, despite his poverty, he was the ringleader against authority. For thirty years more he was to know little else than penury. As a young man he married an elderly widow named Mrs. Porter and started a school near Lichfield, at which David Garrick was a pupil. At the age of twenty-eight he went to London and got employment on the "Gentlemen's Magazine," where he manufactured reports of the speeches in Parliament. In 1738 he wrote "London," a poem which started his fame. He began the great Dictionary in 1747, but did not finish it until eight years later. In 1750 he launched the "Rambler," a periodical of moral essays in which he wrote regularly. This was followed, 1758, by the "Idler," a rather livelier model of its predecessor. Through the instance of Lord Bute, Johnson was granted a pension of £300 a year, and thus became free to expand as a conversationalist. In 1764, a club was formed of which Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon and Garrick were among the members. It was here and elsewhere that Boswell met Johnson and gathered inspiration for his great biography. When sixty-four years of age, Johnson visited the Hebrides. Subsequently he produced the "Lives of the Poets" which run less ponderously than the "Rambler" essays.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the

vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect: or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories, has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation: why else were the *Muses* stationed on *Olympus* or *Parnassus* by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of *Tempe*, or erected their altars among the flexures of *Meander*? Why was *Jove* himself nursed upon a mountain? or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of *Ida*? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of *Pythagoras*, *ἀνέμων πνεόντων τὴν ἠχὼ προσκύνει*, "when the wind blows, worship its echo." This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholely obliterated in the age of *Augustus*, for *Tibullus* evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the *Pythagorean* precept.

> Quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem—
> Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
> Securum somnos imbre iuvante sequi!

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of *Lucretius*, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him.

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae.

—'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.
DRYDEN.

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established.

Causa latet; res est notissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
ADDISON.

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some, yet more visionary, tell us, that the

faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of *Hippocrates*; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious above nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless, but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in

garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth story, is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must acuate our languor by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding, till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the *Andes*, or on the peak of *Teneriffe*. But let not any man be considered as unimproveable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of *Aretaeus* was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose, that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which *Bacon* describes in *Solomon's* house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heat of *Virgil's* climate, in some lines of his *Georgic*: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate per-

formance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it *fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon* the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

Rambler.

DAVID HUME (1711–76)

Hume was educated at Edinburgh, where he read Classics, devoting his attention especially to philosophy. In 1734 he travelled to France, where he studied and wrote his "Treatise of Human Nature." This appeared in 1739, but at the time it attracted little attention. On the other hand, his "Essays," the first volume of which was published in 1741, met with immediate success. It is from these that the following essay has been selected. Hume's views militated against his appointment to various posts, but in 1751 he was given the librarianship of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and with the material thus at hand he started the "History of England," in which he incorporated many of his philosophical and social views. When this was completed, Hume devoted his time to other literary work, in 1769 finally settling in Edinburgh, after residing at different periods in London and Paris. His friendship with Rousseau ended, about this period, with a violent quarrel. For many years Hume was held up as a shocking example of atheism and free-thought, but the soundness of many of his theories and deductions has long been recognized, and he ranks as a considerable writer and thinker in the English language.

THE STOIC; OR THE MAN OF ACTION AND VIRTUE

THERE is this obvious and material difference in the conduct of nature, with regard to man and other animals that, having endowed the former with a sublime celestial spirit, and having given him an affinity with superior beings, she allows not such noble faculties to lie lethargic or idle, but urges him by necessity to employ, on every emergence, his utmost *art* and *industry*. Brute creatures have many of their necessities supplied by nature, being clothed and armed by this beneficent parent of all things: and where their own *industry* is requisite on any occasion, nature, by implanting instincts, still supplies them with the *art*, and guides them to their good by her unerring precepts. But man, exposed

naked and indigent to the rude elements, rises slowly from that helpless state by the care and vigilance of his parents; and, having attained his utmost growth and perfection, reaches only a capacity of subsisting by his own care and vigilance. Every thing is sold to skill and labour; and where nature furnishes the materials, they are still rude and unfinished, till industry, ever active and intelligent, refines them from their brute state, and fits them for human use and convenience.

Acknowledge, therefore, O man! the beneficence of nature; for she has given thee that intelligence which supplies all thy necessities. But let not indolence, under the false appearance of gratitude, persuade thee to rest contented with her presents. Wouldst thou return to the raw herbage for thy food, to the open sky for thy covering, and to stones and clubs for thy defence against the ravenous animals of the desert? Then return also to thy savage manners, to thy timorous superstition, to thy brutal ignorance, and sink thyself below those animals whose condition thou admirest and wouldst so fondly imitate.

Thy kind parent, Nature, having given thee art and intelligence, has filled the whole globe with materials to employ these talents. Hearken to her voice, which so plainly tells thee that thou thyself shouldst also be the object of thy industry, and that by art and attention alone thou canst acquire that ability which will raise thee to thy proper station in the universe. Behold this artisan who converts a rude and shapeless stone into a noble medal; and, moulding that medal by his cunning hands, creates, as it were, by magic, every weapon for his defence, and every utensil for his convenience. He has not this skill from nature. use and practice have taught it him; and if thou wouldst emulate his success, thou must follow his laborious footsteps.

But while thou *ambitiously* aspirest to perfecting thy bodily powers and faculties, wouldst thou *meanly* neglect thy mind, and, from a preposterous sloth, leave it still rude and uncultivated, as it came from the hands of nature? Far be such folly and negligence from every rational being. If nature has been frugal in her gifts and endowments, there is the more need of art to supply her defects. If she has been generous and liberal, know that she still expects industry and application on our part, and revenges herself in proportion to our negligent ingratitude. The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds: and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces, to its slothful owner, the most abundant crop of poisons.

The great end of all human industry, is the attainment of happiness.

For this were arts invented, sciences cultivated, laws ordained, and societies modelled, by the most profound wisdom of patriots and legislators. Even the lonely savage, who lies exposed to the inclemency of the elements and the fury of wild beasts, forgets not, for a moment, this grand object of his being. Ignorant as he is of every art of life, he still keeps in view the end of all those arts, and eagerly seeks for felicity amidst that darkness with which he is environed. But as much as the wildest savage is inferior to the polished citizen, who, under the protection of laws, enjoys every convenience which industry has invented, so much is this citizen himself inferior to the man of virtue, and the true philosopher, who governs his appetites, subdues his passions, and has learned, from reason to set a just value on every pursuit and enjoyment. For is there an art and apprenticeship necessary for every other attainment? And is there no art of life, no rule, no precepts, to direct us in this principal concern? Can no particular pleasure be attained without skill: and can the whole be regulated, without reflection or intelligence, by the blind guidance of appetite and instinct? Sure then no mistakes are ever committed in this affair; but every man, however dissolute and negligent, proceeds in the pursuit of happiness with as unerring a motion as that which the celestial bodies observe, when, conducted by the hand of the Almighty, they roll along the ethereal plains. But if mistakes be often, be inevitably committed, let us register these mistakes; let us consider their causes; let us weigh their importance; let us inquire for their remedies. When from this we have fixed all the rules of conduct, we are *philosophers*. When we have reduced these rules to practice, we are *sages*.

Like many subordinate artists, employed to form the several wheels and springs of a machine, such are those who excel in all the particular arts of life. *He* is the master workman who puts those several parts together, moves them according to just harmony and proportion, and produces true felicity as the result of their conspiring order.

While thou hast such an alluring object in view, shall that labour and attention, requisite to the attainment of thy end, ever seem burdensome and intolerable? Know, that this labour itself is the chief ingredient of the felicity to which thou aspirest, and that every enjoyment soon becomes insipid and distasteful, when not acquired by fatigue and industry. See the hardy hunters rise from their downy couches, shake off the slumbers which still weigh down their heavy eyelids, and, ere *Aurora* has yet covered the heavens with her flaming mantle, hasten to the forest. They leave behind, in their own houses, and in the neigh-

bouring plains animals of every kind, whose flesh furnishes the most delicious fare, and which offer themselves to the fatal stroke. Laborious man disdains so easy a purchase. He seeks for a prey, which hides itself from his search, or flies from his pursuit, or defends itself from his violence. Having exerted in the chase every passion of the mind, and every member of the body, he then finds the charms of repose, and with joy compares his pleasures to those of his engaging labours.

And can vigorous industry give pleasure to the pursuit even of the most worthless prey, which frequently escapes our toils? And cannot the same industry render the cultivating of our mind, the moderating of our passions, the enlightening of our reason, an agreeable occupation; while we are every day sensible of our progress, and behold our inward features and countenance brightening incessantly with new charms? Begin by curing yourself of this lethargic indolence; the task is not difficult: you need but taste the sweets of honest labour. Proceed to learn the just value of every pursuit; long study is not requisite. Compare, though but for once, the mind to the body, virtue to fortune, and glory to pleasure. You will then perceive the advantages of industry; you will then be sensible what are the proper objects of your industry.

In vain do you seek repose from beds of roses: in vain do you hope for enjoyment from the most delicious wines and fruits. Your indolence itself becomes a fatigue; your pleasure itself creates disgust. The mind, unexercised, finds every delight insipid and loathsome; and ere yet the body, full of noxious humours, feels the torment of its multiplied diseases, your nobler part is sensible of the invading poison, and seeks in vain to relieve its anxiety by new pleasure, which still augments the fatal malady

I need not tell you, that, by this eager pursuit of pleasure, you more and more expose yourself to fortune and accidents, and rivet your affections on external objects, which chance may, in a moment, ravish from you. I shall suppose that your indulgent stars favour you still with the enjoyment of your riches and possessions. I prove to you, that, even in the midst of your luxurious pleasures, you are unhappy; and that, by too much indulgence, you are incapable of enjoying what prosperous fortune still allows you to possess.

But surely the instability of fortune is a consideration not to be overlooked or neglected. Happiness cannot possibly exist where there is no security; and security can have no place where fortune has any dominion. Though that unstable deity should not exert her rage against you, the dread of it would still torment you; would disturb your

slumbers, haunt your dreams, and throw a damp on the jollity of your most delicious banquets.

The temple of wisdom is seated on a rock, above the rage of the fighting elements, and inaccessible to all the malice of man. The rolling thunder breaks below; and those more terrible instruments of human fury reach not so sublime a height. The sage, while he breathes that serene air, looks down with pleasure, mixed with compassion, on the errors of mistaken mortals, who blindly seek for the true path of life, and pursue riches, nobility, honour, or power, for genuine felicity. The greater part he beholds disappointed of their fond wishes: some lament, that having once possessed the object of their desires, it is ravished from them by envious fortune; and all complain, that even their own vows, though granted, cannot give them happiness, or relieve the anxiety of their distracted minds.

But does the sage always preserve himself in this philosophical indifference, and rest contented with lamenting the miseries of mankind, without ever employing himself for their relief? Does he constantly indulge this severe wisdom, which, by pretending to elevate him above human accidents, does in reality harden his heart, and render him careless of the interests of mankind, and of society? No; he knows that in this sullen *Apathy* neither true wisdom nor true happiness can be found. He feels too strongly the charm of the social affections, ever to counteract so sweet, so natural, so virtuous a propensity. Even when, bathed in tears, he laments the miseries of the human race, of his country, of his friends, and, unable to give succour, can only relieve them by compassion; he yet rejoices in the generous disposition, and feels a satisfaction superior to that of the most indulged sense. So engaging are the sentiments of humanity, that they brighten up the very face of sorrow, and operate like the sun, which, shining on a dusky cloud or falling rain, paints on them the most glorious colours which are to be found in the whole circle of nature.

But it is not here alone that the social virtues display their energy. With whatever ingredients you mix them, they are still predominant. As sorrow cannot overcome them, so neither can sensual pleasure obscure them. The joys of love, however tumultuous, banish not the tender sentiments of sympathy and affection. They even derive their chief influence from that generous passion: and when presented alone, afford nothing to the unhappy mind but lassitude and disgust. Behold this sprightly debauchee, who professes a contempt of all other pleasures but those of wine and jollity; separate him from his companions, like a spark

from a fire, where before it contributed to the general blaze: his alacrity suddenly extinguishes; and, though surrounded with every other means of delight, he loathes the sumptuous banquet, and prefers even the most abstracted study and speculation, as more agreeable and entertaining.

But the social passions never afford such transporting pleasures, or make so glorious an appearance in the eyes both of God and man, as when, shaking off every earthly mixture, they associate themselves with the sentiments of virtue, and prompt us to laudable and worthy actions. As harmonious colours mutually give and receive a lustre by their friendly union, so do these ennobling sentiments of the human mind. See the triumph of nature in parental affection! What selfish passion, what sensual delight is a match for it, whether a man exults in the prosperity and virtue of his offspring, or flies to their succour through the most threatening and tremendous dangers?

Proceed still in purifying the generous passions, you will still the more admire its shining glories. What charms are there in the harmony of minds, and in a friendship founded on mutual esteem and gratitude! What satisfaction in relieving the distressed, in comforting the afflicted, in raising the fallen, and in stopping the career of cruel fortune, or of more cruel man, in their insults over the good and virtuous! But what supreme joy in the victories over vice as well as misery, when, by virtuous example or wise exhortation, our fellow-creatures are taught to govern their passions, reform their vices, and subdue their worst enemies which inhabit within their own bosoms!

But these objects are still too limited for the human mind, which, being of celestial origin, swells with the divinest and most enlarged affections, and, carrying its attention beyond kindred and acquaintance, extends its benevolent wishes to the most distant posterity. It views liberty and laws as the source of human happiness, and devotes itself, with the utmost alacrity, to their guardianship and protection. Toils, dangers, death itself, carry their charms, when we brave them for the public good, and ennoble that being which we generously sacrifice for the interests of our country. Happy the man whom indulgent fortune allows to pay to virtue what he owes to nature, and to make a generous gift of what must otherwise be ravished from him by cruel necessity.

In the true sage and patriot are united whatever can distinguish human nature, or elevate mortal man to a resemblance with the Divinity. The softest benevolence, the most undaunted resolution, the tenderest sentiments, the most sublime love of virtue, all these animate successively his transported bosom. What satisfaction, when he looks within, to

find the most turbulent passions tuned to just harmony and concord, and every jarring sound banished from this enchanting music! If the contemplation, even of inanimate beauty, is so delightful; if it ravishes the senses, even when the fair form is foreign to us; what must be the effects of moral beauty? and what influence must it have, when it embellishes our own mind, and is the result of our own reflection and industry?

But where is the reward of virtue? And what recompense has Nature provided for such important sacrifices as those of life and fortune, which we must often make to it? Oh, sons of earth! Are ye ignorant of the value of this celestial mistress? And do ye meanly inquire for her portion, when ye observe her genuine charms? But know, that Nature has been indulgent to human weakness, and has not left this favourite child naked and unendowed. She has provided virtue with the richest dowry; but being careful lest the allurements of interest should engage such suitors as were insensible of the native worth of so divine a beauty, she has wisely provided, that this dowry can have no charms but in the eyes of those who are already transported with the love of virtue. Glory is the portion of virtue, the sweet reward of honourable toils, the triumphant crown which covers the thoughtful head of the disinterested patriot, or the dusty brow of the victorious warrior. Elevated by so sublime a prize, the man of virtue looks down with contempt on all the allurements of pleasure, and all the menaces of danger. Death itself loses its terrors, when he considers, that its dominion extends only over a part of him, and that, in spite of death and time, the rage of the elements, and the endless vicissitude of human affairs, he is assured of an immortal fame among all the sons of men.

There surely is a Being who presides over the universe, and who, with infinite wisdom and power, has reduced the jarring elements into just order and proportion. Let the speculative reasoners dispute, how far this beneficent Being extends his care, and whether he prolongs our existence beyond the grave, in order to bestow on virtue its just reward, and render it fully triumphant. The man of morals, without deciding anything on so dubious a subject, is satisfied with the portion marked out to him by the Supreme Disposer of all things. Gratefully he accepts of that further reward prepared for him; but if disappointed, he thinks not virtue an empty name; but, justly esteeming it his own reward, he gratefully acknowledges the bounty of his Creator, who, by calling him into existence, has thereby afforded him an opportunity of once acquiring so invaluable a possession.

GILBERT WHITE (1720–93)

White was born at Selborne, which he was to render famous, and after a successful schooling at Basingstoke and Oriel, returned there as curate in 1751, spending most of the remainder of his life in the village or its neighbourhood. These long years spent in the country gave him just the opportunity he sought for making careful notes and observations upon the changing seasons. He corresponded with scientists on natural history, and some of his letters to Daines Barrington, Pennant, and others were incorporated in "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," which appeared in 1789. By this work White will be ever famous.

LETTER XXXV

To the HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON.

SELBORNE, *May* 20, 1777.

DEAR SIR,—

Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor, and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which, being their excre-

ment, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away; and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms; the former because they render their walks unsightly, and make them much work: and the latter because, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But these men would find that the earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation; and consequently sterile: and besides, in favour of worms, it should be hinted that green corn, plants, and flowers, are not so much injured by them as by many species of *coleopters* (scarabs), and *tiptule* (long-legs), in their larva, or grub-state; and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails, called slugs, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field and garden.[1]

These hints we think proper to throw out in order to set the inquisitive and discerning to work.

A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field in natural history. Worms work most in the spring; but by no means lie torpid in the dead months; are out every mild night in the winter, as any person may be convinced that will take the pains to examine his grass-plots with a candle; are hermaphrodites, and much addicted to venery, and consequently very prolific.

I am, etc.

Natural History of Selbourne.

[1] Farmer Young, of Norton-farm, says that this spring (1777) about four acres of his wheat in one field was entirely destroyed by slugs, which swarmed on the blades of corn, and devoured it as fast as it sprang.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723–92)

This famous painter was the seventh son of a clergyman and schoolmaster, and was born at Plympton Earls, near Plymouth. He studied at Rome, where he contracted a chill which affected his hearing. In 1764 he helped to found the Literary Club, of which Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Sheridan were members. It was in 1768 that he commenced his "Discourses," which were delivered to the newly-founded Royal Academy, of which Reynolds was the first president. In 1784 he became painter to the king and finished his "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," undoubtedly his greatest portrait. The following year was embittered by a dispute with the Academy, which led to his resignation of the post of president, a resolution he afterwards rescinded.

DISCOURSE XV

Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, on the Distribution of the Prizes, December 10, 1790

GENTLEMEN,—

The intimate connexion which I have had with the ROYAL ACADEMY ever since its establishment, the social duties in which we have all mutually engaged for so many years, make any profession of attachment to this Institution, on my part, altogether superfluous, the influence of habit alone in such a connexion would naturally have produced it.

Among men united in the same body, and engaged in the same pursuit, along with permanent friendship occasional differences will arise. In these disputes men are naturally too favourable to themselves, and think perhaps too hardly of their antagonists But composed and constituted as we are, those little contentions will be lost to others, and they ought certainly to be lost amongst ourselves in mutual esteem for talents and acquirements: every controversy ought to be, and I am

persuaded will be, sunk in our zeal for the perfection of our common Art.

In parting with the Academy, I shall remember with pride, affection, and gratitude the support with which I have almost uniformly been honoured from the commencement of our intercourse. I shall leave you, Gentlemen, with unaffected cordial wishes for your future concord, and with a well-founded hope, that in that concord the auspicious and not obscure origin of our Academy may be forgotten in the splendour of your succeeding prospects.

My age, and my infirmities still more than my age, make it probable that this will be the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you from this place. Excluded as I am, *spatiis iniquis*, from indulging my imagination with a distant and forward perspective of life, I may be excused if I turn my eyes back on the way which I have passed.

We may assume to ourselves, I should hope, the credit of having endeavoured, at least, to fill with propriety that middle station which we hold in the general connexion of things. Our predecessors have laboured for our advantage, we labour for our successors; and though we have done no more in this mutual intercourse and reciprocation of benefits, than has been effected by other societies formed in this nation for the advancement of useful and ornamental knowledge, yet there is one circumstance which appears to give us a higher claim than the credit of merely doing our duty. What I at present allude to, is the honour of having been, some of us, the first contrivers, and all of us the promoters and supporters, of the annual Exhibition. This scheme could only have originated from artists already in possession of the favour of the public; as it would not have been so much in the power of others to have excited curiosity. It must be remembered, that for the sake of bringing forward into notice concealed merit, they incurred the risk of producing rivals to themselves; they voluntarily entered the lists, and ran the race a second time for the prize which they had already won.

When we take a review of the several departments of the Institution, I think we may safely congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in having hitherto seen the chairs of our Professors filled with men of distinguished abilities, and who have so well acquitted themselves of their duty in their several departments. I look upon it to be of importance that none of them should be ever left unfilled: a neglect to provide for qualified persons, is to produce a neglect of qualifications.

In this honourable rank of Professors, I have not presumed to class myself; though in the Discourses which I have had the honour of deliver-

ing from this place, while in one respect I may be considered as a volunteer, in another view it seems as if I was involuntarily pressed into this service. If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the President on the delivery of those prizes: and the President for his own credit would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none: I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts.

I am truly sensible how unequal I have been to the expression of my own ideas. To develop the latent excellencies, and draw out the interior principles, of our art, requires more skill and practice in writing, than is likely to be possessed by a man perpetually occupied in the use of the pencil and the palette. It is for that reason, perhaps, that the sister art has had the advantage of better criticism. Poets are naturally writers of prose. They may be said to be practising only an inferior department of their own art, when they are explaining and expatiating upon its most refined principles. But still such difficulties ought not to deter artists, who are not prevented by other engagements, from putting their thoughts in order as well as they can, and from giving to the public the result of their experience. The knowledge which an artist has of his subject will more than compensate for any want of elegance in the manner of treating it, or even of perspicuity, which is still more essential; and I am convinced that one short essay written by a painter, will contribute more to advance the theory of our art, than a thousand volumes such as we sometimes see; the purpose of which appears to be rather to display the refinement of the author's own conceptions of impossible practice, than to convey useful knowledge or instruction of any kind whatever. An artist knows what is, and what is not, within the province of his art to perform; and is not likely to be for ever teasing the poor student with the beauties of mixed passions, or to perplex him with an imaginary union of excellencies incompatible with each other.

To this work, however, I could not be said to come totally unprovided with materials. I had seen much, and I had thought much upon what I had seen; I had something of an habit of investigation, and a disposition to reduce all that I observed and felt in my own mind, to met[illegible]d

system; but never having seen what I myself knew, distinctly placed before me on paper, I knew nothing correctly. To put those ideas into something like order was, to my inexperience, no easy task. The composition, the *ponere totum* even of a single Discourse, as well as of a single statue, was the most difficult part, as perhaps it is of every other art, and most requires the hand of a master.

For the manner, whatever deficiency there was, I might reasonably expect indulgence; but I thought it indispensably necessary well to consider the opinions which were to be given out from this place, and under the sanction of a Royal Academy; I therefore examined not only my own opinions, but likewise the opinions of others. I found in the course of this research, many precepts and rules established in our art, which did not seem to me altogether reconcilable with each other, yet each seemed in itself to have the same claim of being supported by truth and nature; and this claim, irreconcilable as they may be thought, they do in reality alike possess.

In reviewing my Discourses, it is no small satisfaction to be assured that I have, in no part of them, lent my assistance to foster *newly-hatched unfledged* opinions, or endeavoured to support paradoxes, however tempting may have been their novelty, or however ingenious I might, for the minute, fancy them to be; nor shall I, I hope, anywhere be found to have imposed on the minds of young students declamation for argument, a smooth period for a sound precept. I have pursued a plain and *honest method*: I have taken up the art simply as I found it exemplified in the practice of the most approved painters. That approbation which the world has uniformly given, I have endeavoured to justify by such proofs as questions of this kind will admit; by the analogy which painting holds with the sister arts, and consequently by the common congeniality which they all bear to our nature. And though in what has been done no new discovery is pretended, I may still flatter myself, that from the discoveries which others have made by their own intuitive good sense and native rectitude of judgment, I have succeeded in establishing the rules and principles of our art on a more firm and lasting foundation than that on which they had formerly been placed.

Without wishing to divert the student from the practice of his art to speculative theory, to make him a mere connoisseur instead of a painter, I cannot but remark, that he will certainly find an account in considering once for all, on what ground the fabric of our art is built. Uncertain, confused, or erroneous opinions are not only detrimental to an artist in their immediate operation, but may possibly have very

serious consequences; affect his conduct, and give a peculiar character (as it may be called) to his taste, and to his pursuits, through his whole life.

That the young artist may not be seduced from the right path, by following, what, at first view, he may think the light of Reason, and which is indeed Reason in part, but not in the whole, has been much the object of these Discourses.

I have taken every opportunity of recommending a rational method of study, as of the last importance. The great, I may say the sole, use of an Academy is to put, and for some time to keep, students in that course, that too much indulgence may not be given to peculiarity, and that a young man may not be taught to believe, that what is generally good for others is not good for him.

I have strongly inculcated in my former Discourses, as I do in this my last, the wisdom and necessity of previously obtaining the appropriate instruments of the art, in a first correct design, and a plain manly colouring before anything more is attempted. But by this I would not wish to cramp and fetter the mind, or discourage those who follow (as most of us may at one time have followed) the suggestion of a strong inclination: something must be conceded to great and irresistible impulses: perhaps every student must not be strictly bound to general methods, if they strongly thwart the peculiar turn of his own mind. I must confess that it is not absolutely of much consequence, whether he proceeds in the general method of seeking first to acquire mechanical accuracy, before he attempts poetical flights, provided he diligently studies to attain the full perfection of the style he pursues; whether like Parmegiano, he endeavours at grace and grandeur of manner before he has learned correctness of drawing, if like him he feels his own wants, and will labour, as that eminent artist did, to supply those wants; whether, he starts from the East or from the West, if he relaxes in no exertion to arrive ultimately at the same goal. The first public work of Parmegiano is the St. Eustachius, in the church of St. Petronius in Bologna, and was done when he was a boy; and one of the last of his works is the Moses breaking the Tables, in Parma. In the former there is certainly something of grandeur in the outline, or in the conception of the figure, which discovers the dawnings of future greatness; of a young mind impregnated with the sublimity of Michel Angelo, whose style he here attempts to imitate, though he could not then draw the human figure with any common degree of correctness. But this same Parmegiano, when in his more mature age he painted the Moses, had so completely

supplied his first defects, that we are here at a loss which to admire most, the correctness of drawing, or the grandeur of the conception.

When we consider that Michel Angelo was the great archetype to whom Parmegiano was indebted for that grandeur which we find in his works, and from whom all his contemporaries and successors have derived whatever they have possessed of the dignified and the majestic; that he was the bright luminary, from whom painting has borrowed a new lustre; that under his hands it assumed a new appearance, and is become another and superior art; I may be excused if I take this opportunity, as I have hitherto taken every occasion, to turn your attention to this exalted founder and father of modern art, of which he was not only the inventor, but which, by the divine energy of his own mind, he carried at once to its highest point of possible perfection.

The sudden maturity to which Michel Angelo brought our art, and the comparative feebleness of his followers and imitators, might perhaps be reasonably, at least plausibly explained, if we had time for such an examination. At present I shall only observe, that the subordinate parts of our art, and perhaps of other arts, expand themselves by a slow and progressive growth; but those which depend on a native vigour of imagination generally burst forth at once in fullness of beauty. Of this Homer probably, and Shakespeare more assuredly, are signal examples. Michel Angelo possessed the poetical part of our art in a most eminent degree; and the same daring spirit which urged him to explore the unknown regions of the imagination, delighted with the novelty and animated by the success of his discoveries, could not have failed to stimulate and impel him forward in his career beyond those limits, which his followers, destitute of the same incentives, had not strength to pass.

To distinguish between correctness of drawing, and that part which respects the imagination, we may say the one approaches to the mechanical (which in its way too may make just pretensions to genius), and the other to the poetical. To encourage a solid and vigorous course of study, it may not be amiss to suggest, that perhaps a confidence in the mechanic produces a boldness in the poetic. He that is sure of the goodness of his ship and tackle puts out fearlessly from the shore; and he who knows that his hand can execute whatever his fancy can suggest, sports with more freedom in embodying the visionary forms of his own creation. I will not say Michel Angelo was eminently poetical, only because he was greatly mechanical; but I am sure that mechanic excellence invigorated and emboldened his mind to carry painting into the regions

of poetry, and to emulate that art in its most adventurous flights. Michel Angelo equally possessed both qualifications. Yet of mechanic excellence there were certainly great examples to be found in ancient sculpture, and particularly in the fragment known by the name of the Torso of Michel Angelo; but of that grandeur of character, air, and attitude, which he threw into all his figures, and which so well corresponds with the grandeur of his outline, there was no example; it could therefore proceed only from the most poetical and sublime imagination.

It is impossible not to express some surprise, that the race of Painters who preceded Michel Angelo, men of acknowledged great abilities, should never have thought of transferring a little of that grandeur of outline which they could not but see and admire in ancient sculpture into their own works; but they appear to have considered sculpture as the later schools of artists look at the inventions of Michel Angelo,—as something to be admired, but with which they have nothing to do: *quod super nos, nihil ad nos.*—The artists of that age, even Raffaelle himself, seemed to be going on very contentedly in the dry manner of Pietro Perugino; and if Michel Angelo had never appeared, the art might still have continued in the same style.

Beside Rome and Florence, where the grandeur of this style was first displayed, it was on this foundation that the Caracci built the truly great Academical Bolognian School, of which the first stone was laid by Pellegrino Tibaldi. He first introduced this style amongst them; and many instances might be given in which he appears to have possessed as by inheritance, the true, genuine, noble and elevated mind of Michel Angelo. Though we cannot venture to speak of him with the same fondness as his countrymen, and call him, as the Caracci did, *Nostro Michel Angelo riformato*, yet he has a right to be considered amongst the first and greatest of his followers; there are certainly many drawings and inventions of his, of which Michel Angelo himself might not disdain to be supposed the author, or that they should be, as in fact they often are, mistaken for his. I will mention one particular instance, because it is found in a book which is in every young artist's hand—Bishop's "Ancient Statues." He there has introduced a print, representing Polyphemus, from a drawing of Tibaldi, and has inscribed it with the name of Michel Angelo, to whom he has also in the same book attributed a Sibyl of Raffaelle. Both these figures, it is true, are professedly in Michel Angelo's style and spirit, and even worthy of his hand. But we know that the former is painted in the *Institute a Bologna* by Tibaldi, and the other in the *Pace* by Raffaelle.

The Caracci, it is acknowledged, adopted the mechanical part with sufficient success. But the divine part which addresses itself to the imagination, as possessed by Michel Angelo or Tibaldi, was beyond their grasp: they formed, however, a most respectable school, a style more on the level, and calculated to please a greater number; and if excellence of this kind is to be valued according to the number rather than the weight and quality of admirers, it would assume even a higher rank in art. The same, in some sort, may be said of Tintoret, Paolo Veronese, and others of the Venetian painters. They certainly much advanced the dignity of their style by adding to their fascinating powers of colouring something of the strength of Michel Angelo; at the same time it may still be a doubt, how far their ornamental elegance would be an advantageous addition to his grandeur. But if there is any manner of painting which may be said to unite kindly with his style, it is that of Titian. His handling, the manner in which his colours are left on the canvas, appears to proceed (as far as that goes) from a congenial mind, equally disdainful of vulgar criticism.

Michel Angelo's strength thus qualified, and made more palatable to the general taste, reminds me of an observation which I heard a learned critic[1] make, when it was incidentally remarked, that our translation of Homer, however excellent, did not convey the character, nor had the grand air of the original. He replied, that if Pope had not clothed the naked majesty of Homer with the graces and elegances of modern fashions,—though the real dignity of Homer was degraded by such a dress, his translation would not have met with such a favourable reception, and he must have been contented with fewer readers.

Many of the Flemish painters, who studied at Rome in that great era of our art, such as Francis Floris, Hemskirk, Michael Coxis, Jerom Cock, and others, returned to their own country with as much of this grandeur as they could carry. But like seeds falling on a soil not prepared or adapted to their nature, the manner of Michel Angelo thrived but little with them; perhaps, however, they contributed to prepare the way for that free, unconstrained, and liberal outline, which was afterwards introduced by Rubens through the medium of the Venetian painters.

The grandeur of style has been in different degrees disseminated over all Europe. Some caught it by living at the time, and coming into contact with the original author, whilst others received it at second hand; and being everywhere adopted, it has totally changed the whole

[1] Dr. Johnson.

taste and style of design, if there could be said to be any style before his time. Our art, in consequence, now assumes a rank to which it could never have dared to aspire, if Michel Angelo had not discovered to the world the hidden powers which it possessed. Without his assistance we never could have been convinced, that painting was capable of producing an adequate representation of the persons and actions of the heroes of the Iliad.

I would ask any man qualified to judge of such works, whether he can look with indifference at the personification of the Supreme Being in the centre of the Capella Sistina, or the figures of the Sibyls which surround that chapel, to which we may add the statue of Moses; and whether the same sensations are not excited by those works, as what he may remember to have felt from the most sublime passages of Homer? I mention those figures more particularly, as they come nearer to a comparison with his Jupiter, his demi-gods, and heroes; those Sibyls and Prophets being a kind of intermediate beings between men and angels. Though instances may be produced in the works of other painters, which may justly stand in competition with those I have mentioned, such as the Isaiah, and the vision of Ezekiel, by Raffaelle, the St. Mark of Frate Bartolomeo, and many others; yet these, it must be allowed, are inventions so much in Michel Angelo's manner of thinking, that they may be truly considered as so many rays, which discover manifestly the centre from whence they emanated.

The sublime in painting, as in poetry, so overpowers, and takes such a possession of the whole mind, that no room is left for attention to minute criticism. The little elegancies of art in the presence of these great ideas thus greatly expressed, lose all their value, and are, for the instant at least, felt to be unworthy of our notice. The correct judgment, the purity of taste which characterize Raffaelle, the exquisite grace of Correggio and Parmegiano, all disappear before them.

That Michel Angelo was capricious in his inventions, cannot be denied; and this may make some circumspection necessary in studying his works; for though they appear to become him, an imitation of them is always dangerous, and will prove sometimes ridiculous. "Within that circle none durst walk but he." To me, I confess his caprice does not lower the estimation of his genius, even though it is sometimes, I acknowledge, carried to the extreme: and however those eccentric excursions are considered, we must at the same time recollect that those faults, if they are faults, are such as never could occur to a mean and vulgar mind: that they flowed from the same source which pro-

duced his greatest beauties, and were therefore such as none but himself was capable of committing: they were the powerful impulses of a mind unused to subjection of any kind, and too high to be controlled by cold criticism.

Many see his daring extravagance, who can see nothing else. A young artist finds the works of Michel Angelo so totally different from those of his own master, or of those with whom he is surrounded, that he may be easily persuaded to abandon and neglect studying a style, which appears to him wild, mysterious, and above his comprehension, and which he therefore feels no disposition to admire; a good disposition, which he concludes that he should naturally have, if the style deserved it. It is necessary, therefore, that students should be prepared for the disappointment which they may experience at their first setting out; and they must be cautioned, that probably they will not, at first sight, approve.

It must be remembered, that this great style itself is artificial in the highest degree: it presupposes in the spectator a cultivated and prepared artificial state of mind. It is an absurdity, therefore, to suppose that we are born with this taste, though we are with the seeds of it, which, by the heat and kindly influence of this genius, may be ripened in us.

In pursuing this great art, it must be acknowledged that we labour under greater difficulties than those who were born in the age of its discovery, and whose minds from their infancy were habituated to this style; who learned it as language, as their mother tongue. They had no mean taste to unlearn; they needed no persuasive discourse to allure them to a favourable reception of it, no abstruse investigation of its principles to convince them of the great latent truths on which it is founded. We are constrained, in these latter days, to have recourse to a sort of Grammar and Dictionary, as the only means of recovering a dead language. It was by them learned by rote, and perhaps better learned that way than by precept.

The style of Michel Angelo, which I have compared to language, and which may, poetically speaking, be called the language of the gods, now no longer exists, as it did in the fifteenth century; yet, with the aid of diligence, we may in a great measure supply the deficiency which I mentioned—of not having his works so perpetually before our eyes—by having recourse to casts from his models and designs in sculpture; to drawings, or even copies of those drawings; to prints, which, however ill executed, still convey something by which this taste may be formed, and a relish may be fixed and established in our minds for this grand

style of invention. Some examples of this kind we have in the Academy; and I sincerely wish there were more, that the younger students might in their first nourishment imbibe this taste; whilst others, though settled in the practice of the commonplace style of painters, might infuse, by this means, a grandeur into their works.

I shall now make some remarks on the course which I think most proper to be pursued in such a study. I wish you not to go so much to the derivative streams, as to the fountain-head; though the copies are not to be neglected; because they may give you hints in what manner you may copy, and how the genius of one man may be made to fit the peculiar manner of another.

To recover this lost taste, I would recommend young artists to study the works of Michel Angelo, as he himself did the works of the ancient sculptors; he began when a child, a copy of a mutilated satyr's head, and finished in his model what was wanting in the original. In the same manner, the first exercise that I would recommend to the young artist when he first attempts invention, is, to select every figure, if possible, from the inventions of Michel Angelo. If such borrowed figures will not bend to his purpose, and he is constrained to make a change to supply a figure himself, that figure will necessarily be in the same style with the rest; and his taste will by this means be naturally initiated, and nursed in the lap of grandeur. He will sooner perceive what constitutes this grand style by one practical trial than by a thousand speculations, and he will in some sort procure to himself that advantage which in these later ages has been denied him; the advantage of having the greatest of artists for his master and instructor.

The next lesson should be, to change the purpose of the figures without changing the attitude, as Tintoret has done with the Samson of Michel Angelo. Instead of the figure which Samson bestrides, he has placed an eagle under him: and instead of the jaw-bone, thunder and lightning in his right hand; and thus it becomes a Jupiter. Titian, in the same manner, has taken the figure which represents God dividing the light from the darkness in the vault of the Capella Sestina, and has introduced it in the famous battle of Cadore, so much celebrated by Vasari; and extraordinary as it may seem, it is here converted to a general, falling from his horse. A real judge who should look at this picture, would immediately pronounce the attitude of that figure to be in a greater style than any other figure of the composition. These two instances may be sufficient, though many more might be given in their works, as well as in those of other great artists.

When the student has been habituated to this grand conception of the art, when the relish for this style is established, makes a part of himself, and is woven into his mind, he will, by this time, have got a power of selecting from whatever occurs in nature that is grand, and corresponds with that taste which he has now acquired, and will pass over whatever is commonplace and insipid. He may then bring to the mart such works of his own proper invention as may enrich and increase the general stock of invention in our art.

I am confident of the truth and propriety of the advice which I have recommended; at the same time I am aware, how much by this advice I have laid myself open to the sarcasms of those critics who imagine our art to be a matter of inspiration. But I should be sorry it should appear even to myself that I wanted that courage which I have recommended to the students in another way; equal courage perhaps is required in the adviser and the advised; they both must equally dare and bid defiance to narrow criticism and vulgar opinion.

That the art has been in a gradual state of decline, from the age of Michel Angelo to the present, must be acknowledged; and we may reasonably impute this declension to the same cause to which the ancient critics and philosophers have imputed the corruption of eloquence. Indeed the same causes are likely at all times and in all ages to produce the same effects; indolence,—not taking the same pains as our great predecessors took,—desiring to find a shorter way,—are the general imputed causes. The words of Petronius [1] are very remarkable. After opposing the natural chaste beauty of the eloquence of former ages to the strained inflated style then in fashion, "neither," says he, "has the Art of Painting had a better fate, after the boldness of the Egyptians had found out a compendious way to execute so great an art."

By *compendious*, I understand him to mean a mode of painting, such as has infected the style of the later painters of Italy and France; commonplace, without thought, and with as little trouble, working as by a receipt; in contradistinction to that style for which even a relish cannot be acquired without care and long attention, and most certainly the power of executing cannot be obtained without the most laborious application.

The great artist who has been so much the subject of the present Discourse, was distinguished even from his infancy for his indefatigable diligence; and this was continued through his whole life, till prevented by extreme old age. The poorest of men, as he observed himself, did

[1] Pictura quoque non alium exitum fecit, postquam Aegyptiorum audacia tam magnae artis compendiariam invenit.—R.

not labour from necessity, more than he did from choice. Indeed, from all the circumstances related of his life, he appears not to have had the least conception that his art was to be acquired by any other means than great labour; and yet he, of all men that ever lived, might make the greatest pretensions to the efficacy of native genius and inspiration. I have no doubt that he would have thought it no disgrace that it should be said of him, as he himself said of Raffaelle, that he did not possess his art from nature, but by long study. He was conscious that the great excellence to which he arrived was gained by dint of labour, and was unwilling to have it thought that any transcendent skill, however natural its effects might seem, could be purchased at a cheaper price than he had paid for it. This seems to have been the true drift of his observation. We cannot suppose it made with any intention of depreciating the genius of Raffaelle, of whom he always spoke, as Condivi says, with the greatest respect: though they were rivals, no such illiberality existed between them; and Raffaelle on his part entertained the greatest veneration for Michel Angelo, as appears from the speech which is recorded of him, that he congratulated himself, and thanked God, that he was born in the same age with that painter.

If the high esteem and veneration in which Michel Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man.

I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these Discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—Michel Angelo.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–74)

Goldsmith was born in Ireland of English stock. His youth was embittered by smallpox, which so marred his face that he was an object of ridicule to masters and boys alike at school. In 1744 *he went as a sizar to Trinity College, Dublin, where his name on a window-pane can still be seen. He took his degree in* 1749 *and thereafter attempted many professions in vain. He even wandered through Europe playing the lute. At last he was driven to London and literature. Most of his early work was anonymous, and his style was from the start free and clear. He gradually entered the select circle dominated by Dr. Johnson, and about* 1764, *in order to pay his rent, wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield," which Johnson sold for him for £*60. *It appeared in* 1766 *and has never lost its popularity. In* 1770 *he published a poem, "The Deserted Village," and, having written plays for some years, in* 1773 *produced "She Stoops to Conquer." These works of genius were produced by a man whose ignorance made him the laughing-stock of Dr. Johnson, but Garrick was right when he admitted that if Oliver Goldsmith talked like "poor poll," he, nevertheless, wrote like an "angel." He was generous and improvident and no money would have sufficed to meet his extravagances.*

HAPPINESS

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My

present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Mattei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence [illegible] of a [illegible]
fool [illegible]

I [illegible] to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! A happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a [illegible] something [illegible]
[illegible] ght, will find
[illegible]

nant. They [illegible], in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed his happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom

he expected a more favourable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick; "as for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and

health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour they can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious is by running away.

EDMUND BURKE (1729–97)

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College. He came to London, was called to the Bar, and soon plunged into letters and politics. He took the Whig side and attacked the policy of the Government towards the American colonists. Perhaps the finest of his works are those that deal with this great question—the "Speech on American Taxation" (1774), *the "Speech on Conciliation with America"* (1775) *and the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol"* (1777). *Ten years later Burke took the lead against Warren Hastings when that administrator was charged with misgovernment. Burke's passion for order and tradition made him a violent antagonist of the French Revolution and his last years were spent in fervid defence of the old régime in France. In politics he was generally on the losing side and his circumstances were always embarrassed. In* 1794 *he was granted a pension. The grant was attacked by the Duke of Bedford, and Burke replied in his superbly scornful "Letter to a Noble Lord," from which is taken the following passage referring to the untimely death of his son.*

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON

HAD it pleased God to consider to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family: I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or my

ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a publick creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, had ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

The son of a Hertfordshire parson, Cowper was educated at Westminster and was called to the Bar in 1754. He was, however, of a retiring disposition, and when his cousin Major Cowper secured him a clerkship in the House of Lords, the prospect of appearing before the Bar at the House drove him off his head and he made several attempts at suicide. While recovering from a subsequent illness he became friendly with the Unwins and eventually settled with them at Olney. Constant recurrences of insanity blighted the rest of his life and prevented his marriage to Mary Unwin, the widow of his friend. It was by her—"My Mary"—that some of his best verse was inspired

THE KISSING CANDIDATE

To the REV. JOHN NEWTON.

March 29, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It being his majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss [1] was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was

[1] His tame hare.

refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not I suppose have been bound to produce them. . . .

W. C. M. U.

Letters.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737–94)

As a child Gibbon was weak and sickly and instead of joining his school companions in games he occupied his time in reading, to which he attributed some of the great store of information that marked his genius. His attention was early attracted to Roman history and when he matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1752, in his own words he had "a stock of information which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might be ashamed." His father sent him from Oxford to study in Lausanne where he worked steadily; after a return to England he visited the principal cities of Italy and finally reached Rome where he conceived the notion of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Off and on this occupied him for nearly the rest of his life. The first volume was not published until 1776 and his observations at the close of his work, in 1787, are given here.

LAST YEARS

I AM disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow, and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution. My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson; twenty happy years have been animated by the labour of my *History*, and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character, in the world, to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. The freedom of my writings has indeed provoked an implacable tribe; but, as I was safe from the stings, I was soon accustomed to the buzzing of the hornets: my nerves are not tremblingly alive, and my literary temper is so happily framed, that I am less sensible of pain than of pleasure. The rational pride of an author may be offended, rather than flattered, by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his moral sympathy may be gratified by the idea, that now, in the present

hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to his friends in a distant land; that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn. I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success. Perhaps the golden mediocrity of my fortune has contributed to fortify my application.

still allow about fifteen years. I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.

Autobiography.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–95)

The son of a prominent Scottish lawyer who afterwards became a judge, James Boswell was trained for the Bar and in 1762 *went on the Northern Circuit. Of a restless disposition, however, he could not settle in Edinburgh and in* 1763 *persuaded his father to allow him to travel. He journeyed to London and there, on May* 16, 1763, *met Dr. Johnson. Despite the unfortunate start which is narrated in the following extract, the friendship between these two dissimilar characters ripened into a close intimacy and the rest of Boswell's life was largely wrapped up in his adoration and study of the Doctor. "Sir," said Johnson to him once, "you appear to have only two subjects, yourself and me, and I am sick of both." Boswell was one of the early members of the Literary Club and was intimate with all the lions of London Society, literary and social. In* 1773 *he took Dr. Johnson for a tour through Scotland and the Hebrides and his "Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides" was the first contribution to his study of his friend. Johnson died in* 1784 *and Boswell set to work on "The Life," which is the greatest of biographies. The first edition appeared in* 1791 *and Boswell was revising a third when he died.*

INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of

character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and *respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and* recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir (said he, with a stern look), I

have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book (*The Elements of Criticism*, which he had taken up) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family, he said,

"I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and, I doubt, Derrick is his enemy."

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I

reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

Life of Johnson.

WILLIAM PALEY (1743–1805)

Graduating at Christ's College, Cambridge, as Senior Wrangler in 1763, five years later Paley became tutor of his college and was soon a marked man for his skill in theological debate. In 1776 he was presented to the Rectory of Musgrave in Westmorland and six years later became Archdeacon of Carlisle. In 1785 he published some of his Cambridge Lectures under the title of "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," and in 1794 "View of the Evidences of Christianity." It is from the former of these that the following essay is selected.

OF PROPERTY

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves, but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest perhaps and worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and, if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety and nine, toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one; getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own labour produces; and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join against him, and hang him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution, which in one view of it is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following:

(1) It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game and fish, are all we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil: and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land, which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otahiete: but in less favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oft-times by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

(2) It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met with them would reflect that he had better take them as they are, than leave them for another.

(3) It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal, where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

(4) It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions; which is impossible unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others; and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilized over savage life depends upon this. When a man is from necessity his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherma

probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages; and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts, by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements; without which appropriation, ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation, with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, *than any* are, in places where most things remain in common.

The balance therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil: but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

Moral and Political Philosophy.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)

The greatest of Scottish novelists was a native of Edinburgh, where he was educated for the Law and admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1792. His earliest contributions to literature were sundry ballads, and with the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1805 he leaped into fame. "Marmion" appeared the next year, and in 1810 "The Lady of the Lake." Financial troubles, occasioned by his connexion with the publishing house of Ballantyne, now began to press upon him. In 1814 "Waverley" was published anonymously, to be followed during the next few years by the series of masterpieces now known as the Waverley Novels. Scott's enormous output was kept up for years, despite illness and business worries. The latter culminated, in 1825, in the failure of the publishing house with which he had embarked most of his money, throwing upon him the personal liability of £130,000. To clear off this immense sum Scott set to work in heroic earnest, and for the remainder of his life laboured with his pen, turning out novels, biographies, articles—anything which would bring in money. Some of these pieces are amongst the best of his works, as the following essay proves. In the years 1826–28 he wiped off £40,000 of his debt, and he would undoubtedly have cleared the whole amount had not his health given way. He had a paralytic stroke in 1830, but worked on indomitably until his brain yielded to the strain, and in the happy delusion that he had cleared his name of all debts, Scott died at his home of Abbotsford.

STERNE

STERNE was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and took the degree of M.A. there in 1740. His protector and patron, in the outset of life, was his uncle, Jaques Sterne, D.D., who was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor, and Prebendary of York, with other good preferments; Dr. Sterne was a keen Whig, and zealous supporter

of the Hanoverian succession. The politics of the times being particularly violent, he was engaged in many controversies, particularly with Dr. Richard Burton (the original of Dr. Slop), whom he had arrested upon a charge of high treason, during the affair of 1745. Laurence Sterne represents himself as having quarrelled with his uncle because he would not assist him with his pen in controversies of this description.

When settled in Yorkshire, Sterne has represented his time as much engaged with books, fiddling, and painting. The former seem to have been in a great measure supplied by the library of Skelton Castle, the abode of his intimate friend and relation, John Hall Stevenson, author of the witty and indecent collection entitled *Crazy Tales*, where there is a very humorous description of his ancient residence, under the name of Crazy Castle. This library had the same cast of antiquity which belonged to the castle itself, and doubtless contained much of that rubbish of ancient literature in which the labour and ingenuity of Sterne contrived to find a mine. Until 1759 Sterne had only printed two sermons; but in that year he surprised the world by publishing the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne states himself, in a letter to a friend, as being "tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage—a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person." This passage probably alludes to his quarrel with his uncle; and as he mentions having taken a small house in York for the education of his daughter, it is probable that he looked to his pen for some assistance, though, in a letter to a nameless doctor, who had accused him of writing in order to have *nummum in loculo*, he declares he wrote not to be fed but to be famous. *Tristram*, however, procured the author both fame and profit. The brilliant genius which mingled with so much real or affected eccentricity—the gaping astonishment of the readers who could not conceive the drift or object of the publication, with the ingenuity of those who attempted to discover the meaning of passages which really had none, gave the book a most extraordinary degree of *éclat*. But the applause of the public was not unmingled with censure. Sterne was not on good terms with his professional brethren: he had too much wit, and too little forbearance in the use of it; too much vivacity, and too little respect for his cloth and character to maintain the formalities, not to say the decencies of the clerical station; and he had, in the full career of his humour, assigned to some of his grave compeers ridiculous epithets and characters, which they did not resent the less that they were certainly witty and probably

applicable. Indeed, to require a man to pardon an insult on account of the wit which accompanies the infliction, although it is what jesters often seem to expect, is desiring him to admire the painted feathers which wing the dart by which he is wounded. The tumult was therefore loud on all sides; but amid shouts of applause and cries of censure the notoriety of *Tristram* spread still wider and wider, and the fame of Sterne rose in proportion. The author therefore triumphed, and bid the critics defiance. "I shall be attacked and pelted," he says, in one of his letters, "either from cellar or garret, write what I will; and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds, who either do not, or will not, laugh—'tis enough that I divide the world—at least I will rest contented with it." On another occasion he says, "If my enemies knew that, by this rage of abuse and ill-will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet; but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation; and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble, for I have not filled up the measure of half their persecutions."

The author went to London to enjoy his fame, and met with all that attention which the public gives to men of notoriety. He boasts of being engaged fourteen dinners deep, and received this hospitality as a tribute; while his contemporaries saw the festivity in a very different light. "Any man who has a name or who has the power of pleasing," said Johnson, "will be very generally invited in London. The *man Sterne*, I am told, has had engagements for three months." Johnson's feelings of morality and respect for the priesthood led him to speak of Sterne with contempt; but, when Goldsmith added, "and a very dull fellow," he replied, with his emphatic, "Why, no, sir."

The first two volumes of *Tristram* proved introductors—singular in their character, certainly—to two volumes of sermons which the simple name of the Reverend Laurence Sterne (ere yet he became known as the author of a fine novel) would never have recommended to notice, *but which were sought for and read eagerly under that of Yorick.* *They* maintained the character of the author for wit, genius, and eccentricity.

The third and fourth volumes of *Tristram* appeared in 1761, and the fifth and sixth in 1762. Both these publications were as popular as the first two volumes. The seventh and eighth, which came forth in 1765, did not attract so much attention. The novelty was in a great measure over; and, although they contain some of the most beautiful

passages that ever fell from the author's pen, yet neither Uncle Toby nor his faithful attendant were sufficient to attract the public attention in the same degree as before. Thus the popularity of this singular work was, for a time, impeded by that singular and affected style, which had at first attracted by its novelty, but which ceased to please when it was no longer new. Two additional volumes of sermons appeared in 1766; and, in 1767, the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*. "I shall publish," he says, "but one this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which, when finished, I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit."

The new work was unquestionably his *Sentimental Journey*; for which, according to the evidence of La Fleur, Sterne had made much larger collections than were ever destined to see the light. The author's health was now become extremely feeble, and his Italian travels were designed, if possible, to relieve his consumptive complaints. The remedy proved unsuccessful; yet he lived to arrive in England, and to prepare for the press the first part of the *Sentimental Journey*, which was published in 1768.

In this place we may insert with propriety those notices of Sterne and his valet La Fleur, which appear in Mr. Davis's interesting selection of anecdotes, which he has entitled an *Olio.*

"La Fleur was born in Burgundy: when a mere child he conceived a strong passion to see the world, and at eight years of age ran away from his parents. His prevenancy was always his passport, and his wants were easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw-bed amongst the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night, and in the morning he wished to be on his way again. This rambling life he continued till he attained his tenth year, when, being one day on the Pont-Neuf, at Paris, surveying with wonder the objects that surrounded him, he was accosted by a drummer, who easily enlisted him in the service. For six years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army; two years more would have entitled him to his discharge, but he preferred anticipation, and, exchanging dress with a peasant, easily made his escape. By having recourse to his old expedients, he made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations he needed were given to him with cheerfulness; and, as what we sow we wish to see flourish, this worthy landlord promised to get him a master; and, as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to *un milord anglais.* He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him

to Sterne, ragged as a colt, but full of health and frolic. The little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's amours is so far true. He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two sisters, who, if living, he said, resembled the Maria of Moulines; but he afterwards married, and whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence, for it made him not a jot richer or happier than he was before. She was a mantua-maker, and her closest application could procure no more than six sous a day. Finding that her assistance could go little towards their support, and after having had a daughter by her, they separated, and he went to service. At length, with what money he had got together by his servitude, he returned to his wife, and they took a public-house in Royal Street, Calais. There ill-luck attended him—war broke out, and the loss of the English sailors, who navigated the packets, and who were his principal customers, so reduced his little business that he was obliged again to quit his wife, and consign to her guidance the little trade which was insufficient to support them both. He returned to Calais, [illegible], but his wife had fled. A strolling company of comedians passing through the town had seduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her have ever since reached him. From the period he lost his wife, says our informant, he has frequently visited England, to whose natives he is extremely partial, sometimes as a servant, at others as an courier. Where zeal and diligence were required La Fleur was never yet wanting."

"In addition to La Fleur's account of himself," continues Mr. Davis, "the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgment, I shall give *verbatim*.

"There were moments," said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and, I could see, was happy to be relieved. At others he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural *à son aise*," said La Fleur, "and cried gaily enough, '*Vive la bagatelle!*' It was in one of those moments that he became acquainted with the *grisette* at the glove shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark, but, on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity she was so pretty and *petite*.'"

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquise Lamberti;

to the interest of this lady he was indebted for the passport, which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (Breteuil), notwithstanding the Shakespeare, La Fleur thinks, would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was minister at the time.

"Poor Maria was, alas! no fiction. When we came up to her she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman.

"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses; he had reckoned along the post-roads without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

"At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—'These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve them?' He wrote much, and to a late hour." I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published; he expressed extreme surprise. "I know," said he, "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers." "Do you know anything of their tendency, La Fleur?" "Yes, they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited; and, in Italy, he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the different governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states."

To effect this, he read much, for the collections of the patrons of literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable. "I the more wondered at this," said La Fleur, "as he must have understood Latin."

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur: "His conversation with women," he said, "was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so."

The dead ass was no invention. The mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly.

To monks Sterne never exhibited any particular sympathy. La Fleur remembered several pressing in upon him, to all of whom his answer was the same—*Mon père, je suis occupé. Je suis pauvre comme vous.*

In February,[1] 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings at Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly, as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn and by strangers.

We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic expression, proper to the wit and the satirist. His conversation was animated and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by licence, better suiting the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle than of the great Moralist. It has been said, and probably with truth, that his temper was variable and unequal, the natural consequence of irritable temperament and continued bad health. But we will not readily believe that the parent of Uncle Toby could be a harsh or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such

[1] This should be March 18, 1768.—Ed.

as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded upon *Tristram Shandy*, he must be considered as liable to two severe charges—those, namely, of indecency and of affectation. Upon the first accusation Sterne himself was peculiarly sore, and used to justify the licentiousness of his humour by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequence to morals. The following anecdote we have from a sure source. Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal." "My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics), he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!" This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals. A handful of mud is neither a firebrand nor a stone; but to fling it about in sport argues coarseness of taste, and a want of common manners.

Sterne, however, began and ended by braving the censure of the world in this particular. A remarkable passage in one of his letters shows how lightly he was disposed to esteem the charge; and what is singular enough, his plan for turning it into ridicule seems to have been serious. "Crebillon (*le fils*) has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter on the indecencies of *Tristram Shandy*—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided: this is good Swiss policy."

In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission

to vent his satire against church and state. Sterne assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, therefore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology; and that Sterne chose voluntarily to appear under such a disguise must be set down as mere affectation, and ranked with the tricks of black or marbled pages, as used merely *ad captandum vulgus*. All popularity thus founded carries in it the seeds of decay; for eccentricity in composition, like fantastic modes of dress, however attractive when first introduced, is sure to be caricatured by stupid imitators, to become soon unfashionable, and of course to be neglected.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his more striking and peculiar expressions. Rabelais (much less read than spoken of), the lively but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de parvenir*, and D'Aubigne's *Baron de Fæneste*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Burton's celebrated work on *Melancholy* (which Dr. Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market) afforded Sterne an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similes, and illustrations which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the readers to Dr. Ferriar's well-known Essay and Illustrations, as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's Writings, in which it is clearly shown that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.

One of Sterne's most singular thefts, considering the tenor of the

passage stolen, is his declamation against literary depredators of his own class: "Shall we," says Sterne, "for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?" The words of Burton are: "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again." We cannot help wondering at the coolness with which Sterne could transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the very arts which he was practising.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors' labours; and, certainly, in a general sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age, and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larceny.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collection of scenes, dialogues, and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a Gothic room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts as the pieces of rusty armour with which it is decorated. Viewing it in this light, the principal figure is Mr. Shandy the elder, whose character is formed, in many respects, upon that of Martinus Scriblerus. The history of Martin was designed by the celebrated club of wits, by whom it was commenced as a satire upon the ordinary pursuits of learning and science. Sterne, on the contrary, had no particular object of ridicule; his business was only to create a person, to whom he could attach the great quantity of extraordinary reading and antiquated learning which he had collected. He therefore supposed in Mr. Shandy a man of an active and metaphysical, but, at the same time, a whimsical cast of mind, whom too much and too miscellaneous learning had brought within a step or two of madness, and who acts, in the ordinary affairs of life, upon the absurd theories adopted by the pedants of past ages. He is most admirably contrasted

with his wife, well described as a good lady of the true *poco-curante* school, who neither obstructed the progress of her husband's hobby-horse, to use a phrase which Sterne has rendered classical, nor could be prevailed upon to spare him the least admiration for the grace and dexterity with which he managed it.

Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless parson, is the well-known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of Yorick which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire entirely flowed out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humour. It must be owned, moreover, that Sterne was more likely to have stolen a passage out of Stevinus, if he could have found one to his purpose, than to have left one of his manuscripts in the volume, with the careless indifference of Yorick. Still, however, we gladly recognize the general likeness between the author and the child of his fancy, and willingly pardon the pencil which, in the delicate task of self-delineation, has softened some traits and improved others.

Uncle Toby, with his faithful squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary peculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay, authorize him to leave the court of criticism, not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by whenever it is recalled to memory. Sterne, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while in his own proper line he stands alone and inimitable. Something of extravagance may, perhaps, attach to Uncle Toby's favourite amusements. Yet in England, where men think and act with little regard to the ridicule or censure of their neighbours, there is no impossibility, perhaps no great improbability, in supposing that a humorist might employ such a mechanical aid as my Uncle's bowling-green, in order to encourage and assist his imagination, in the pleasing but delusive task of castle-building. Men have been called *children of a larger growth*, and among the antic toys and devices

with which they are amused, the device of my Uncle, with whose pleasures we are so much disposed to sympathize, does not seem so unnatural upon reflection, as it may appear at first sight.

It is well known (through Dr. Ferriar's labours) that Dr. Slop, with all his obstetrical engines, may be identified with Dr. Burton of York, who published a treatise on Midwifery in 1751. This person, as we have elsewhere noticed, was on bad terms with Sterne's uncle; and though there had come strife and unkindness between the uncle and the nephew, yet the latter seems to have retained aversion against the enemy of the former. But Sterne, being no politician, had forgiven the Jacobite, and only persecutes the Doctor with his raillery as a quack and a Catholic.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if, indeed, he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple writers—as one of the greatest plagiarists and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced.

Lives of the Novelists.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771–1845)

This famous author, divine and wit was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and was ordained in 1796. Four years later he settled in Edinburgh where he made the acquaintance of the literary circle that started the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802, the first number of which was edited by him. Soon after this he returned to London and made a great success as a preacher. He also mixed largely in the political society of the day, and wrote the famous "Peter Plymley's Letters" on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. Smith's was a broad view and he gained many adherents by his calm outlook on the whole world of politics.

SCOTLAND IN 1798

IT requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, "What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *aibstract*, but——" here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. No nation has so large a stock of benevolence of heart: if you meet with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocks to your door to inquire after your *pure* hand or your *pure* foot, and with a degree of interest that convinces you their whole hearts are in the inquiry. You find they usually arrange their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass; "Sandy, put the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singet sheep's head a wee bit to the nor-wast." If you knock at the door, you hear a shrill female voice from the fifth flat shriek out, "Wha's chapping at the door?" which is presently opened by a lassie with short petticoats, bare legs, and thick ankles. My Scotch

servants bargained they were not to have salmon more than three times a week, and always pulled off their stockings, in spite of my repeated objurgations, the moment my back was turned. Their temper stands anything but an attack on their climate. They would have you even believe they can ripen fruit; and, to be candid, I must own in remarkably warm summers I have tasted *peaches that made most excellent pickles*; and it is upon record that at the siege of Perth, on one occasion, the ammunition failing, their nectarines made admirable cannon balls. Even the enlightened mind of Jeffrey cannot shake off the illusion that myrtles flourished at Craig Crook. In vain I have represented to him that they are of the genus *Carduus*, and pointed out their prickly peculiarities. In vain I have reminded him that I have seen hackney coaches drawn by four horses in the winter, on account of the snow; that I had rescued a man blown flat against my door by the violence of the winds, and black in the face; that even the experienced Scotch fowls did not venture to cross the streets, but sidled along, tails aloft, without venturing to encounter the gale. Jeffrey sticks to his myrtle illusions, and treats my attacks with as much contempt as if I had been a wild visionary, who had never breathed his caller air, nor lived and suffered under the rigour of his climate, nor spent five years in discussing metaphysics and medicine in that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.

Memoirs.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834)

Having been sent to Christ's Hospital in his ninth year, Coleridge read Homer and Virgil for the mere pleasure of it. He translated the hymns of Synesius and studied works on medicine in Latin. Having got into money difficulties, he went to London and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons, but was bought out to return to Cambridge. At Bristol, in 1794, he became engaged to Sara Fricker, a sister-in-law of Southey and of Lovell, and with them formed the Quixotic plan of emigration to the banks of the Susquehanna, where they were to found a Communist "Pantisocracy". Up to 1798 he seemed always to be in financial difficulties, and it was in this year that he and Wordsworth discussed the principles of poetry, and planned the "Lyrical Ballads," to which Coleridge contributed the "Ancient Mariner." He travelled with the Wordsworths to Germany and on his return wrote "Wallenstein." He then contracted rheumatism and neuralgia, and thus had recourse to opium, which eventually injured his constitution, dulled his imagination, enfeebled his will and destroyed his sense of truth and honour.

RECAPITULATION AND SUMMARY OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

In lectures, of which amusement forms a large part of the object, there are some peculiar difficulties. The architect places his foundation out of sight, and the musician tunes his instrument before he makes his appearance; but the lecturer has to try his chords in the presence of the assembly; an operation not likely, indeed, to produce much pleasure, but yet indispensably necessary to a right understanding of the subject to be developed.

Poetry in essence is as familiar to barbarous as to civilized nations. The Laplander and the savage Indian are cheered by it as well as the inhabitants of London and Paris;—its spirit takes up and incorporates surrounding materials, as a plant clothes itself with soil and climate,

whilst it exhibits the working of a vital principle within independent of all accidental circumstances. And to judge with fairness of an author's works, we ought to distinguish what is inward and essential from what is outward and circumstantial. It is essential to poetry that it be simple, and appeal to the elements and primary laws of our nature; that it be sensuous, and by its imagery elicit truth at a flash; that it be impassioned, and be able to move our feelings and awaken our affections. In comparing different poets with each other, we should inquire which have brought into the fullest play our imagination and our reason, or have created the greatest excitement and produced the greatest harmony. If we consider great exquisiteness of language and sweetness of metre alone, it is impossible to deny to Pope the character of a delightful writer; but whether he be a poet, must depend upon our definition of the word; and, doubtless, if everything that pleases be poetry, Pope's satires and epistles must be poetry. This I must say, that poetry, as distinguished from other modes of composition, does not rest in metre, and that it is not poetry, if it make no appeal to our passions or our imagination. One character belongs to all true poets, that they write from a principle within, not originating in anything without; and that the true poet's work in its form, its shapings, and its modifications, is distinguished from all other works that assume to belong to the class of poetry, as a natural from an artificial flower, or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems and stuck into the ground; they are beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the sense, but their colours soon fade, and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter;—while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight, its beauty is innate in the soul, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.

The next ground of critical judgment, and point of comparison, will be as to how far a given poet has been influenced by accidental circumstances. As a living poet must surely write, not for the ages past, but for that in which he lives, and those which are to follow, it is, on the one hand, natural that he should not violate, and on the other, necessary that he should not depend on, the mere manners and modes of his day. See how little does Shakespeare leave us to regret that he was born in his particular age! The great era in modern times was what is called the Restoration of Letters!—the ages preceding it are called the Dark Ages; but it would be more wise, perhaps, to call them the ages in which we were in the dark. It is usually overlooked that the supposed dark period was not universal, but partial and successive,

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or alternate; that the dark age of England was not the dark age of Italy, but that one country was in its light and vigour, whilst another was in its gloom and bondage. But no sooner had the Reformation sounded through Europe like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, than from king to peasant there arose an enthusiasm for knowledge; the discovery of a manuscript became the subject of an embassy; Erasmus read by moonlight, because he could not afford a torch, and begged a penny, not for the love of charity, but for the love of learning. The three great points of attention were religion, morals, and taste; men of genius as well as men of learning, who in this age need to be so widely distinguished, then alike became copyists of the ancients; and this, indeed, was the only way by which the taste of mankind could be improved, or their understandings informed. Whilst Dante imagined himself a humble follower of Virgil, and Ariosto of Homer, they were both unconscious of that greater power working within them, which in many points carried them beyond their supposed originals. All great discoveries bear the stamp of the age in which they are made;—hence we perceive the effects of the purer religion of the moderns, visible for the most part in their lives; and in reading their works we should not content ourselves with the mere narratives of events long since passed, but should learn to apply their maxims and conduct to ourselves.

Having intimated that times and manners lend their form and pressure to genius, let me once more draw a slight parallel between the ancient and modern stage, the stages of Greece and of England. The Greeks were polytheists; their religion was local; almost the only [illegible]

structure, which in its parts, and as a whole, fitted the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion. The moderns also produced a whole, a more striking whole: but it was by blending materials and fusing the parts together. And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakespeare; in the one a completeness, a satisfaction, an excellence, on which the mind rests with complacency; in the other a multitude of interlaced materials, great and little, magnificent and mean, accompanied, indeed, with the sense of a falling short of perfection, and yet, at the same time, so promising of our social and individual progression, that we would not, if we could, exchange it for that repose of the mind which dwells on the forms of symmetry in acquiescent

admiration of grace. This general characteristic of the ancient and modern drama might be illustrated by a parallel of the ancient and modern music;—the one consisting of melody arising from a succession only of pleasing sounds,—the modern embracing harmony also, the result of combination and the effect of a whole.

I have said, and I say it again, that great as was the genius of Shakespeare, his judgment was at least equal to it. Of this anyone will be convinced, who attentively considers those points in which the dramas of Greece and England differ, from the dissimilitude of circumstances by which each was modified and influenced. The Greek stage had its origin in the ceremonies of a sacrifice, such as of the goat to Bacchus, whom we most erroneously regard as merely the jolly god of wine;—for among the ancients he was venerable, as the symbol of that power which acts without our consciousness in the vital energies of nature,—the *vinum mundi*,—as Apollo was that of the conscious agency of our intellectual being. The heroes of old under the influence of this Bacchic enthusiasm performed more than human actions;—hence tales of the favourite champions soon passed into dialogue. On the Greek stage the chorus was always before the audience; the curtain was never dropped, as we should say; and change of place being therefore, in general, impossible, the absurd notion of condemning it merely as improbable in itself was never entertained by anyone. If we can believe ourselves at Thebes in one act, we may believe ourselves at Athens in the next. If a story lasts twenty-four hours or twenty-four years, it is equally improbable. There seems to be no just boundary but what the feelings prescribe. But on the Greek stage where the same persons were perpetually before the audience, great judgment was necessary in venturing on any such change. The poets never, therefore, attempted to impose on the senses by bringing places to men, but they did bring men to places, as in the well-known instance in the *Eumenides*, where during an evident retirement of the chorus from the orchestra, the scene is changed to Athens, and Orestes is first introduced in the temple of Minerva, and the chorus of Furies come in afterwards in pursuit of him.

In the Greek drama there were no formal divisions into scenes and acts; there were no means, therefore, of allowing for the necessary lapse of time between one part of the dialogue and another, and unity of time in a strict sense was, of course, impossible. To overcome that difficulty of accounting for time, which is effected on the modern stage by dropping a curtain, the judgment and great genius of the ancients supplied music and measured motion, and with the lyric ode filled up the vacuity. In

the story of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, the capture of Troy is supposed to be announced by a fire lighted on the Asiatic shore, and the transmission of the signal by successive beacons to Mycenæ. The signal is first seen at the 21st line, and the herald from Troy itself enters at the 486th, and Agamemnon himself at the 783rd line. But the practical absurdity of this was not felt by the audience, who in imagination stretched minutes into hours, while they listened to the lofty narrative odes of the chorus which almost entirely fill up the interspace Another fact deserves attention here, namely, that regularly on the Greek stage a drama, or acted story, consisted in reality of three dramas, called together a trilogy, and performed consecutively in the course of one day. Now you may conceive a tragedy of Shakespeare's as a trilogy connected in one single representation. Divide *Lear* into three parts, and each would be a play with the ancients; or take the three Aeschylean dramas of Agamemnon, and divide them into, or call them, as many acts, and they together would be one play. The first act would comprise the usurpation of Aegisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon; the second, the revenge of Orestes, and the murder of his mother; and the third, the penance and absolution of Orestes;—occupying a period of twenty-two years.

✓The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs. ✓The law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet*;—all is youth and spring;—youth with all its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth:—whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare.

It seems to me that his plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics:

1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage:—"God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*;"—

not there *was* light. As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation.

2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. Passion in Shakespeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality; and if there are exceptions to this, they are, independently of their intrinsic value, all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of a parent, have an end beyond the parental relation. Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favourite, and soften down the point in her which Shakespeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify. And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage. Shakespeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon: for although it was natural that Hamlet,—a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation,—should express himself satirically,—yet this must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him. In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business; but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties,—his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness.

But as in Homer all the deities are in armour, even Venus; so in Shakespeare all the characters are strong. Hence real folly and dullness are made by him the vehicles of wisdom. There is no difficulty for one being a fool to imitate a fool: but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool,—*hic labor, hoc opus est.* A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw; but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry.

3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice:—he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakespeare's fathers are roused

by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel. Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding, age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakespeare:—even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites, nor flatters, passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight: nothing is purposely out of its place;—he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental rat-catchers.

4. Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot. The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action;—take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

5. Independence of the interest on the story as the groundwork of the plot. Hence Shakespeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted

the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakespeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in *Lear* and yet everything will remain; so the first and second scenes in the *Merchant of Venice*. Indeed it is universally true.

6. Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* as the *exit* speech of the character,—but also in and through the dramatic. Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has sung or called for them, as Desdemona's "Willow," and Ophelia's wild snatches, and the sweet carollings in *As You Like It*. But the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical. And observe how exquisitely the dramatic of Hotspur—

> Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
> I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew, etc.,

melts away into the lyric of Mortimer—

> I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
> Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
> I am too perfect in, etc.
>
> *Henry IV*, Part I, Act III, Scene 1.

7. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader;—they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all altogether, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression may be right; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character;—passion in Shakespeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of

him. Shakespeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men; but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance and disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy.

Literary Reminiscences.

CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834)

Lamb's father, who was a Bencher of the Inner Temple, obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow of Coleridge. Unable to enter the Church because of a stammer, he was deprived of a University education, and so entered the office of a London merchant, ultimately reaching the East India House in 1792. He became mentally deranged for a year, probably owing to a love affair with Ann Simmons. Although he recovered, his sister, in a fit of madness, killed their mother in 1796. Rather than see his sister sent to an asylum, Lamb devoted the rest of his life to her maintenance.

His first poems appeared in Coleridge's volume "Poems on Various Subjects." His first play, "John Woodville," appeared in 1802, and "Tales from Shakespeare" in 1807. In 1818, Lamb's works appeared in two volumes, and his literary career seemed over, but the establishment of the "London Magazine," in 1820, was the cause of his writing the famous "Essays of Elia," which appeared in volume form in 1823.

DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk[1] (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimneypiece of the great hall,

[1] Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, is meant, where Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, was housekeeper.

the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were

came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm", and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to

spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him over half the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make

allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Essays of Elia.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830)

This famous critic's father espoused the cause of the Americans during the War of Independence and migrated there in 1783, only to return a few years later. William was destined to be a Unitarian minister, though his own inclinations made him aspire to be a portrait painter. In 1798 he heard Coleridge preach and became thereafter an associate of his and Lamb's. It is his portrait of Charles Lamb as a Venetian Senator which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. In 1805 he published his first book, an essay on the "Principles of Human Action," and thenceforward wrote essays philosophical and literary. His closest association was with Leigh Hunt and "The Examiner," where his reputation as a brilliant essayist was founded. As a critic Hazlitt is coruscating, if not always profound, but as an essayist he has seldom been eclipsed. He was a troublesome man who became easily estranged from his friends as well as his wife. Few writers have so combined strength of intellect with force of passion.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS (1823)

My father was a Dissenting Minister at Wem in Shropshire; and in the year 1798 (the figures that compose the date are to me like the "dreaded name of Demogorgon") Mr. Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr. Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat (like a shooting-jacket) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject, by beginning to talk. He did

not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained thêre, "fluttering the *proud Salopians* like an eagle in a dove-cote"; and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewelyn's lay!

As we passed along between Wem and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the roadside, a sound was in my ears as of a Siren's song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that "bound them,

With Styx nine times round them,"

my ideas float on winged words, and as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge. But this is not to my purpose.

My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr. Rowe, and with Mr. Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on) according to the custom of Dissenting Ministers in each other's neighbourhood. A line of communication is thus established, by which the flame of civil and religious liberty is kept alive, and nourishes its smouldering fire unquenchable like the fires in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, placed at different stations, that waited for ten long years to announce with their blazing pyramids the destruction of Troy. Coleridge had agreed to come over to see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr. Rowe's probable successor; but in the meantime I had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the Gospel, was a romance in those degenerate

ot ceas[i] dank drops of dew that hung half-melted on the beard of the
e goo[d] had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a
at h[] of hope and youth in all nature, that turned everything into good.
dov[] face of nature had not then the brand of JUS DIVINUM on it:

> Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was
[ca]lled down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-
[afr]aid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time
[wit]hout uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence.
[F]or those two hours," he afterwards was pleased to say, "he was
[con]versing with W. H.'s forehead!" His appearance was different
[from] what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance,
[and in] the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness
[in his a]spect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-
[pox.] His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

> As are the children of yon azure sheen.

[His for]ehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large
[projecti]ng eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with
[dar]kened lustre. "A certain tender bloom, his face o'erspread," a purple
[tinge a]s we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish
[portra]it-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross,
[volupt]uous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but
[his nos]e, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble,
[nothin]g—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his
[face a]s from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity
My father lived on) into the world unknown of thought and imagina-
of exchanging visits to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus
church (nine miles [a]dventurous course for the New World in a scallop,
Ministers in each [c]ompass. So at least I comment on it after the event.
thus established, by [His p]erson was rather above the common size, inclining to
alive, and nourished [like] Lord Hamlet, "somewhat fat and pursy." His
the *Agamemnon* of [g]rey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell
for ten long years [in]s over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is
tion of Troy. C[enthu]siasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is
according to the [inse]parable (though of a different colour) from the pictures
successor; but in t[ough]t to belong, as a character to all who preach *Christ*
Sunday after his ar[Cole]ridge was at that time one of those!
Unitarian pulpit to p[] to observe the contrast between him and

who was a veteran in the cause, and then declining into the vale of years. He had been a poor Irish lad, carefully brought up by his parents, and sent to the University of Glasgow (where he studied under Adam Smith) to prepare him for his future destination. It was his mother's proudest wish to see her son a Dissenting Minister. So if we look back to past generations (as far as eye can reach) we see the same hopes, fears, wishes, followed by the same disappointments, throbbing in the human heart; and so we may see them (if we look forward) rising up for ever, and disappearing, like vapourish bubbles, in the human breast! After being tossed about from congregation to congregation in the heats of the Unitarian controversy, and squabbles about the American war, he had been relegated to an obscure village, where he was to spend the last thirty years of his life, far from the only converse that he loved, the talk about disputed texts of Scripture and the cause of civil and religious liberty. Here he passed his days, repining but resigned, in the study of the Bible, and the perusal of the Commentators—huge folios, not easily got through, one of which would outlast a winter! Why did he pore on these from morn to night (with the exception of a walk in the fields or a turn in the garden to gather broccoli-plants or kidney-beans of his own rearing, with no small degree of pride and pleasure)?—Here were "no figures nor no fantasies,"—neither poetry nor philosophy—nothing to dazzle, nothing to excite modern curiosity; but to his lack-lustre eyes there appeared, within the pages of the ponderous, unwieldy, neglected tomes, the sacred name of JEHOVAH in Hebrew capitals: pressed down by the weight of the style, worn to the last fading thinness of the understanding, there were glimpses, glimmering notions of the patriarchal wanderings, with palm-trees hovering in the horizon, and processions of camels at the distance of three thousand years; there was Moses with the Burning Bush, the number of the Twelve Tribes, types, shadows, glosses on the law and the prophets; there were discussions (dull enough) on the age of Methuselah, a mighty speculation! there were outlines, rude guesses at the shape of Noah's Ark and at the riches of Solomon's Temple; questions as to the date of the Creation, predictions of the end of all things; the great lapses of time, the strange mutations of the globe were unfolded with the voluminous leaf, as it turned over; and though the soul might slumber with an hieroglyphic veil of inscrutable mysteries drawn over it, yet it was in a slumber ill-exchanged for all the sharpened realities of sense, wit, fancy, or reason. My father's life was comparatively a dream; but it was a dream of infinity and eternity, of death, the resurrection, and a judgment to come!

No two individuals were ever more unlike than were the host and his guest. A poet was to my father a sort of nondescript: yet whatever added grace to the Unitarian cause was to him welcome. He could hardly have been more surprised or pleased, if our visitor had worn wings. Indeed, his thoughts had wings; and as the silken sounds rustled round our little wainscoted parlour, my father threw back his spectacles over his forehead, his white hairs mixing with its sanguine hue; and a smile of delight beamed across his rugged cordial face, to think that Truth had found a new ally in Fancy![1] Besides, Coleridge seemed to take considerable notice of me, and that of itself was enough. He talked very familiarly, but agreeably, and glanced over a variety of subjects. At dinner-time he grew more animated, and dilated in a very edifying manner on Mary Wollstonecraft and Mackintosh. The last, he said, he considered (on my father's speaking of his *Vindiciae Gallicae* as a capital performance) as a clever scholastic man—a master of the topics,—or as the ready warehouseman of letters, who knew exactly where to lay his hand on what he wanted, though the goods were not his own. He thought him no match for Burke, either in style or matter. Burke was a metaphysician, Mackintosh a mere logician. Burke was an orator (almost a poet) who reasoned in figures, because he had an eye for nature: Mackintosh, on the other hand, was a rhetorician, who had only an eye to commonplaces. On this I ventured to say that I had always entertained a great opinion of Burke, and that (as far as I could find) the speaking of him with contempt might be made the test of a vulgar democratical mind. This was the first observation I ever made to Coleridge, and he said it was a very just and striking one. I remember the leg of Welsh mutton and the turnips on the table that day had the finest flavour imaginable. Coleridge added that Mackintosh and Tom Wedgwood (of whom, however, he spoke highly) had expressed a very indifferent opinion of his friend Mr. Wordsworth, on which he remarked to them—"He strides on so far before you, that he dwindles in the distance!" Godwin had once boasted to him of having carried on an argument with Mackintosh for three hours with dubious success; Coleridge told him—"If there had been a man of genius in the room he would have settled the question in five minutes." He asked me if I had ever seen Mary Wollstonecraft, and I said, I had once for a few

[1] My father was one of those who mistook his talent after all. He used to be very much dissatisfied that I preferred his Letters to his Sermons. The last were forced and dry; the first came naturally from him. For ease, half-plays on words and a *supine, monkish, indolent pleasantry, I have never seen them equalled.*

moments, and that she seemed to me to turn off Godwin's objections to something she advanced with quite a playful, easy air. He replied, that "this was only one instance of the ascendancy which people of imagination exercised over those of mere intellect." He did not rate Godwin very high[1] (this was caprice or prejudice, real or affected) but he had a great idea of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's powers of conversation, none at all of her talent for book-making. We talked a little about Holcroft. He had been asked if he was not much struck *with* him, and he said, he thought himself in more danger of being struck *by* him. I complained that he would not let me get on at all, for he required a definition of every the commonest word, exclaiming, "What do you mean by a *sensation*, Sir? What do you mean by an *idea*?" This, Coleridge said, was barricadoing the road to truth:—it was setting up a turnpike-gate at every step we took. I forget a great number of things, many more than I remember; but the day passed off pleasantly, and the next morning Mr. Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury. When I came down to breakfast, I found that he had just received a letter from his friend, T. Wedgwood, making him an offer of 150*l.* a year if he chose to waive his present pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. It took the wayward enthusiast quite from us to cast him into Deva's winding vales, or by the shores of old romance. Instead of living at ten miles' distance, of being the pastor of a Dissenting congregation at Shrewsbury, he was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a Shepherd on the Delectable Mountains. Alas! I knew not the way thither, and felt very little gratitude for Mr. Wedgwood's bounty. I was presently relieved from this dilemma; for Mr. Coleridge, asking for a pen and ink, and going to a table to write something on a bit of card, advanced towards me with undulating step, and giving me the precious document, said that that was his address, *Mr. Coleridge, Nether Stowey, Somersetshire*; and that he should be glad to see me there in a few weeks' time, and, if I chose, would come half-way to meet me. I was not less surprised than the shepherd-boy (this simile is to be found in *Cassandra*) when he sees a thunderbolt fall close at his feet. I stammered out my acknow-

[1] He complained in particular of the presumption of his attempting to establish the future immortality of man, "without" (as he said) "knowing what Death was or what Life was"—and the tone in which he pronounced these two words seemed to convey a complete image of both.

ledgements and acceptance of this offer (I thought Mr. Wedgwood's annuity a trifle to it) as well as I could; and this mighty business being settled, the poet-preacher took leave, and I accompanied him six miles on the road. It was a fine morning in the middle of winter, and he talked the whole way. The scholar in Chaucer is described as going

. . . Sounding on his way.

So Coleridge went on his. In digressing, in dilating, in passing from subject to subject, he appeared to me to float in air, to slide on ice. He told me in confidence (going along) that he should have preached two sermons before he accepted the situation at Shrewsbury, one on Infant Baptism, the other on the Lord's Supper, showing that he could not administer either, which would have effectually disqualified him for the object in view. I observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. This struck me as an odd movement; but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line. He spoke slightingly of Hume (whose Essay on Miracles he said was stolen from an objection started in one of South's Sermons—*Credat Judaeus Apella!*). I was not very much pleased at this account of Hume, for I had just been reading, with infinite relish, that completest of all metaphysical *choke-pears,* his *Treatise on Human Nature*, to which the *Essays*, in point of scholastic subtlety and close reasoning, are mere elegant trifling, light summer-reading. Coleridge even denied the excellence of Hume's general style, which I think betrayed a want of taste or candour He however made me amends by the manner in which he spoke of Berkeley. He dwelt particularly on his *Essay on Vision* as a masterpiece of analytical reasoning. So it undoubtedly is. He was exceedingly angry with Dr Johnson for striking the stone with his foot, in allusion to this author's Theory of Matter and Spirit, and saying, "Thus I confute him, Sir" Coleridge drew a parallel (I don't know how he brought about the connexion) between Bishop Berkeley and Tom Paine. He said the one was an instance of a subtle, the other of an acute mind, than which no two things could be more distinct. The one was a shop-boy's quality, the other the characteristic of a philosopher He considered Bishop Butler as a true philosopher, a profound and conscientious thinker, a genuine reader of nature and his own mind. He did not speak of his *Analogy*, but of his *Sermons at the Rolls' Chapel*, of which I had never heard. Coleridge somehow always contrived to prefer the

unknown to the *known*. In this instance he was right. The *Analogy* is a tissue of sophistry, of wire-drawn, theological special-pleading; the *Sermons* (with the preface to them) are in a fine vein of deep, matured reflection, a candid appeal to our observation of human nature, without pedantry and without bias. I told Coleridge I had written a few remarks, and was sometimes foolish enough to believe that I had made a discovery on the same subject (the *Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind*) —and I tried to explain my view of it to Coleridge, who listened with great willingness, but I did not succeed in making myself understood. I sat down to the task shortly afterwards for the twentieth time, got new pens and paper, determined to make clear work of it, wrote a few meagre sentences in the skeleton style of a mathematical demonstration, stopped half-way down the second page; and, after trying in vain to pump up any words, images, notions, apprehensions, facts, or observations, from that gulf of abstraction in which I had plunged myself for four or five years preceding, gave up the attempt as labour in vain, and shed tears of helpless despondency on the blank unfinished paper. I can write fast enough now. Am I better than I was then? Oh no! One truth discovered, one pang of regret at not being able to express it, is better than all the fluency and flippancy in the world. Would that I could go back to what I then was! Why can we not revive past times as we can revisit old places? If I had the quaint Muse of Sir Philip Sidney to assist me, I would write a *Sonnet to the Road between Wem and Shrewsbury*, and immortalize every step of it by some fond enigmatical conceit. I would swear that the very milestones had ears, and that Harmer-hill stooped with all its pines, to listen to a poet, as he passed! I remember but one other topic of discourse in this walk. He mentioned Paley, praised the naturalness and clearness of his style, but condemned his sentiments, thought him a mere time-serving casuist, and said that the fact of his work on Moral and Political Philosophy being made a textbook in our Universities was a disgrace to the national character. We parted at the six-mile stone; and I returned homeward pensive but much pleased. I had met with unexpected notice from a person whom I believed to have been prejudiced against me. "Kind and affable to me had been his condescension, and should be honoured ever with suitable regard." He was the first poet I had known, and he certainly answered to that inspired name. I had heard a great deal of his powers of conversation, and was not disappointed. In fact, I never met with anything at all like them, either before or since. I could easily credit the accounts which were circulated of his holding forth to a large party

of ladies and gentlemen, an evening or two before, on the Berkeleian Theory, when he made the whole material universe look like a transparency of fine words; and another story (which I believe he has somewhere told himself) of his being asked to a party at Birmingham, of his smoking tobacco and going to sleep after dinner on a sofa, where the company found him to their no small surprise, which was increased to wonder when he started up of a sudden, and rubbing his eyes, looked about him, and launched into a three hours' description of the third heaven, of which he had had a dream, very different from Mr. Southey's Vision of Judgment, and also from that other Vision of Judgment, which Mr. Murray, the Secretary of the Bridge Street Junto, has taken into his especial keeping.

On my way back, I had a sound in my ears, it was the voice of Fancy: I had a light before me, it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side! Coleridge in truth met me half-way on the ground of philosophy, or I should not have been won over to his imaginative creed. I had an uneasy, pleasurable sensation all the time, till I was to visit him. During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the Spring.* This circumstance was never absent from my thoughts, and mingled with all my feelings. I wrote to him at the time proposed, and received an answer postponing my intended visit for a week or two, but very cordially urging me to complete my promise then. This delay did not damp, but rather increase my ardour. In the meantime I went to Llangollen Vale, by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; and I must say I was enchanted with it. I had been reading Coleridge's description of England, in his fine *Ode on the Departing Year*, and I applied it, *con amore*, to the objects before me. That valley was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence: in the river that winds through it, my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon!

I returned home, and soon after set out on my journey with unworn heart and untried feet. My way lay through Worcester and Gloucester, and by Upton, where I thought of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. I remember getting completely wet through one day, and stopping at an inn (I think it was at Tewkesbury) where I sat up all night to read *Paul and Virginia*. Sweet were the showers in early youth that drenched my body, and sweet the drops of pity that fell

upon the books I read! I recollect a remark of Coleridge's upon this very book, that nothing could show the gross indelicacy of French manners and the entire corruption of their imagination more strongly than the behaviour of the heroine in the last fatal scene, who turns away from a person on board the sinking vessel, that offers to save her life, because he has thrown off his clothes to assist him in swimming. Was this a time to think of such a circumstance? I once hinted to Wordsworth, as we were sailing in his boat on Grasmere lake, that I thought he had borrowed the idea of his *Poems on the Naming of Places* from the local inscriptions of the same kind in *Paul and Virginia.* He did not own the obligation, and stated some distinction without a difference, in defence of his claim to originality. And the slightest variation would be sufficient for this purpose in his mind; for whatever *he* added or omitted would inevitably be worth all that anyone else had done, and contain the marrow of the sentiment.—I was still two days before the time fixed for my arrival, for I had taken care to set out early enough. I stopped these two days at Bridgewater and when I was tired of sauntering on the banks of its muddy river, returned to the inn, and read *Camilla.* So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted everything!

I arrived, and was well received. The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the sea-shore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon, Coleridge took me over to All-Foxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow that period (the time just after the French Revolution) was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing.* The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath "the scales that fence" our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the *Lyrical Ballads,* which were still in manuscript, or in the form of *Sibylline Leaves.* I dipped into a few these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with round-faced family-portraits of the age of George I and II, and from

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the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could

. . . hear the loud stag speak.

In the outset of life (and particularly at this time I felt it so) our imagination has a body to it. We are in a state between sleeping and waking, and have indistinct but glorious glimpses of strange shapes, and there is always something to come better than what we see. As in our dreams the fullness of the blood gives warmth and reality to the coinage of the brain, so in youth our ideas are clothed, and fed, and pampered with our good spirits; we breathe thick with thoughtless happiness, the weight of future years presses on the strong pulses of the heart, and we repose with undisturbed faith in truth and good. As we advance, we exhaust our fund of enjoyment and of hope. We are no longer wrapped in *lamb's-wool*, lulled in Elysium. As we taste the pleasures of life, their spirit evaporates, the sense palls; and nothing is left but the phantoms, the lifeless shadows of what *has been*!

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of *Betty Foy*. I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the *Thorn*, the *Mad Mother*, and the *Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman*, I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of Spring,

While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed.

Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the summer moonlight! He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-fact-ness*, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence. His

genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however (if I remember right), that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces, that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell. There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense high narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantrey's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the *Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem,* is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said triumphantly that "his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the *Castle Spectre* by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said "it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum* merit was, however, by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sunset stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of Peter Bell in the open air; and the comment made upon it by his face

and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, "his face was as a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*. Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote (if he could) walking up and down a straight gravel-walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption. Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm-trees, and listening to the bees humming round us, while we quaffed our *flip*. It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol Channel, as far as Lynton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I. This Chester was a native of Nether Stowey, one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan. He "followed in the chace, like a dog who hunts, not like one that made up the cry." He had on a brown cloth coat, boots, and corduroy breeches, was low in stature, bow-legged, had a drag in his walk like a drover, which he assisted by a hazel switch, and kept on a sort of trot by the side of Coleridge, like a running footman by a state coach, that he might not lose a syllable or sound, that fell from Coleridge's lips. He told me his private opinion, that Coleridge was a wonderful man. He scarcely opened his lips, much less offered an opinion the whole way: yet of the three, had I to choose during that journey, I would be John Chester. He afterwards followed Coleridge into Germany, where the Kantean philosophers were puzzled how to bring him under any of their categories. When he sat down at table with his idol, John's felicity was complete; Sir Walter Scott's, or Mr. Blackwood's, when they sat down at the same table with the King, was

not more so. We passed Dunster on our right, a small town between the brow of a hill and the sea. I remember eyeing it wistfully as it lay below us: contrasted with the woody scene around, it looked as clear, as pure, as *embrowned* and ideal as any landscape I have seen since, of Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's. We had a long day's march—(our feet kept time to the echoes of Coleridge's tongue)—through Minehead and by the Blue Anchor, and on to Lynton, which we did not reach till near midnight, and where we had some difficulty in making a lodgement. We, however, knocked the people of the house up at last, and we were repaid for our apprehensions and fatigue by some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs. The view in coming along had been splendid. We walked for miles and miles on dark brown heaths overlooking the channel, with the Welsh hills beyond, and at times descended into little sheltered valleys close by the sea-side, with a smuggler's face scowling by us, and then had to ascend conical hills with a path winding up through a coppice to a barren top, like a monk's shaven crown, from one of which I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon, and within the red-orbed disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in the *Ancient Mariner*. At Lynton the character of the sea-coast becomes more marked and rugged. There is a place called the "Valley of Rocks" (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it) bedded among precipices overhanging the sea, with rocky caverns beneath, into which the waves dash, and where the sea-gull for ever wheels its screaming flight. On the tops of these are huge stones thrown transverse, as if an earthquake had tossed them there, and behind these is a fretwork of perpendicular rocks, something like the "Giant's Causeway." A thunder-storm came on while we were at the inn, and Coleridge was running out bareheaded to enjoy the commotion of the elements in the "Valley of Rocks," but as if in spite, the clouds only muttered a few angry sounds, and let fall a few refreshing drops. Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose-tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to, the *Death of Abel*, but they had relinquished the design. In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it. On this occasion Coleridge spoke of Virgil's *Georgics*, but not well. I do *not* think he had much feeling for the classical or elegant. It was in this room that we found a little worn-out copy of the *Seasons*,

lying in a window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed, "*That* is true fame!" He said Thomson was a great poet, rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural. He spoke of Cowper as the best modern poet. He said the *Lyrical Ballads* were an experiment about to be tried by him and Wordsworth, to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry II. Some comparison was introduced between Shakespeare and Milton. He said "he hardly knew which to prefer. Shakespeare appeared to him a mere stripling in the art; he was as tall and as strong, with infinitely more activity than Milton, but he never appeared to have come to man's estate; or if he had, he would not have been a man, but a monster." He spoke with contempt of Gray, and with intolerance of Pope. He did not like the versification of the latter. He observed that "the ears of these couplet-writers might be charged with having short memories, that could not retain the harmony of whole passages." He thought little of Junius as a writer; he had a dislike of Dr. Johnson; and a much higher opinion of Burke as an orator and politician, than of Fox or Pitt. He however thought him very inferior in richness of style and imagery to some of our elder prose-writers, particularly Jeremy Taylor. He liked Richardson, but not Fielding; nor could I get him to enter into the merits of *Caleb Williams*.[1] In short, he was profound and discriminating with respect to those authors whom he liked, and where he gave his judgment fair play; capricious, perverse, and prejudiced in his antipathies and distastes We loitered on the "ribbed sea-sands", in such talk as this, a whole morning, and I recollect met with a curious sea-weed, of which John Chester told us the country name! A fisherman gave Coleridge an account of a boy that had been drowned the day before, and that they had tried to save him at the risk of their own lives. He said "he did not know how it was that they ventured, but, Sir, we have a *nature* towards one another." This expression, Coleridge remarked to me, was a fine illustration of that theory of disinterestedness which I (in common with Butler) had adopted.

[1] He had no idea of pictures, of Claude or Raphael, and at this time I had as little as he. He sometimes gives a striking account at present of the Cartoons at Pisa [illegible]

I broached to him an argument of mine to prove that *likeness* was not mere association of ideas. I said that the mark in the sand put one in mind of a man's foot, not because it was part of a former impression of a man's foot (for it was quite new) but because it was like the shape of a man's foot. He assented to the justness of this distinction (which I have explained at length elsewhere, for the benefit of the curious) and John Chester listened; not from any interest in the subject, but because he was astonished that I should be able to suggest anything to Coleridge that he did not already know. We returned on the third morning, and Coleridge remarked the silent cottage-smoke curling up the valleys where, a few evenings before, we had seen the lights gleaming through the dark.

In a day or two after we arrived at Stowey, we set out, I on my return home, and he for Germany. It was a Sunday morning, and he was to preach that day for Dr. Toulmin of Taunton. I asked him if he had prepared anything for the occasion? He said he had not even thought of the text, but should as soon as we parted. I did not go to hear him,—this was a fault,—but we met in the evening at Bridgewater. The next day we had a long day's walk to Bristol, and sat down, I recollect, by a well-side on the road, to cool ourselves and satisfy our thirst, when Coleridge repeated to me some descriptive lines of his tragedy of *Remorse*; which I must say became his mouth and that occasion better than they, some years after, did Mr. Elliston's and the Drury Lane boards,—

> Oh memory! shield me from the world's poor strife,
> And give those scenes thine everlasting life.

I saw no more of him for a year or two, during which period he had been wandering in the Hartz Forest in Germany; and his return was cometary, meteorous, unlike his setting out. It was not till some time after that I knew his friends Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me (as I first saw him) with a commonplace book under his arm, and the first with a *bon-mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best—*Man as he was, or man as he is to be.* "Give me," says Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be." This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues.—Enough of this for the present.

> But there is matter for another rhyme,
> And I to this may add a second tale.

Essays.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM (1778–1868)

Born and educated at Edinburgh, he distinguished himself at the University by his scientific achievements, and at the early age of twenty-five was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He turned his attention to Law, however, and coming to London, entered Lincoln's Inn in 1803 and was in due time called to the Bar. From its outset he was one of the chief contributors to the "Edinburgh Review," and exercised great influence in London literary circles. A staunch Whig, and keen pamphleteer, he was a bitter opponent of the Prince Regent and all he stood for. This largely decided his taking up the case of the Princess of Wales, George IV's unhappy wife, whose principal counsellor he became, and whom he eventually defended at the Bar of the House of Lords when the Bill for her deposition and divorce was promoted. So ably did he present her case, and so fervid was his oratory that the Bill was not sent to the Commons—which was tantamount to a victory for Brougham. Fame and wealth were now his, though he had the malignity of George IV to contend with. In the next reign, however, he became Lord Chancellor, and was largely responsible for the passing of the Reform Bill and the abolition of slavery. Always a difficult and irritable man, with increasing age his oddities increased, and his declining years were spent in bickering and disagreement. His "Sketches of the Statesmen in the Time of George III," from which the following essay is selected, first appeared in the "Edinburgh Review."

GEORGE IV

It would not be easy to find a greater contrast in the character and habits of two princes succeeding one another in any country, than the two last Georges presented to the eye of even the most superficial observer.

George Prince of Wales had been educated after the manner of all princes whose school is the palace of their ancestors, whose teacher

is boundless prosperity, whose earliest and most cherished associate is unrestrained self-indulgence, and who neither among their companions form the acquaintance of any equal, nor in the discipline of the seminary ever taste of control. The regal system of tuition is indeed curiously suited to its purpose of fashioning men's minds to the task of governing their fellow-creatures—of training up a naturally erring and sinful creature to occupy the most arduous of all human stations, the one most requiring habits of self-command, and for duly filling which, all the instruction that man can receive, and all the virtue his nature is capable of practising, would form a very inadequate qualification. This system had, upon the Prince of Wales, produced its natural effects in an unusually ample measure. He seemed, indeed, to come forth from the school a finished specimen of its capabilities and its powers; as if to show how much havoc can be made in a character originally deficient in none of the good and few of the great qualities, with which it may be supposed that men are born. Naturally of a temper by no means sour or revengeful, he had become selfish to a degree so extravagant, that he seemed to act upon a practical conviction of all mankind being born for his exclusive use; and hence he became irritable on the least incident that thwarted his wishes; nay, seemed to consider himself injured and thus entitled to gratify his resentment, as often as anyone, from a due regard to his own duty or his own character, acted in a way to disappoint his expectations or ruffle his repose.

His natural abilities, too, were far above mediocrity; he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even with a ready wit—endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye, that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts—possessing, too, a nice sense of the ludicrous, which made his relish for humour sufficiently acute, and bestowed upon him the powers of an accomplished mimic. The graces of his person and his manners need not be noted, for neither are valuable but as the adjunct of higher qualities; and the latter, graceful manners, are hardly to be avoided by one occupying all his life that first station which, by removing constraint, makes the movements of the prince as naturally graceful as those of the infant or the child too young to feel embarrassment. But of what avail are all natural endowments without cultivation? They can yield no more fruit than a seed or a graft cast out upon a marble floor; and cultivation, which implies labour, discipline, self-control, submission to others, can scarcely ever be applied to the Royal condition. They who believe that they are exempt from the toils, and hardly liable to the casualties of other mortals

—all whose associates, and most of whose instructors, set themselves about confirming this faith—are little likely to waste the midnight oil in any contemplations but those of the debauchee; and beings, who can hardly bring themselves to believe that they are subject to the common fate of humanity, are pretty certain to own no inferior control. "*Quoi donc,*" (exclaimed the young Dauphin to his Right Reverend preceptor, when some book mentioned a king as having died)—"*Quoi donc, les Rois meurent-ils?*" [illegible] courtly reply. [illegible] course of things, [illegible] habits of royalty thus trained up should expand into the maturity of self-indulgence, which almost proved too great a trial of French loyal patience, is not a matter of wonder. Our Louis, notwithstanding the lessons of Dean Jackson, and the fellowship of Thurlow and Sheridan, was a man of very uncultivated mind—ignorant of all but the passages of history which most princes read, with some superficial knowledge of the dead languages, which he had imperfectly learnt and scantily retained, considerable musical skill, great facility of modern tongues, and no idea whatever of the rudiments of any science, natural or moral; unless the very imperfect notions of the structure of government, picked up in conversation or studied in newspapers, can be reckoned any exception to the universal blank.

We have said nothing of the great quality of all—the test of character,—firmness, and her sister truth. That the Prince was a man of firm mind, not even his most unscrupulous flatterers ever could summon up the courage to pretend. He was much the creature of impulses, and the sport of feelings naturally good and kind, but had become wholly selfish through unlimited indulgence. Those who knew him well were wont to say that his was a woman's character, when they observed how little self-command he had, and how easily he gave way to the influence of petty sentiments. Nor was the remark more gallant towards the sex than it was respectful towards the Prince; inasmuch as the character of a woman transferred to the other sex implies the want of those qualities which constitute manly virtue, without the possession of the charms by which female weaknesses are redeemed; independently of the fact that those weaker parts are less prejudicial in the woman, because they are more in harmony with the whole. That they who draw the breath of life in a Court, and pass all their days in an atmosphere of lies, should have any very sacred regard for truth is hardly to be expected. They experience such falsehood in all who surround them,

that deception, at least suppression of the truth, almost seems necessary for self-defence; and accordingly, if their speech be not framed upon the theory of the French Cardinal, that language was given to man for the better concealment of his thoughts, they at least seem to regard in what they say, not its resemblance to the fact in question, but rather its subserviency to the purpose in view.

The course of private conduct which one in such a station, of such habits, and of such a disposition, might naturally be expected to run, was that of the Prince from his early youth upwards; and when he entered upon public life, he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure; to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not, in any quarter, either to command respect or conciliate esteem. The line of political conduct which he should pursue was chalked out by the relative position in which he stood to his father, and still more by that monarch's character, in almost all respects the reverse of his own.

It thus happened that the Whig party, being the enemies of George III, found favour in the sight of his son, and became his natural allies. In the scramble for power they highly valued such an auxiliary, and many of them were received also into the personal favour of their illustrious political recruit. But state affairs were by him only taken as a stimulant, to rouse the dormant appetite, when more vulgar excitement had fatigued the jaded sense; and it would be extremely difficult to name the single occasion on which any part was taken by him whom the Whigs held out as the most exalted member of their body, from the end of the American War until the beginning of the contest with France. An event then occurred which brought His Royal Highness upon the stage, but not as a friend of the Liberal party. He came forward to disclaim them, to avow that his sentiments differed widely from theirs, and to declare that upon the great question which divided the world, he took part with the enemies of liberty and of improvement. The French Revolution had alarmed him in common with most of his order; he quitted the party for many years; he gave the only support he had to give, his vote, to their adversaries. The rest of his political history is soon told. When the alarm had subsided he gradually came back to the Opposition party, and acted with them until his father's illness called him to the Regency, when he shamefully abandoned them, flung himself into the hands of their antagonists, and continued to the end of his days their enemy, with a relentless bitterness, a rancorous

malignity, which betokened the spite of his nature, and his consciousness of having injured and betrayed those whom, therefore, he never could forgive. It was indeed the singular and unenviable fate of this Prince, that he who at various times had more "troops of friends" to surround him than any man of any age, changed them so often, and treated them so ill, as to survive, during a short part of his life, every one of his attachments, and to find himself before its close in the hands of his enemies, or of mere strangers, the accidental connexions of yesterday.

After running the course of dissipation, uninterrupted by any more rational or worthy pursuit—prematurely exhausting the resources of indulgence, both animal and mental, and becoming incapable of receiving further gratification unless the wish of the ancient tyrant could be gratified by the invention of some new pleasure,—it was found that a life of what was called unbounded profusion could not be passed without unlimited extravagance, and that such enormous sums had been squandered in a few years as seemed to baffle conjecture how the money could have been spent. The bill was, of course, brought to the country, and one of the items which swelled the total amount to above half a million, was many hundreds of pounds for Marechal powder, a perfumed brown dust with which the fops of those days filled their hair, in preference to using soap and water, after the manner of the less courtly times that succeeded the French Revolution. The discontent which this unprincipled and senseless waste of money occasioned had no effect in mending the life of its author; and in a few years after a new debt had been incurred, and the aid of Parliament was required again, there seemed now no chance but one of extricating the Prince from the difficulties with which he had surrounded himself, and obtaining such an increased income as might enable him to continue his extravagance without contracting new debts. That chance was his consenting to marry; in order that the event might take place, so pleasing to a people whom all the vices and the follies of royalty can never wean from their love of Princes, and the increase of the royal family be effected with due regularity of procedure from the heir-apparent's loins. But, although the entering into the state of matrimony in regular form, and with the accustomed publicity, might afford the desired facilities of a pecuniary kind, such a step little suited the taste of the illustrious personage usually termed "The hope of the country." That the restraints of wedlock should be dreaded by one to whom all restraint had hitherto been a stranger, and who could set at nought whatever obligations of constancy that holy and comfortable state imposed, was wholly out of

the question. If that were all, he could have no kind of objection to take as many wives as the law of the land allowed, supposing the dower of each to be a bill upon the patient good-nature of the English people towards discharging some mass of debt contracted. But there had happened another event, not quite suited to the people's taste, although of a matrimonial kind, which had been most carefully concealed for very sufficient reasons, and which placed him in a predicament more embarrassing even than his pecuniary difficulties.

The most excusable by far, indeed the most respectable of all the Prince's attachments, had been that which he had early formed for Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman of the most amiable qualities, and the most exemplary virtue. Her abilities were not shining, nor were her personal charms dazzling, nor was she even in the first stage of youth; but her talents were of the most engaging kind: she had a peculiarly sweet disposition, united to sterling good sense, and was possessed of manners singularly fascinating. His passion for this excellent person was a redeeming virtue of the Prince; it could only proceed from a fund of natural sense and good taste, which, had it but been managed with ordinary prudence and care, would have endowed a most distinguished character in private life; and, could it by any miracle have been well managed in a palace, must have furnished out a ruler before whose lustre the fame of Titus and the Antonines would grow pale. This passion was heightened by the difficulties which its virtuous object interposed to its gratification; and upon no other terms than marriage could that be obtained. But marriage with this admirable lady was forbidden by law! She was a Roman Catholic; sincerely attached to the religion of her forefathers, she refused to purchase a crown by conforming to any other; and the law declared that whoever married a Catholic should forfeit all right to the crown of these realms, as if he were naturally dead. This law, however, was unknown to her, and, blinded by various pretences, she was induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, which is supposed to have been solemnized between her and the Prince beyond the limits of the English dominions, in the silly belief, perhaps, entertained by him, that he escaped the penalty to which his reckless conduct exposed him, and that the forfeiture of his succession to the crown was only denounced against such a marriage if contracted within the realm. The consent of the Sovereign was another requisite of the law to render the marriage valid; that consent had not been obtained; and the invalidity of the contract was supposed to save the forfeiture. But they who so construed the plain provision in the Bill of Rights,

assumed first, that no forfeiture could be incurred by doing an act which was void in itself, whereas the law of England, as well as of Scotland and every other country, abounds in cases of acts prohibited and made void, yet punished by a forfeiture of the rights of him who contravenes the prohibition, as much as if they were valid and effectual. It is, therefore, very far from being clear that this marriage was no forfeiture of the crown. But, it may be said, the Prince ran this risk only for himself, and no one has a right to complain. Not so. The forfeiture of the crown was his own risk assuredly; but he trepanned Mrs. Fitzherbert into a sacrifice of her honour to gratify his passion, when he well knew that the ceremony which she was made to believe a marriage could only be regarded as a mere empty form, of no legal validity or effect whatever; unless, indeed, that of exposing her, and all who assisted, to the high pains and penalties of a *premunire*. While he pretended that he was making her his wife, and made her believe she was such, he was only making her the victim of his passions, and the accomplice of his crimes.

A few years after, when those passions had cooled, or were directed into some new channel, the rumour having got abroad, a question was asked in Parliament respecting the alleged marriage. His chosen political associates were appealed to and, being instructed by him, denied the charge in the most unqualified terms. Before such men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey could thus far commit their honour, they took care to be well assured of the fact by direct personal communication with the Prince himself. He most solemnly denied the whole upon his sacred honour; and his denial was, through these most respectable channels, conveyed to the House of Commons. We are giving here a matter of history well known at the time—a thousand times repeated since, and never qualified by the parties, nor ever contradicted on their behalf. It must be confessed that this passage of the Prince's story made his treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert complete in all its parts. After seducing her with a false and fictitious marriage, he refused her the poor gratification of saving her reputation by letting the world believe he had really made her his wife. Instances are not wanting of men committing in public a breach of veracity, and sacrificing truth, to save the reputation of their paramours; nor is any moralist so stern as to visit with very severe censure conduct like this. But who was there ever yet so base as deliberately to pledge his honour to a falsehood, for the purpose of his own protection, and in order to cover with shame her whom his other false pretences had deceived into being his paramour?

Bad as this is, worse remains to be told. This treachery was all for the lucre of gain: the question was raised, upon an application to Parliament for money; and the falsehood was told to smooth the difficulties that stood in the way of a vote in Committee of Supply!

The influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert gave place to another connexion, but she retained that sway over his mind which we have described as the brightest feature in the Prince's character. Hence he spared no pains to make her believe that the public denial of their wedlock was only rendered necessary by his father's prejudices and tyrannical conduct. She well knew, that to find an example of fear greater than that dread with which he quailed at the sound of his father's voice, or indeed the bare mention of his name, it was necessary to go among the many-coloured inhabitants of the Caribbee Islands; and hence she could the more easily credit the explanation given of the disclaimer so cruel to her feelings. In private, therefore, and with her, he still passed himself for her husband, and she learned, like other and more real wives, to shut her eyes upon his infidelities, while her empire over his mind remained unshaken. The pressure of new difficulties rendered a regular marriage necessary for his extrication; but as this must at once and for ever dispel all that remained of the matrimonial delusion, he long resisted the temptation, through fear of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and dread of their intercourse coming to a violent end. At length the increasing pressure of his embarrassments overweighed all other considerations, and he consented to a marriage and to give up Mrs. Fitzherbert for ever. Others with whom he lived upon the most intimate terms are supposed to have interposed fresh obstacles to this scheme; but these were overcome by an understanding that the new wife should enjoy only the name;—that systematic neglect and insult of every kind heaped upon her should attest how little concern the heart had with this honourable arrangement, and how entirely the husband continued devoted to the wedded wives of other men.

Everything was now settled to the satisfaction of all parties. The old spouse was discarded—the old mistresses were cherished, fondled, and appeased—the faithful Commons were overjoyed at the prospect of a long line of heirs to the crown—the loyal people were enraptured at the thoughts of new princes and princesses—the King, while he felt his throne strengthened by the provision made for the succession, was gratified with whatever lowered the person he most hated and despised—and the Prince himself was relieved of much debt, and endowed with augmented resources. One party alone was left out of the general

consideration—the intended consort of this illustrious character, whose peculiar pride it was to be called by his flatterers the "First Gentleman in Europe."

Caroline Princess of Brunswick was the individual whom it was found convenient to make the sacrifice on this occasion to an arrangement that diffused so universal a joy through this free, moral, and reflecting country. She was a niece of George III, and consequently one of the Prince's nearest relations. Nor has it ever been denied that in her youth she was a Princess of singular accomplishments, as well of mind as of person. All who had seen her in those days represented her as lovely; nor did she, on touching our shores, disappoint the expectations which those eye-witnesses had raised. All who had known her in that season of youth, and before care had become the companion of her life, and the cruelty of others had preyed upon her feelings and sapped her understanding, described her mental endowments as brilliant; and a judge, alike experienced and severely fastidious, long after she had come amongst us, continued to paint her as formed to be "the life, grace, and ornament of polished society." Her talents were indeed far above the ordinary level of women, and had her education not been rather below the average stock of Princesses, they would have decked her in accomplishments remarkable for any station. Endowed with the greatest quickness of apprehension, with a singularly ready wit, and with such perseverance as is rarely seen in the inmates of a court, she shone in conversation, and could have excelled in higher studies than statuary, the only one to which she devoted her attention. If it be said that her buoyant spirits were little compatible with the etiquette of a German court, and made her attend less to forms than the decorum of our English palaces, under the cold and stiff reign of George and Charlotte, might seem to require—so must it be confessed, on the other hand, that no person of the exalted station to which this great lady was born, and the still higher elevation of rank which she afterwards reached, ever showed such entire freedom from all haughtiness and pride, or more habitually estimated all who approached her by their intrinsic merits.

But Caroline of Brunswick had far higher qualities than these; she put forward, in the course of her hapless and checkered existence, claims of a much loftier caste. She had a delight in works of beneficence that made charity the very bond of her existence; nor were the sufferings of her life unconnected with this amiable propensity of her nature. Her passionate fondness for children, balked by that separation from her only offspring to which she was early doomed, led her into the unwise course

of adopting the infants of others, which she cherished as if they had been her own. Her courage was of the highest order of female bravery, scorning all perils in the pursuit of worthy objects, leading her certainly into adventures that were chiefly recommended by their risks, but, like the active courage of a woman, suffering occasionally intervals of suspension according to the state of the animal spirits, possibly influenced by the physical constitution of the female frame, although the passive virtue of fortitude never knew abatement or eclipse.

No sooner was the marriage solemnized, which plunged the country into unmixed joy, and raised a mingled expectation and sneer among the population of the court, than the illustrious husband proceeded to the most exemplary, and indeed scrupulous fulfilment of his vows—but not those made at the altar. There were others of a prior date, to which, with the most rigorous sense of justice, he therefore gave the preference;—performing them with an exactness even beyond the strict letter of the engagement. It is true they were not quite consistent with the later obligations "to love, cherish and protect"; but they were vows notwithstanding, and had been attested with many oaths, and fierce imprecations, and accompanied with a touching and a copious effusion of tears. Their purport was an engagement to reject, to hate, and to insult the wedded wife; to yield her rivals, not unwedded, but the helpmates of other lords, the preference on all occasions; to crown the existence of the one with all favour, and affection, and respect, while that of the other should be made wretched and unbearable by every slight which could be given, every outrage which could be offered to the feelings most tyrannical over the female bosom. Swift followed, then, upon the making of the second and public vow, the punctual fulfilment of the first and private obligation. Never did the new-married pair meet but in the presence of others; the Princess was treated on every occasion, but most on public occasions, with ostentatious neglect, nay with studied contumely; each resource of ingenious spite was exhausted in devising varied means of exhibiting her position in melancholy contrast with the empire of her rivals: when she submitted, trampled upon as dastardly and mean; when she was reluctantly goaded into self-defence, run down and quelled and punished as contumacious; and as soon as maltreated was suspected to have begotten the desire of retaliation; she was surrounded with spies, that not a gesture or a look, a word or a sigh, might pass unregistered, unexaggerated, unperverted. Yet no one incident could be found upon which to hang the slightest charge of impropriety.

At the end of a tedious and sorrowful year, the birth of the Princess Charlotte once more intoxicated the nation with loyal joy, and made it forget as well the silent sorrows of the one parent as the perfidious cruelty of the other. Scarce had the mother recovered, when a fresh and unheard-of outrage greeted her returning health. The "First Gentleman of his age" was pleased, under his own hand, to intimate that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart; and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishments of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connexion, even if their only child should die,—he added, with a moving piety, "Which God forbid!"—in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation thus delicately effected made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was, that, instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one half of its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.

The incessant vigilance with which the unhappy Princess's conduct was now watched, by eyes ready to minister fictions to those who employed them, soon produced a report that their prey had fallen into the appointed snare. It was duly represented to the "Most amiable Prince of his times," living with his paramours, that the wife whom he had discarded for their society, and to whom he had given what the head of the law, his comrade and adviser, scrupled not to term a "letter of licence"; in short, had been secretly delivered of a child. No intrigue had been denounced as detected by the spies; nor could any person be fixed on as he who had committed high treason, by defiling the solitary bed to which the "Companion of the King's son" had been condemned by her tender and faithful consort. The charge, however, was made, and it was minutely investigated,—not by the friends of the accused, but by the political and the personal associates of her husband. The result was her complete and triumphant acquittal of all but the charge that she had, to vary the monotony of her sequestered life, adopted the child of a sailmaker in the neighbourhood of her residence; thus endeavouring to obtain for her own daughter's

society a substitute upon whom the natural instinct of maternal feeling might find a vent, to relieve an overburthened heart. It was little creditable, certainly, to the Commissioners who conducted this "Delicate Investigation," as it was termed, that they stooped to mention levities of conduct wholly immaterial, and confessedly quite inoffensive in her, while they cautiously abstained from pronouncing any censure upon the guilt of the other party, by whose faithlessness and cruelty her existence had been rendered a scene of misery.

The confirmed insanity of the King, three years afterwards, called to the Regency the chief actor in these unhappy scenes. No prince ever ascended the throne with so universal a feeling of distrust, and even aversion. Nor was this lessened when the first act of his reign proved him as faithless to his political friends as he had been to his wife; and as regardless of his professed public principles as he had been of his marriage vows.

The accession of the Princess's friends to the Regent's favour was the period of their intercourse with their former client. Not the slightest communication could now be held with her whose just quarrel they had so warmly espoused while the Prince was their antagonist; and Mr. Canning alone of them all, to his transcendent honour, refused to pay the tribute exacted by the Court of deserting a former friend; because an enemy had been found placable; and because, he, setting too high a value upon his forgiveness, required his new favourites to be as perfidious as himself.

The Princess of Wales, wearied out with unceasing persecution, had gone abroad, leaving behind her, as the only support on which she could rely, her only daughter, disease having deprived her of the steady favour and undeviating support of the King, her father-in-law and uncle. The death of both that King and that daughter was the signal of new attempts against her peace. The history of the Milan Commission is fresh in the recollection of all. A board of three persons—a Chancery lawyer, who had never seen a witness examined, and whose practice was chiefly confined to cases in bankruptcy, on which he had written an excellent book—a colonel in the army, who knew but little more of the matter—an active and clever attorney—composed this select body, commissioned to hunt for evidence which might convict the future Queen, and be ready to overwhelm her if she asserted her right to share her consort's throne.

The Milan Commission proceeded under this superintendence, and as its labours, so were its fruits exactly what might have been

expected. It is among foreigners the first impression always arising from any work undertaken by English hands and paid for by English money, that an inexhaustible fund is employed, and with boundless profusion; and a thirst of gold is straightway excited which no extravagance of liberality can slake. The knowledge that a Board was sitting to collect evidence against the Queen immediately gave such testimony a high value in the market of Italian perjury; and happy was the individual who had ever been in her house or admitted to her presence; his fortune was counted to be made. Nor were they who had viewed her mansion, or had only known the arrangements of her villa, without hopes of sharing in the golden prize. To have even seen her pass and noted who attended her person, was a piece of good luck. In short, nothing, however remotely connected with herself, or her family, or her residence, or her habits, was without its value among a poor, a sanguine, and an imaginative people. It is certain that no more ready way of proving a case, like the charge of criminal intercourse, can be found, than to have it first broadly asserted for a fact; because, this being once believed, every motion, gesture, and look is at once taken as proof of the accusation, and the two most innocent of human beings may be overwhelmed with a mass of circumstances, almost all of which, as well as the inference drawn from them, are really believed to be true by those who recount or record them.

Recourse was had to spies, who watched all the parties did, and, when they could not find a circumstance, would make one; men who chronicled the dinners and the suppers that were eaten, the walks and the sails that were enjoyed, the arrangements of rooms, and the position of chairs, and who, never doubting that these were the occasions and the scenes of endearment and of enjoyment, pretended to have witnessed the one, in order that the other might be supposed; but with that inattention to particulars which Providence has appointed as the snare for the false witness, and the safeguard of innocence, pretended to have seen in such directions as would have required the rays of light to move not straightforward, but roundabout. Couriers that pried into carriages where the travellers were asleep at grey daylight, or saw in the dusk of dewy eve what their own fancy pictured,—sailors who believed that all persons could gratify their animal appetites on the public deck, where themselves had so often played the beast's part,—lying waiting-women, capable of repaying the kindness and charity that had laid the foundation of their fortune, with the treachery that could rear it to the height of their sordid desires,—chambermaids, the refuse of the streets and the

common food of wayfaring licentiousness, whose foul fancy could devour every mark that beds might, but did not, present to their practical eye,—lechers of either sex, who would fain have gloated over the realities of what their liquorish imagination alone bodied forth, pimps of hideous aspect, whose prurient glance could penetrate through the keyhole of rooms where the rat shared with the bug the silence of the deserted place—these were the performers whose exploits the Milan Commissioners chronicled, whose narratives they collected, and whose exhibition upon the great stage of the first tribunal of all the earth they sedulously and zealously prepared by frequent rehearsal.

The arrival of the Queen in this country, on the accession of George IV, was the signal for proceeding against her. A *green bag* was immediately sent down to the two Houses of Parliament, containing the fruits of the Milanese researchers; and a Bill of Pains and Penalties was prepared for her destruction. Such was the proceeding of the Court, remarkable enough, certainly in itself—sufficiently prompt—abundantly daring—and unquestionably pregnant with grave consequences. The proceeding of the country was more prompt, more decided, and more remarkable still. The people all in one voice Demurred to the Bill. They said, "Suppose all to be true which her enemies allege, we care not; she was ill-used; she was persecuted; she was turned out of her husband's house; she was denied the rights of a wife as well as of a mother; she was condemned to live the life of the widow and the childless, that he who should have been her comforter might live the life of an adulterous libertine; and she shall not be trampled down and destroyed to satiate his vengeance or humour his caprice." This was the universal feeling that occupied the country. Had the whole facts as charged been proved by a cloud of unimpeachable witnesses, such would have been the universal verdict of that country, the real jury which was to try this great cause; and so wide of their object would the accusers have found themselves at the very moment when they would have fancied the day their own. This all men of sense and reflection saw; this the Ministers saw; this, above all, the sagacious Chancellor very clearly saw with the sure and quick eye which served his long and perspicacious head.

But if the Ministers saw all these things, and if they moreover were well aware—as who was not?—that the whole country was excited to a pitch of rage and indignation bordering upon rebellion, and that the struggle, if persisted in against a people firmly resolved to stand between the Court and its prey, must hurry them into widespreading insurrec-

tion—how, it will be asked, was it possible that those Ministers—whose hatred of the Bill must have been as great as their apprehension of its consequences were grave, and who had not the shadow of an interest in its fate, except that it should instantly be abandoned—could be brought to sanction a proceeding fraught not only with every mischief to the country, but with the extremest peril to themselves? It seems incredible, but it is true, that the only ground ever hinted at was the King's fixed determination, and the risk his Ministers ran of losing their places if they thwarted him in his favourite pursuit! Yes, as if the loss of office was like the loss of life, and they had no power of refusing, because refusal was death, they crouched to that command, rather than yield to which, men of integrity and of firmness would have faced death itself. It is certain, that had the Duke of Wellington been longer in civil life, and attained his due weight in the councils of the Government, he would have taken this and no other view of the question; but it is equally certain that the Ministers at large betrayed the same submissive obedience to their master's will, showed the same dread of facing his displeasure, which unnerves the slaves of the Eastern tyrant when his voice echoes through the vaults of the seraglio, or casts them prostrate before his feet, as the scimitar's edge glances in their eye, and the bowstring twangs in their ear.

The people, we have said, *in one voice Demurred to the Bill*, and plainly indicated that, if every tittle of the charges against the Queen were proved, or were admitted to be true, they would not suffer her to be sacrificed to the rage of one who had no right whatever to complain of her conduct were it ever so bad. But this feeling did not prevent [illegible] character, to take [illegible] re the Lords was [illegible] ty, though with a confidence which nothing could shake. After a strenuous but unavailing attempt to arrest the progress of the measure, and fling out the Bill on the first reading, Her Majesty's counsel, Mr. Brougham, her Attorney, and Mr. Denman, her Solicitor-General, prepared to resist it upon the merits of the case, to meet the evidence of the Milan Commissioners, and to defend their august client from every accusation. An adjournment of some weeks was allowed the promoters of the measure to prepare their case; the Parliament, instead of the usual prorogation, remained sitting, though the Commons adjourned from time to time; and the 17th of August was fixed for the opening of this extraordinary cause.

After great and memorable displays of eloquence and professional skill on all sides, it was found that the case had failed entirely; and the Bill, which for so many months had agitated the whole country, was at length, on the 7th November, withdrawn. It is said that the advisers of the Queen were dissatisfied with the conduct of that party to which they, generally speaking, belonged, the Whigs—because these might have much more shortly made an end of the case. There were several periods in the proceeding which offered the firmest ground for that great and powerful body to act with decisive effect; espousing as it did the right side of the question, but espousing it feebly, and not very consistently. If at any of those points they had made a strenuous resistance, and refused to proceed farther, though they might have been defeated by a small majority, the conductors of the Queen's case would have at once withdrawn from a proceeding, which presented daily to the indignant world, the spectacle, most abhorrent to every right feeling, of justice outraged no less in form than substance. Had they retired from this scene of mockery and vexation, the country was so entirely with them, that the Lords never would have ventured to proceed in their absence. But fate ordered it otherwise; the whole case on both sides was exhausted to the very dregs; and, the accusation failing, the Ministers were fain, on carrying one vote by only a majority of seven, to withdraw their master's Bill and leave him to himself. There is every reason to believe that they were too happy to have so good a pretence for sounding a retreat from their hazardous position; and they rested satisfied with allowing the King to continue the same petty warfare of annoyance and insult in which the royal veteran had formerly reaped so many laurels, only refusing him any more Bills of Attainder.

Under such aggressions upon her peace and the comforts of all her associates and supporters, after a struggle of less than a year, the gallant nature sunk, which had borne up against all neglect, braved the pitiless storms of incessant annoyance, and finally triumphed over the highest perils which persecution could surround her. The people continued firmly her friend, but the upper classes were, as usual, found unable to face the frowns, or resist the blandishments of the Court. As long as the interest of the contest continued, and popular favour could be gained by taking the right side, these aristocratic partisans could defy, or thought they could defy, the royal displeasure. But when the excitement had subsided, and no precise object seemed furthered by any more popularity, they were disposed, some to regain lost favour elsewhere, almost all to avoid widening the breach. There would be no use in

concealing the truth, were it not already well known; the Queen's circle became daily more and more contracted; her cause was as much as ever allowed to be that of right and justice: her husband's conduct that of a tyrant destitute alike of feeling and of honour; but he was powerful and she was weak; so the sentiment most generally felt was, that the subject was irksome, that it might as well now be dropped, that there were never such atrocities as the Prince had committed, nor such balls as he well and wisely gave from time to time, and that, if the sense of public duty commanded votes and speeches against the Bill in either House of Parliament, a feeling of what was due to near and dear relatives dictated the private duty of eschewing all that could close against their fashionable families the doors of Carlton House. In this state of the public mind, the resolution of the Queen once more to leave a country where her lot had been so wretched, would, upon its being disclosed, have produced very different effects in the various parts of the community. The people would have felt general concern, probably great, perhaps just displeasure; the Aristocracy, even its Liberal members, would have rejoiced at the removal of an irksome inconvenience. This plan, when on the eve of being carried into execution, was frustrated by Her Majesty's death. Exhausted by continued and unremitted persecution, and suffering severely by the signal failure of an attempt to attend the coronation, ill-devised and worse executed, because planned against the peremptory remonstrances of her law advisers, and executed without any of her accustomed firmness of purpose, she was stricken with a malady that baffled all the resources of the medical art, and expired, after declaring to her chief adviser, in an affecting interview, that she was happy to die, for life had never been to her any enjoyment since her early years, and was now become a heavy burthen.

Let it not be supposed that, in sketching the characters of George IV and his Queen, this pen has been guided by the feelings of party violence to excuse the errors of the injured party, or exaggerate the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which has here been painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation have been ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and, although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, *that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the repre-*

hension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while h incurs our censure.

It is impossible to close the sketch of these two exalted personag without a reflection suggested by the effects which were produced upo the public mind by the two most remarkable events connected wit their personal history—the death of the Princess Charlotte, and th persecution of the Queen.

To those who witnessed the universal and deep affliction into whic the nation was plunged by the former event, no description of the scer is necessary—to those who saw it not, all description would fail in co veying an adequate idea of the truth. It was as if each house had bee suddenly bereaved of a favourite child. The whole country felt th blow, as if it had been levelled at every family within its bounds. Whi the tears of all classes flowed, and the manlier sex itself was softened pity, the female imagination was occupied, bewildered, distracted, an the labours of child-bearing caused innumerable victims among tho whom the incident had struck down to the ground. Yet the fact of young woman dying in childbed was anything rather than out of th course of nature; certainly not a town in which it did not happen eve month—possibly not a parish of any extent in which it did not occ every year; and in neither town nor parish had the event ever produc the least sensation beyond the walls of the house in which the mourn scene took place.

So the maltreatment, however gross, of a wife by her husband unhappily by no means an event of rare occurrence. It is not ofte certainly, that so cruel and arbitrary a course of conduct has been pursu as that of George IV towards his consort; but then cases of even great brutality frequently occur, and pass with but little notice beyond t very small circle of those immediately connected with the parties.

But the case of Queen Caroline flung the whole country into a sta of excitement only equalled in universality and intenseness by the pan of grief felt for her daughter's death two years before. Every fami made the cause its own. Every man, every woman, took part in t fray. Party animosities, personal differences, were suspended, to jo with an injured wife against her tyrant husband. The power sovereignty itself was shaken to its centre. The military and the ci powers bore their part in the struggle which threatened the monarc with destruction. The people were so much exasperated that th refused to the injured party herself the right to judge of her own injuri When she intimated a wish to withdraw...

put a period to incessant annoyance, by retiring from the country, the multitude was roused to a frenzy by the bare mention of such a movement, and would have sacrificed to their infuriated sense of the Queen's injuries those advisers who should have honestly counselled her retirement, nay, the Queen herself, who really wished to go away, and restore the peace of the kingdom, while she consulted her own repose. So great was the diversity in the public consideration of a royal and a private family quarrel!

Sketches of Statesmen.

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859)

Educated at Christ's Hospital and, like Lamb, prevented from going to the University through an impediment in his speech, Leigh Hunt entered the Civil Service. He published "Juvenilia" in 1801, and left the War Office in 1808 to edit "The Examiner." For an attack upon the Prince Regent, Hunt was imprisoned for two years, which won him the goodwill of Byron and Moore. He made no abiding mark in literature until 1816, when he published "The Story of Rimini," in which he went back to Chaucer's versification in supersession of Pope. He established a literary circle at Hampstead, in which Keats, Shelley and Hazlitt were constellations.

In 1821, Hunt left England for Italy to start some Liberal paper in conjunction with Byron, but Shelley's death prevented this. He remained in Italy until 1825. In 1828 he published "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," which shocked many friends by its outspoken revelations.

His fortunes were always fluctuating until Mrs. Shelley settled £120 upon him for life, and Lord John Russell secured for him a Civil List Pension of £200. He proved himself subsequently, and in many volumes, an excellent anthologist as well as a competent essayist. Dickens denied that he was the original Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House," but the suggested likeness indicates popular opinion of him.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

Sir,—

To write in your Magazine makes me feel as if I, at length, had the pleasure of being personally in Scotland, a gratification which I have not yet enjoyed in any other way. I dive into my channel of communication, like another Alpheus, and reappear in the shop of Mr. Tait; not pursuing, I trust, anything *fugitive*, but behaving very unlike a river-god, and helping to bring forth an Edinburgh periodical.

Nor will you, sir, who enter so much into the interests of your fellow-creatures, and know so well of what their faculties are capable, look upon this kind of presence as a thing so purely unreal as it might be supposed. Our strongest proofs of the existence of anything amounts but to a proportionate belief to that effect; and it would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any place where I chose to pitch my imagination. I notice this metaphysical subtlety merely, in the first place, to baulk your friend the Pedler, should he think it a settled thing that a man cannot be in two places at once (which would be a very green assumption of his); and secondly, the better to impress a conviction which I have,—that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less,—the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles,—I shall leave the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have not seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gleamin', or birks and *burnies, or plaids, bonnets, and phillabegs, or John Knox, or Queen* Mary, or the Canongate, or the Calton Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedside, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Glengarry, or all the clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappee, or second sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lasses.

"A lover's plaid and a bed of heath," says the right poetical Allan Cunningham, "are favourite topics with the northern muse. When the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. *A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight.*" Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the *Gentle Shepherd*?—

> A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
> Where lasses used to wash and spread their claes;
> A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,
> Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round,
> Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.

Roy" to his hiding-places, and of "Jeanie Deans" towards England. Abbotsford, be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the "Antiquary"—almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all: for we should have older Scotland, the Scotland of James the First, and of "Peeblis at the Play," and Gawin Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto, with his tale of "Ginevra," and the new "Andromeda," delivered from the sea-monster at the Isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides); and there would be the residence of the famous "Launcelot of the Lake," at Berwick, called the Joyeuse Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance; nor should the nightingale be left out in "Ginevra's" bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there, accordingly, it is and has been heard, let ornithology say what it will; for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—"Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others."

This is the Scotland of books, and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm, Sir, even to yourself, that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places literally as well as poetically beautiful: I know that well enough. But you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes! He sees No. 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now what that place is to him, all places are, in their proportion, to the lover of books, for he has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, sir, is a very unknown place to us,—in one sense of the word unknown; but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea, and *china*, and ko-tous, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the teacups, and the novel of Ju-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it; better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers, Cathay, "seat of Cathian Can," the country of which Ariosto's "Angelica" was princess-royal; yes, she was a Chinese, "the fairest of her sex,

Angelica." It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer the farther you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that depends on red and white, in Tartary and other western regions; and a fine complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But "Astolfo," the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets; the unrivalled "Angelica" was a Chinese; and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes, "Zerbino," of whom he writes the famous passage, "that nature made him, and then broke the mould," was a *Scotchman*. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotchman in Romagna. With this piece of "bribery and corruption" to your national readers, I return to my subject.

Book-England, on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old Giants; as the "Logres" of the Knights of the Round Table; as the scene of Amadis of Gaul, with its *island* of Windsor; as the abode of fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of "Alfred" (whose reality was a romance), of the Fair Rosamond, of the *Arcades* and *Comus*, of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court. Fleet Street would be Johnson's Fleet Street; the Tower would belong to Julius Cæsar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the *Dunciad*. Chronology and the mixture of truth and fiction, that is to say, of one sort of truth and another, would come to nothing in a work of this kind; for, as it has been before observed, things are real in proportion as they are impressive. And who has not as "gross, open, and palpable" an idea of "Falstaff" in Eastcheap, as of "Captain Grose" himself, beating up his quarters? A map of fictitious, literary, and historical London, would, of itself, constitute a great curiosity. So would one of Edinburgh, or of any other city in which there have been great men and romantic events, whether the latter were real or fictitious. Swift speaks of maps, in which they

Place elephants for want of towns.

Here would be towns and elephants too, the popular and the prodigious. How much would not Swift do for Ireland, in this geography of wit and talent! What a figure would not St. Patrick's Cathedral make! The

other day, mention was made of a "Dean of St. Patrick's" *new living*; as if there was, or ever could be, more than one Dean of St. Patrick's! In the Irish maps we should have the Saint himself driving out all venomous creatures (what a pity that the most venomous retain a property as absentees!); and there would be the old Irish kings, and O'Donoghue with his White Horse, and the lady of the "gold wand" who made the miraculous virgin pilgrimage, and all the other marvels of lakes and ladies, and the Round Towers still remaining to perplex the antiquary, and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Goldsmith himself, and the birth-places of Steele and Sterne, and the brief hour of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Carolan with his harp, and the schools of the poor Latin boys under the hedges, and Castle Rackrent, and Edgeworth's-town, and the Giant's Causeway, and Ginleas and other classical poverties, and Spenser's castle on the river Mulla, with the wood-gods whom his pipe drew round him. Ireland is wild ground still; and there are some that would fain keep it so, like a forest to hunt in.

The French map would present us with the woods and warriors of old Gaul, and Lucan's witch; with Charlemaine and his court at Tours; with the siege of Paris by the Saracens, and half the wonders of Italian poetry; with Angelica and Medoro; with the castles of Orlando and Rinaldo, and the traitor Gan; with part of the great forest of Ardenne (Rosalind being in it); with the gentle territory of the Troubadours, and Navarre; with *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Vaucluse*; with Petrarch and Laura, and the pastoral scenes of D'Urfe's romance, and the "Men-Wolves" of Brittany, and the "Fairy of Lusignan." Napoleon, also (for he too was a romance), should be drawn as a giant, meeting the allied forces in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Italy would be covered with ancient and modern romance; with Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Boccaccio, &c., with classical villas, and scenes Elysian and Infernal. There would be the region of Saturn during his Age of Gold, and the old Tuscan cities, and Phaeton in the north, and the sirens and fairies at Naples, and Polyphemus in Sicily, with the abodes of Boiardo and Ariosto, and Horace's Mount Soracte, and the Cross of St. Peter, and the city in the sea, and the golden scenes of Titian and Raphael, and other names that make us hear the music of their owners: Pythagoras also with his philosophy, and Petrarch with his lute. A circle of stars would tell us where Galileo lived, and the palace of Doria would look more than royal towards the sea.

I dare not, in this hasty sketch, and with limited time before me, indulge myself in other luxuries of recollection, or do anything more

than barely mention the names of Spain, Fontarabia, and Cervantes; of Greece; of Persia, and the *Arabian Nights*; of Mount Caucasus, and Turkey, and the Gothic north; of El Dorado and Columbus; or th sea-snakes, floating islands, and other marvels of the ocean; not forgettin the Atalantis of Plato, and the regions of "Gulliver" and "Peter Wilkins." Neither can I have the pleasure of being suffocated with contemplating at proper length, the burning deserts of Africa; or of hearing the ghastl sounds of its old Satyrs and Aegipans in their woody hills at night-time described by Pomponius Mela; or of seeing the Stormy Spirit of th Cape, stationed there for ever by Camoens, and whose stature on th map would be like a mountain. You will be good enough to tak this paper as nothing but a hint of what such a map might contain.

One word, however, respecting a heresy in fictitious belief, whic has been uttered by Rousseau, and repeated, I am sorry to say, by ou excellent poet Wordsworth, the man of all men who ought *not* to reduc a matter of fact to what might be supposed to be its poverty. Rousseau speaking of the banks of the Lignon, where the scene of the old Frenc romance is laid, expresses his disappointment at finding there nothin like the beautiful things he fancied in his childhood; and Mr. Words worth in his poem of *Yarrow, Visited and Unvisited*, utters a like regre *in speaking of the scene of the* "bonny bride—the winsome marrow." I know there is such an opinion abroad, like many other errors; but i does not become men of imagination to give in to it; and I must prote against it, as a flat irreligion. I do not pretend to be as romantic in m conduct as the Genevese philosopher, or as poetical in my nature as th bard of Rydal Mount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater anim spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies b It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that the book-Lignon an the book-Yarrow are still finer things than the Lignon and Yarro geographical; but to be actually on the spot, to look with one's own ey upon the places in which our favourite heroes or heroines underwent th circumstances that made us love them—this may surely make up f an advantage on the side of the description in the book; and, in additio to this, we have the pleasure of seeing how much has been done for th place by love and poetry. I have seen various places in Europe, whic have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walke and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them; and *if their boo* have made the places better, *the books themselves were there which ma*

them so, and which *grew out of them.* The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the *principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and*, of course, associated it with every commonplace the most unpoetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakespeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had duties to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

I am, Sir, your cordial well-wisher,

A Lover of Books.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794–1854)

Lockhart was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in classics and showed remarkable promise. He was called to the Scottish Bar in Edinburgh. He had already proved himself an accomplished writer when he became a regular contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." In 1820 he married the daughter of Sir Walter Scott. For many years he continued writing articles, translating, and performing other literary work, but he is best known by his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" which has been considered the best biography after Boswell's written in English.

SCOTT'S DEN

He at this time occupied as his *den* a small square room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich, but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto, *clausus tutus ero*—being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side—poetry and the drama on another—law books and dictionaries behind his own chair.

The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c., in silver—the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle; sometimes he folded letter-covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearthrug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, a portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimneypiece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hinse of Hinsfeldt (so called from one of the German *Kinder-Märchen*), a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square; the Sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity,—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent

upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing, was broken every now and then by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood everything he said to them—and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.

Life of Sir Walter Scott.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

The son of a mason at Ecclefechan, in Annandale, by sheer hard work and perseverance he obtained for himself an education at Edinburgh University, with the intention of entering the ministry. In 1816 he was appointed a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, where he met Edward Irving, who was teaching in the same school. From the first he became a staunch adherent of Goethe; he studied German literature, translated some of Goethe's works, and wrote the life of Schiller. In 1826 he married Jane Welch, who had been in love with Irving, and started writing articles for "The Edinburgh Review." "Sartor Resartus" appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1833, but created no wide interest, and it was not until the publication of the "French Revolution" that he became famous. This work was followed by "Essays on Hero-Worship," "Chartism," and "Past and Present," but remained without a rival until the publication, in 1845, of "The Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell." Carlyle wrote very little during the next few years, although "Latter Day Pamphlets" appeared in 1850. He then set to work upon the "Life of Frederick the Great," the first two volumes of which appeared in 1858 and the subsequent volumes at intervals up to 1865. He was a master of pathos and pictorial description; and influenced his contemporaries by his prophetic and apocalyptic appeal to duty and action.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

Herr, or as he is now called Monsieur, Boehmer, to all appearance wanted not that last infirmity of noble and ignoble minds,—a love of fame; he was destined also to be famous more than enough. His outlooks into the world were rather of a smiling character: he has long since exchanged his guttural speech, as far as possible, for a nasal one; his rustic Saxon fatherland for a polished city of Paris, and thriven there. United in partnership with worthy Monsieur Bassange, a sound

practical man, skilled in the valuation of all precious stones, in the management of workmen, in the judgment of their work, he already sees himself among the highest of his guild: nay, rather the *very highest*,—for he has secured, by purchase and hard money paid, the title of King's Jeweller; and can enter the Court itself, leaving all other Jewellers, and even innumerable Gentlemen, Gigmen and small Nobility, to languish in the vestibule. With the costliest ornaments in his pocket, or borne after him by assiduous shop-boys, the happy Boehmer sees high drawing-rooms and sacred *ruelles* fly open, as with talismanic *Sesame*; and the brightest eyes of the whole world grow brighter: to him alone of men the Unapproachable reveals herself in mysterious *négligée*; taking and giving counsel. Do not, on all gala-days and gala-nights, his works praise him? On the gorgeous robes of State, on Court-dresses and Lords' stars, on the diadem of Royalty; better still, on the swan-neck of Beauty, and her queenly garniture from plume-bearing aigrette to shoebuckle on fairy-slipper,—that blinding play of colours is Boehmer's doing: he is *Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine.*

Could the man but have been content with it! He could not: Icarus-like, he must mount too high; have his wax-wings melted, and descend prostrate,—amid a cloud of vain goose-quills. One day, a fatal day (of some year, probably, among the *Seventies* of last century), it struck Boehmer: Why should not I, who, as Most Christian King's Jeweller, am properly first Jeweller of the Universe,—make a Jewel which the Universe has not matched? Nothing can prevent thee, Boehmer, if thou have the skill to do it. Skill or no skill, answers he, I have the ambition: my Jewel, if not the beautifulest, shall be the dearest. Thus was the Diamond Necklace determined on.

Did worthy Bassange give a willing, or a reluctant consent? In any case he consents; and coöperates. Plans are sketched, consultations held, stucco models made; by money or credit the costliest diamonds come in; cunning craftsmen cut them, set them: proud Boehmer sees the work go prosperously on. Proud man! Behold him on a morning after breakfast: he has stepped down to the innermost workshop, before sallying out; stands there with his laced three-cornered hat, cane under arm; drawing-on his gloves: with nod, with nasal-guttural word, he gives judicious confirmation, judicious abnegation, censure and approval. A still joy is dawning over that bland, blond face of his; he can think, while in many a sacred boudoir he visits the Unapproachable, that an *opus magnum*, of which the world wotteth not, is progressing. At length comes a morning when care has terminated, and joy can not

only down but shine, the Necklace, which shall be famous and world-famous, is made.

Made we call it, in conformity with common speech: but properly it was not made; only, with more or less spirit of method, arranged and agglomerated. What spirit of method lay in it, might be made; nothing more. But to tell the various Histories of those various Diamonds, from the first making of them; or even, omitting all the rest, from the first digging of them in the far Indian mines! How they lay, for uncounted ages and æons (under the uproar and splashing of such Deucalion Deluges, and Hutton Explosions, with steam enough, and Werner Submersions) silently imbedded in the rock; did nevertheless, when their hour came, emerge from it, and first beheld the glorious Sun smile on them, and with their many-coloured glances smiled back on him. How they served next, let us say, as eyes of Heathen Idols, and received worship. How they had then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out, and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties, and again been lost, with the fingers too, and perhaps life (as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy), in old-forgotten glorious victories: and so, through innumerable varieties of fortune,—had come at last to the cutting-wheel of Boehmer; to be united, in strange fellowship, with comrades also blown together from *all ends of the Earth, each with a History of its own!* Could these aged stones, the youngest of them Six Thousand years of age and upwards, but have spoken, *there* were an Experience for Philosophy to teach by!—But now, as was said, by little caps of gold, and daintiest rings of the same, they are all being, so to speak, enlisted under Boehmer's flag,—made to take rank and file, in new order, no Jewel asking his neighbour whence he came, and parade there for a season. For a season only; and then—to disperse, and enlist anew *ad infinitum*. In such inexplicable wise are Jewels, and Men also, and indeed all earthly things, jumbled together and asunder, and shovelled and wafted to and fro, in our inexplicable chaos of a World. This was what Boehmer called *making* his Necklace.

In a word, Monsieur Boehmer has made his Necklace, what he calls made it: happy man is he. From a Drawing, as large as Reality, kindly furnished by "Taunay, Printseller, of the Rue d'Enfer"; and again, in late years, by the Abbé Georgel, in the Second Volume of his *Mémoires*, curious readers can still fancy to themselves what a princely Ornament it was. A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large

almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very Queen of Diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the Necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible *six*-fold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind-neck,—we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire.

All these on a neck of snow slight-tinged with rose-bloom, and within it royal Life: amidst the blaze of lustres; in sylphish movements, espiegleries, coquetteries; and minuet-mazes; with every movement a flash of star-rainbow colours, bright almost as the movements of the fair young soul it emblems! A glorious ornament; fit only for the Sultana of the World. Indeed, only attainable by such; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say, in round numbers, and sterling money, between eighty and ninety thousand pounds.

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Miscalculating Boehmer! The Sultana of the Earth shall never wear that Necklace of thine; no neck, either royal or vassal, shall ever be the lovelier for it. In the present distressed state of our finances, with the American War raging round us, where thinkest thou are eighty thousand pounds to be raised for such a thing? In this hungry world, thou fool, these five hundred and odd Diamonds, good only for looking at, are intrinsically worth less to us than a string of as many dry Irish potatoes, on which a famishing Sansculotte might fill his belly. Little knowest thou, laughing Joaillier-Bijoutier, great in thy pride of place, in thy pride of *savoir-faire*, what the world has in store for thee. Thou laughest there; by and by thou wilt laugh on the wrong side of thy face mainly.

While the Necklace lay in stucco effigy, and the stones of it were still "circulating in Commerce," Du Barry's was the neck it was meant for. Unhappily, as all dogs, male and female, have but their day, her day is done; and now (so busy has Death been) she sits retired, on mere half-pay, without prospects, at St.-Cyr. A generous France will buy no more neck-ornaments for *her*:—O Heaven! the Guillotine-axe is

Vienna, making blunders and debaucheries: these Two, all uncommunicating, wide asunder as the Poles, are hourly forging for each other the wonderfulest hook-and-eye; which will hook them together, one day,—into artificial Siamese-Twins, for the astonishment of mankind.

Prince Louis de Rohan is one of those select mortals born to honours, as the sparks fly upwards; and, alas, also (as all men are) to troubles no less. Of his genesis and descent much might be said, by the curious in such matters; yet perhaps, if we weigh it well, intrinsically little. He can, by diligence and faith, be traced back some handbreadth or two, some century or two; but after that, merges in the mere "blood-royal of Brittany"; long, long on this side of the Northern Immigrations, he is not so much as to be sought for;—and leaves the whole space onwards from that, into the bosom of Eternity, a blank, marked only by one point, the Fall of Man! However, and what alone concerns us, his kindred, in these quite recent times, have been much about the Most Christian Majesty; could there pick up what was going. In particular, they have had a turn of some continuance for Cardinalship and Commendatorship. Safest trades these, of the calm, do-nothing sort: in the do-something line, in Generalship, or suchlike (witness poor Cousin Soubise at Rossbach), they might not fare so well. In any case, the actual Prince Louis, Coadjutor at Strasburg, while his uncle the Cardinal-Archbishop has not yet deceased and left him his dignities, but only fallen sick, already takes his place on one grandest occasion: he, thrice-happy Coadjutor, receives the fair, young, trembling Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, on her first entrance into France; and can there, as Ceremonial Fugleman, with fit bearing and semblance (being a tall man of six-and-thirty), do the needful. Of his other performances up to this date, a refined History had rather say nothing.

In fact, if the tolerating mind will meditate it with any sympathy, what could poor Rohan perform? Performing needs light, needs strength, and a firm clear footing; all of which had been denied him. Nourished, from birth, with the choicest physical spoon-meat, indeed; yet also, with no better spiritual Doctrine and Evangel of Life than a French Court of Louis the Well-beloved could yield; gifted moreover, and this too was but a new perplexity for him, with shrewdness enough to see through much, with vigour enough to despise much; unhappily, not with vigour enough to spurn it from him, and be forever enfranchised of it,—he awakes, at man's stature, with man's wild desires, in a World of the merest incoherent Lies and Delirium; himself a nameless Mass of delirious Incoherences,—covered over at most, and held-in a little, by

conventional Politesse, and a Cloak of prospective Cardinal's Plush. Are not intrigues, might Rohan say, the industry of this our Universe; nay, is not the Universe itself, at bottom, properly an intrigue? A Most Christian Majesty, in the *Parc-aux-cerfs*; he, thou seest, is the god of this lower world; in the fight of Life, our war-banner and celestial *En-touto-nika* is a Strumpet's Petticoat: these are thy gods, O France!—What, in such singular circumstances, could poor Rohan's creed and world-theory be, that he should "perform" thereby? Atheism? Alas, no; not even Atheism: only Macchiavelism; and the indestructible faith that "ginger is hot in the mouth." Get ever new and better *ginger*, therefore; chew it ever the more diligently: 'tis all thou hast to look to, and that only for a day.

Ginger enough, poor Louis de Rohan: too much of ginger! Whatsoever of it, for the five senses, money, or money's worth, or backstairs diplomacy, can buy; nay, for the sixth sense too, the far spicier ginger, Antecedence of thy fellow-creatures,—merited, at least, by infinitely finer housing than theirs. Coadjutor of Strasburg, Archbishop of Strasburg, Grand Almoner of France, Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Cardinal, Commendator of St. Wast d'Arras (one of the fattest benefices here below): all these shall be housings for Monseigneur: to all these shall his Jesuit Nursing-mother, our vulpine Abbé Georgel, *through fair court-weather and through foul, triumphantly bear him*; and wrap him with them, fat, somnolent Nursling as he is.

Such, however, have Nature and Art combined together to make Prince Louis. A figure thrice-clothed with honours; with plush, and civic and ecclesiastic garniture of all kinds, but in itself little other than an amorphous congeries of contradictions, somnolence and violence, foul passions and foul habits. It is by his plush cloaks and wrappages mainly, as above hinted, that such a figure sticks together; what we call "coheres," in any measure; were it not for these, he would flow [illegible] boundlessly on all sides. Conceive him farther, with a kind [illegible] vigour and fire, for he can see clearly at times, and speak [illegible] left in this way to stagnate and ferment, and lie overlaid [illegible] of fat material: have we not a true image of the shameful [illegible]-volcano, gurgling and sluttishly simmering, amid continual [illegible]-stinctness, —except, as was hinted, in wind-*gusts*; with occasional terrifico-absurd mud-explosions!

This, garnish it and fringe it never so handsomely, is, alas, the intrinsic character of Prince Louis. A shameful spectacle: such, however, as the world has beheld many times, as it were t

is not yet to be hoped, the world might behold no more. Nay, are not all possible delirious incoherences, outward and inward, summed up, for poor Rohan, in this one incrediblest incoherence, that *he*, Prince Louis de Rohan, is named Priest, Cardinal of the Church? A debauched, merely libidinous mortal, lying there quite helpless, *dis*solute (as we well say); whom to see Church *Cardinal*, symbolical *Hinge* or main Corner of the Invisible Holy in this World, an Inhabitant of Saturn might split with laughing,—if he did not rather swoon with pity and horror!

However, as above hinted, he is now gone, in these years, on Embassy to Vienna: with "four-and-twenty pages" (if our remembrance of Abbé Georgel serve) "of noble birth," all in scarlet breeches; and such a retinue and parade as drowns even his fat revenue in perennial debt. Above all things, his Jesuit Familiar is with him. For so everywhere they must manage: Eminence Rohan is the cloak, Jesuit Georgel the man or automaton within it. Rohan, indeed, sees Poland a-partitioning; or rather Georgel, with his "masked Austrian" traitor "on the ramparts," sees it for him: but what can he do? He exhibits his four-and-twenty scarlet pages,—who, we find, "smuggle" to quite unconscionable lengths; rides through a Catholic procession, Prospective-Cardinal though he be, because it is too long and keeps him from an appointment; hunts, gallants; gives suppers, Sardanapalus-wise, the finest ever seen in Vienna. Abbé Georgel, as we fancy it was, writes a Dispatch in his name "every fortnight";—mentions in one of these, that "Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the handkerchief in one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland; but with the sword in the other hand, ready to cut Poland in sections, and take her share." Untimely joke; which proved to Prince Louis the root of unspeakable chagrins! For Minister D'Aiguillon (much against his duty) communicates the Letter to King Louis; Louis to Du Barry, to season her *souper*, and laughs over it: the thing becomes a court-joke; the filially-pious Dauphiness hears it, and remembers it. Accounts go, moreover, that Rohan spake censuringly of the Dauphiness to her Mother: this probably is but hearsay and false; the devout Maria Theresa disliked him, and even despised him, and vigorously laboured for his recall.

Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left, forever, his *Parc-aux-cerfs*; and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off), he, as the Abbé Georgel

records, "made the *amende honoralle* to God" (these are his Reverence's own words); had a true repentance of three-days' standing; and so, continues the Abbé, "fell asleep in the Lord." Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbé! If such a mass of Laziness and Lust fell asleep in the Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can, for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more;—and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.

Louis XVI therefore reigns (and, under the Sieur Gamain, makes locks); his fair Dauphiness has become a Queen. Eminence Rohan is home from Vienna; to condole and congratulate. He bears a Letter from Maria Theresa; hopes the Queen will not forget old Ceremonial Fuglemen, and friends of the Dauphiness. Heaven and Earth! The Dauphiness Queen will not see him; orders the Letter to be *sent* her. The King himself signifies briefly that he "will be asked for when wanted"!

On a man of poor Rohan's somnolence and violence, the sympathizing mind can estimate what the effect was. Consternation, stupefaction, the total jumble of blood, brains and nervous spirits; in ear and heart, only universal hubbub, and louder and louder singing of the agitated air. A fall comparable to that of Satan! Men have, indeed, been driven from Court; and borne it, according to ability. Choiseul, in these very years, retired Parthianlike, with a smile or scowl, and drew half the Court-host along with him. Our Wolsey, though once an *Ego et Rex meus*, could journey, it is said, without strait-waistcoat, to his monastery; and there telling beads, look forward to a still longer journey. The melodious, too soft-strung Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively—died. But the case of Coadjutor de Rohan differed from all these. No loyalty was in him, that he should die; no self-help, that he should live, no faith, that he should tell beads. His is a mud-volcanic character; incoherent, mad, from the very foundation of it. Think too, that his Courtiership (for how could any nobleness enter there?) was properly a gambling speculation: the loss of his trump Queen of Hearts can bring nothing but flat unredeemed despair. No other game has he, in a this world,—or in the next. And then the exasperating *Why? The How came it?* For that Rohanic, or Georgelic, sprightliness of the "handkerchief in one hand, and sword in the other," if indeed that

could have caused it all, has quite escaped him. In the name of Friar Bacon's Head, *what* was it? Imagination, with Desperation to drive her, may fly to all points of Space;—and returns with wearied wings and no tidings.

Nevertheless hope, in the human breast, though not in the diabolic, springs eternal. The outcast Rohan bends all his thoughts, faculties, prayers, purposes, to one object; one object he will attain, or go to Bedlam. How many ways he tries; what days and nights of conjecture, consultation; what written unpublished reams of correspondence, protestation, backstairs diplomacy of every rubric! How many suppers has he eaten; how many given,—in vain! It is his morning song, and his evening prayer. From innumerable falls he rises; only to fall again. Behold him even, with his red stockings, at dusk, in the Garden of Trianon: he has bribed the Concierge; will see her Majesty in spite of Etiquette and Fate; peradventure, pitying his long sad King's-evil, she will touch him and heal him. In vain,—says the Female Historian, Campan. The Chariot of Majesty shoots rapidly by, with high-plumed heads in it; Eminence is known by his red stockings, but not looked at, only laughed at, and left standing like a Pillar of Salt.

Thus through ten long years, of new resolve and new despondency, of flying from Saverne to Paris, and from Paris to Saverne, has it lasted; hope deferred making the heart sick. Reynard Georgel and Cousin de Marsan, by eloquence, by influence, and being "at M. de Maurepas's pillow before six," have secured the Archbishopric, the Grand-Almonership; the Cardinalship (by the medium of Poland); and, lastly, to tinker many rents, and appease the Jews, that fattest Commendatorship, founded by King Thierri the Do-nothing—perhaps with a view to such cases. All good! languidly croaks Rohan; yet all not the one thing needful; alas, the Queen's eyes do not yet shine on me.

Foolish Eminence! is the Earth grown all barren and of a snuff colour, because one pair of eyes in it look on thee askance? Surely thou hast thy Body there yet; and what of soul might from the first reside in it. Nay, a warm, snug Body, with not only five senses (sound still, in spite of much tear and wear), but most eminent clothing, besides;—clothed with authority over much, with red Cardinal's cloak, red Cardinal's hat; with Commendatorship, Grand-Almonership, so kind have thy Fripiers been; with dignities and dominions too tedious to name. The stars rise nightly, with tidings (for thee too, if thou wilt listen) from the infinite Blue; Sun and Moon bring vicissitudes of season; dressing green, with flower-borderings, and cloth of gold, this ancient ever-

young Earth of ours, and filling her breasts with all-nourishing mother's milk. Wilt thou work? The whole Encyclopedia (not Diderot's only, but the Almighty's) is there for thee to spread thy broad faculty upon. Or, if thou have no faculty, no Sense, hast thou not, as already suggested, Senses, to the number of five? What victuals thou wishest, command; with what wine savoureth thee, be filled. Already thou art a false lascivious Priest; with revenues of, say, a quarter of a million sterling; and no mind to mend. Eat, foolish Eminence; eat with voracity,—leaving the shot till *afterwards!* In all this the eyes of Marie-Antoinette can neither help thee nor hinder.

And yet what is the Cardinal, dissolute mud-volcano though he be, more foolish herein than all Sons of Adam? Give the wisest of us once a "fixed-idea,"—which, though a temporary madness, who has not had?—and see where his wisdom is! The Chamois-hunter serves his doomed seven years in the Quicksilver Mines; returns salivated to the marrow of the backbone; and next morning—goes forth to hunt again. Behold Cardalion King of Urinals; with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow! He blows out, Werter-wise, his foolish existence, because *she* will not have it to keep;—heeds not that there are some five hundred millions of other mistresses in this noble Planet; most likely much such as she. O foolish men! They sell their Inheritance (as their Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet: will they not, in every age, dare not only grape-shot and gallows-ropes, but Hell-fire itself, for better sauce to their victuals? My friends, beware of fixed-ideas.

Here, accordingly, is poor Boehmer with one in his head too! He has been hawking his "irreducible case of Cardan," that Necklace of his, these three long years, through all Palaces and Ambassadors' Hôtels, over the old "nine Kingdoms," or more of them than there now are: searching, sifting Earth, Sea and Air, for a customer. To take his Necklace in pieces; and so, losing only his manual labour and expected glory, dissolve his fixed-idea, and fixed diamonds, into current ones: this were simply casting out the Devil—from himself, a miracle, and perhaps more! For he too has a Devil, or Devils one mad object which he strives at; which he too will attain, or go to Bedlam. Creditors, snarling, hound him on from without; mocked Hopes, lost Labours, bear-bait him from within: to these torments his fixed-idea keeps him chained. In six-and-thirty weary revolutions of the Moon, was it wonderful the man's brain had got dried a little?

Behold, one day, being Court-Jeweller, he too bursts, almost as Rohan had done, into the Queen's retirement, or apartment; flings himself (as Campan again has recorded) at her Majesty's feet; and there, with clasped uplifted hands, in passionate nasal-gutturals, with streaming tears and loud sobs, entreats her to do one of two things: Either to buy his Necklace; or else graciously to vouchsafe him her royal permission to drown himself in the River Seine. Her Majesty, pitying the distracted bewildered state of the man, calmly points out the plain third course: *Dépécez votre Collier*, Take your Necklace in pieces;—adding withal, in a tone of queenly rebuke, that if he would drown himself, he at all times could, without her furtherance.

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If the reader has hitherto, in our too figurative language, seen only the figurative hook and the figurative eye, which Boehmer and Rohan, far apart, were respectively fashioning for each other, he shall now see the cunning Milliner (an actual, unmetaphorical *Milliner*) by whom these two individuals, with their two implements, are brought in contact, and hooked together into stupendous artificial Siamese-Twins;—after which the whole nodus and solution will naturally combine and unfold itself.

Jeanne de Saint-Remi, by courtesy or otherwise, Countess, styled also *of Valois*, and even *of France*, has now, in this year of Grace 1783, known the world for some seven-and-twenty summers; and had crooks in her lot. She boasts herself descended, by what is called *natural* generation, from the Blood-Royal of France: Henri Second, before that fatal tourney-lance entered his right eye and ended him, appears to have had, successively or simultaneously, four—unmentionable women: and so, *in vice* of the third of these, came a certain Henri de Saint-Remi into this world; and, as High and Puissant Lord, ate his victuals and spent his days, on an allotted domain of Fontette, near Bar-sur-Aube, in Champagne. Of High and Puissant Lords, at this Fontette, six other generations followed; and thus ultimately, in a space of some two centuries,—succeeded in realizing this brisk little Jeanne de Saint-Remi, here in question. But, ah, what a falling-off! The Royal Family of France has wellnigh forgotten its left-hand collaterals: the last High and Puissant Lord (much clipt by his predecessors), falling into drink, and left by a scandalous world to drink his pitcher *dry*, had to alienate by degrees his whole worldly Possessions, down almost to the indispensable, or inexpressibles; and die at last in the Paris Hôtel-Dieu; glad that it was not on the street. So that he has, indeed, given a sort of

bastard royal life to little Jeanne, and her little brother; but not the smallest earthly provender to keep it in. The mother, in her extremity, forms the wonderfulest connexions; and little Jeanne, and her little brother, go out into the highways to beg.

A charitable Countess Boulainvilliers, struck with the little bright-eyed tatterdemalion from the carriage-window, picks her up; has her scoured, clothed; and rears her, in her fluctuating miscellaneous way, to be, about the age of twenty, a nondescript of Mantuamaker, Soubrette, Court-beggar, Fine-lady, Abigail, and Scion-of-Royalty. Sad combination of trades! The Court, after infinite soliciting, puts one off with a hungry dole of little more than thirty pounds a year. Nay, the audacious Count Boulainvilliers dares, with what purposes he knows best, to offer some suspicious presents! Whereupon his good Countess, especially as Mantuamaking languishes, thinks it could not but be fit to go down to Bar-sur-Aube; and there see whether no fractions of that alienated Fontette Property, held perhaps on insecure tenure, may, by terror or cunning, be recoverable. Burning her paper patterns, pocketing her pension till more come, Mademoiselle Jeanne sallies out thither, in her twenty-third year.

Nourished in this singular way, alternating between saloon and kitchen-table, with the loftiest of pretensions, meanest of possessions, our poor High and Puissant Mantuamaker has realized for herself a "face not beautiful, yet with a certain piquancy"; dark hair, blue eyes; and a character, which the present Writer, a determined student of human nature, declares to be undecipherable. Let the Psychologists try it! Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Valois de France actually lived, and worked, and was: she has even published, at various times, three considerable Volumes of Autobiography, with loose Leaves (in Courts of Justice) of unknown number; wherein he that runs may read,—but not understand. Strange Volumes! more like the screeching of distracted night-birds (suddenly disturbed by the torch of Police-Fowlers), than the articulate utterance of a rational unfeathered biped. Cheerfully admitting these statements to be all lies; we ask, How any mortal could, or should, *so* lie?

The Psychologists, however, commit one sore *mistake*; that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the heart of Life, they judge that with all the world it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of

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The Psychologists, however, commit one sore mistake; that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the heart of Life, they judge that with all the world it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of

Life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: Digestion. While Digestion lasts, Life cannot, in philosophical language, be said to be extinct: and Digestion will give rise to Volitions enough; at any rate, to Desires and attempts, which may pass for such. He who looks neither before nor after, any farther than the Larder and Stateroom, which latter is properly the finest compartment of the Larder, will need no World-theory, Creed as it is called, or Scheme of Duties: lightly leaving the world to wag as it likes with any theory or none, his grand object is a theory and practice of ways and means. Not goodness or badness is the type of him; only shiftiness or shiftlessness.

And now, disburdened of this obstruction, let the Psychologists consider it under a bolder view. Consider the brisk Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Saint-Shifty as a Spark of vehement Life, not developed into Will of any kind, yet fully into Desires of all kinds, and cast into such a Life-element as we have seen. Vanity and Hunger; a Princess of the Blood, yet whose father had sold his inexpressibles; uncertain whether fosterdaughter of a fond Countess, with hopes sky-high, or supernumerary Soubrette; with not enough of mantuamaking: in a word, *Gigmanity disgigged*; one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man! She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex: *varium semper et mutabile.* And then her Fine-ladyism, though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of reason. Consider too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery; wheedling, eavesdropping, namby-pambying: how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades. Thought can hardly be said to exist in her: only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing; every individual thing (for she has never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing. Thus sits, or rather vehemently bobs and hovers her vehement mind, in the middle of a boundless many-dancing whirlpool of gilt-shreds, paper-clippings and windfalls,—to which the revolving chaos of my Uncle Toby's Smoke-jack was solidity and regularity. Reader! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature: they hum and buzz there,

on graceful film-wings;—searching nevertheless with the wonderfulest skill for honey; "*un*tamable as flies!"

Wonderfulest skill for honey, we say; and, pray, mark that, as regards this Countess de Saint-Shifty. Her instinct-of-genius is prodigious; her appetite fierce. In any foraging speculation of the private kind, she, unthinking as you call her, will be worth a hundred thinkers. And so of such untamable flies the untamablest, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is now buzzing down, in the Bar-sur-Aube Diligence; to inspect the honey-jars of Fontette; and see and smell whether there be any flaws in them.

Alas, at Fontette, we can, with sensibility, behold straw-roofs we were nursed under; farmers courteously offer cooked milk, and other country messes: but no soul will part with his Landed Property, for which, though cheap, he declares hard money was paid. The honey-jars are all close, then?—However, a certain Monsieur de Lamotte, a tall Gendarme, home on furlough from Lunéville, is now at Bar; pays us attentions; becomes quite particular in his attentions,—for we have a face "with a certain piquancy," the liveliest glib-snappish tongue, the liveliest kittenish manner (not yet hardened into *cat*-hood), with thirty pounds a-year and prospects. M. de Lamotte, indeed, is as yet only a private sentinel; but then a private sentinel in the *Gendarmes*: and did not his father die fighting "at the head of his company," at Minden? Why not in virtue of our own Countess-ship dub him too Count; by left-hand collateralism, get him advanced?—Finished before the furlough is done! The untamablest of flies has again buzzed off; in wedlock with M. de Lamotte; if not to get honey, yet to escape spiders; and so lies in garrison at Lunéville, amid coquetries and hysterics, in Gigmanity disgigged,—disconsolate enough.

At the end of four long years (too long), M. de Lamotte, or call him now *Count* de Lamotte, sees good to lay down his fighting-gear (unhappily still only the musket), and become what is by certain moderns called a "Civilian": not a Civil-law Doctor; merely a Citizen, one who does not live by being killed. Alas, cold eclipse has all along hung over the Lamotte household. Countess Boulainvilliers, it is true, writes in the most feeling manner; but then the Royal Finances are so deranged! Without personal pressing solicitation, on the spot, no Court-solicitor, were his Pension the meagrest, can hope to better it. At Lunéville the sun, indeed, shines; and there is a kind of Life; but only an Un-Parisian, half or quarter Life; the very tradesmen grow clamorous, and no cunningly-devised fable, read-money alone will appease them. Commandant Marquis d'Autichamp agrees with

Madame Boulainvilliers that a journey to Paris were the project; whither, also, he himself is just going. Perfidious Commandant Marquis! His plan is seen through: he dares to presume to make love to a Scion-of-Royalty; or to hint that he could dare to presume to do it! Whereupon, indignant Count de Lamotte, as we said, throws up his commission, and down his fire-arms, without further delay. The King loses a tall private sentinel; the World has a new blackleg; and Monsieur and Madame de Lamotte take places in the Diligence for Strasburg.

Good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, however, is no longer at Strasburg: she is forward at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Saverne; on a visit there, to his Eminence Cardinal Commendator, Grand-Almoner Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan! Thus, then, has Destiny at last brought it about. Thus, after long wanderings, on paths so far separate, has the time come, in this late year 1783, when, of all the nine hundred millions of the Earth's denizens, these preappointed Two behold each other!

The foolish Cardinal, since no sublunary means, not even bribing of the Trianon Concierge, will serve, has taken to the superlunary: he is here, with his fixed-idea and volcanic vaporosity darkening, under Cagliostro's management, into thicker and thicker opaque,—of the Black-Art itself. To the glance of hungry genius, Cardinal and Cagliostro could not but have meaning. A flush of astonishment, a sigh over boundless wealth (for the mountains of debt lie invisible) in the hands of boundless Stupidity; some vague looming of indefinite hope: all this one can well fancy. But, alas, what, to a high plush Cardinal, is a now insolvent Scion-of-Royalty,—though with a face of some piquancy? The good Fostermother's visit, in any case, can last but three days; then, amid old namby-pambyings, with effusions of the nobler sensibilities and tears of pity at least for oneself, Countess de Lamotte, and husband, must off with her to Paris, and new possibilities at Court. Only when the sky again darkens, can this vague looming from Saverne look out, by fits, as a cheering weather-sign.

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However, the sky, according to custom, is not long in darkening again. The King's finances, we repeat, are in so distracted a state! No D'Ormesson, no Joly de Fleury, wearied with milking the already dry, will increase that scandalous Thirty Pounds of a Scion-of-Royalty by a single doit. Calonne himself, who has a willing ear and encouraging word for all mortals whatsoever, only with difficulty, and by aid of

Madame of France, raises it to some still miserable Sixty-five. Worst of all, the good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, in few months, suddenly dies: the wretched widower, sitting there, with his white handkerchief, to receive condolences, with closed shutters, mortuary tapestries, and sepulchral cressets burning (which, however, the instant the condolences are gone, he blows out, to save oil), has the audacity again, amid crocodile tears, to—drop hints! Nay, more, he, wretched man in all senses, abridges the Lamotte table; will besiege virtue both in the positive and negative way. The Lamottes, wintry as the world looks, cannot be gone too soon.

As to Lamotte the husband, he, for shelter against much, decisively dives down to the "subterranean shades of Rascaldom"; gambles, swindles; can hope to live, miscellaneously, if not by the Grace of God, yet by the Oversight of the Devil,—for a time. Lamotte the wife also makes her packages: and waving the unseductive Count Boulainvilliers Save-all a disdainful farewell, removes to the *Belle Image* in Versailles; there within wind of Court, in attic apartments, on poor water-gruel board, resolves to await what can betide. So much, in few months of this fateful year 1783, has come and gone.

Communing much with the Court *valetaille*, our brave Countess has more than once heard talk of Boehmer, of his Necklace, and threatened death by water; in the course of gossiping and tattling, this topic from time to time emerges; is commented upon with empty laughter,—as if there lay no farther meaning in it. To the common eye there is indeed none: but to the eye of genius? In some moment of inspiration, the question rises on our brave Lamotte: Were not *this*, of all extant Forces, the cognate one that would unite with Eminence Rohan's? Great moment, light-beaming, fire-flashing; like birth of Minerva; like all moments of Creation! Fancy how pulse and breath flutter, almost stop, in the greatness: the great not Divine Idea, the great Diabolic Idea is too big for her.—Thought (how often must we repeat it?) rules the world. Fire and, in a less degree, Frost; Earth and Sea (for what is your swiftest ship, or steamship, but a *Thought*—embodied in wood?), Reformed Parliaments, rise and ruin of Nations,—sale of Diamonds: all things obey Thought. Countess de Saint-Remi de Lamotte, by power of Thought, is now a made woman. With force of genius she represses, crushes deep down, her Undivine Idea; bends all her faculty to realize it. Prepare thyself, Reader, for a series of the most surprising Dramatic Representations ever exhibited on any stage.

Survey first what we might call the stage-lights, orchestra, general structure of the theatre, mood and condition of the audience. The theatre is the World, with its restless business and madness; near at hand rise the royal Domes of Versailles, mystery around them, and as background the memory of a thousand years. By the side of the River Seine walks, haggard, wasted, a Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine, with Necklace in his pocket. The audience is a drunk Christopher Sly in the fittest humour. A fixed-idea, driving Rohan headlong over steep places, like that of the Gadarenes' Swine, has produced a deceptibility, as of desperation, that will clutch at straws. Understand one other word: Cagliostro is prophesying to him! The Quack of Quacks has now for years had him in leading. Transmitting "predictions in cipher"; questioning, before Hieroglyphic Screens, Columbs in a state of innocence, for elixirs of life, and philosopher's stone; unveiling, in fuliginous clear-obscure, an imaginary majesty of Nature; he isolates him more and more from all unpossessed men. Was it not enough that poor Rohan had become a dissolute, somnolent-violent, ever-vapoury Mud-volcano; but black Egyptian magic must be laid on him!

If perhaps, too, our Countess de Lamotte, with her blandishments——? For though not beautiful, she "has a certain piquancy" *et cetera*!—Enough, his poor Eminence sits in the fittest place, in the fittest mood: a newly-awakened Christopher Sly; and with his "small ale" too beside him. Touch, only, the lights with firetipt rod; and let the orchestra, soft-warbling, strike up their fara-lara fiddle-diddle-dee!

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Such a soft-warbling fara-lara was it to his Eminence, when, in early January of the year 1784, our Countess first, mysteriously, and under seal of sworn secrecy, hinted to him that, with her winning tongue and great talent as Anecdotic Historian, she had worked a passage to the ear of Queen's Majesty itself. Gods! dost *thou* bring with thee airs from Heaven? Is thy face yet radiant with some reflex of that Brightness beyond bright?—Men with fixed-idea are not as other men. To listen to a plain varnished tale, such as your Dramatist can fashion; to ponder the words; to snuff them up, as Ephraim did the east-wind, and grow flatulent and drunk with them: what else could poor Eminence do? His poor somnolent, so swift-rocked soul feels a new element infused into it; turbid resinous light, wide-coruscating, glares over the waste of his imagination. Is he interested in the mysterious tidings? Hope has seized them; there is in the world nothing else that interests him.

The secret friendship of Queens is not a thing to be let sleep: ever new Palace Interviews occur;—yet in deepest privacy; for how should her Majesty awaken so many tongues of Principalities and Nobilities, male and female, that spitefully watch her? Above all, however, "on the 2d of February," that day of "the Procession of blue Ribands," much was spoken of: somewhat, too, of Monseigneur de Rohan!—Poor Monseigneur, hadst thou *three* long ears, thou'dst hear her.

But will she not, perhaps, in some future priceless Interview, speak a good word for thee? Thyself shalt speak it, happy Eminence; at least, write it: our tutelary Countess will be the bearer!—On the 21st of March goes off that long exculpatory imploratory Letter: it is the first Letter that went off from Cardinal to Queen; to be followed, in time, by "above two hundred others"; which are graciously answered by verbal Messages, nay, at length by Royal Autographs on gilt paper,—the whole delivered by our tutelary Countess. The tutelary Countess comes and goes, fetching and carrying; with the gravity of a Roman Augur, inspects those extraordinary chicken-bowels, and draws prognostics from them. Things are in fair train: the Dauphiness took some offence at Monseigneur, but the Queen has nigh forgotten it. No inexorable Queen; ah no! So good, so free, light-hearted; only sore beset with malicious Polignacs and others;—at times, also, short of money.

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"Countess de Lamotte, then, had penetrated into the confidence of the Queen? Those gilt-paper Autographs were actually written by the Queen?" Reader, forget not to repress that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine! What I know is, that a certain Villette-de-Rétaux, with military whiskers, denizen of Rascaldom, comrade there of Monsieur le Comte, is skilful in imitating hands. Certain it is also, that Madame la Comtesse has penetrated to the Trianon—Doorkeeper's. Nay, as Campan herself must admit, she has met "at a Man-midwife's in Versailles," with worthy Queen's valet Lesclaux,—or Desclos, for there is no uniformity in it. With these, or the like of these, she in the back-parlour of the Palace itself (if late enough), may pick a merrythought, sip the foam from a glass of Champagne. No farther seek her honours to disclose, for the present; or anatomically dissect, as we said, those extraordinary chicken-bowels, from which *she*, and she alone, can read Decrees of Fate, and also realize them.

Sceptic, seest thou his Eminence waiting there, in the r hovering to and fro on the back terrace, till she come out-

ineffable Interview? He is close muffled; walks restlessly observant; shy also, and courting the shade. She comes: up closer with thy capote, O Eminence, down with thy broadbrim; for she has an escort! 'Tis but the good Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux: and now he is sent back again, as no longer needful. Mark him, Monseigneur, nevertheless; thou wilt see him yet another time. Monseigneur marks little: his heart is in the ineffable Interview, in the gilt-paper Autograph alone.—Queen's-valet Lesclaux? Methinks, he has much the stature of Villette, denizen of Rascaldom! Impossible!

How our Countess managed with Cagliostro? Cagliostro, gone from Strasburg, is as yet far distant, winging his way through dim space; will not be here for months: only his "predictions in cipher" are here. Here or there, however, Cagliostro, to our Countess, can be useful. At a glance, the eye of genius has described him to be a bottomless slough of falsity, vanity, gulosity and thick-eyed stupidity: of foulest material, but of fattest;—fit compost for the Plant she is rearing. Him who has deceived all Europe she can undertake to deceive. His Columbs, demonic Masonries, Egyptian Elixirs, what is all this to the light-giggling exclusively practical Lamotte? It runs off from her, as all speculation, good, bad and indifferent, has always done, "like water from one in wax-cloth dress." With the lips meanwhile she can honour it; Oil of Flattery, the best patent antifriction known, subdues all irregularities whatsoever.

On Cagliostro, again, on his side, a certain uneasy feeling might, for moments, intrude itself; the raven loves not ravens. But what can he do? Nay, she is partly playing *his* game: can he not spill her full cup yet, at the right season, and pack her out of doors? Oftenest, in their joyous orgies, this light fascinating Countess,—who perhaps has a design on *his* heart, seems to him but one other of those light *Papiliones*, who have fluttered round him in all climates; whom with grim muzzle he has snapt by the thousand.

News (by the merest accident in the world) reach Sieur Boehmer of Madame's new favour with her Majesty! Men will do much before they drown. Sieur Boehmer's Necklace is on Madame's table, his guttural-nasal rhetoric in her ear: he will abate many a pound and penny of the first just price; he will give cheerfully a Thousand Louis-d'or, as *cadeau*, to the generous Scion-of-Royalty that shall persuade her Majesty. The man's importunities grow quite annoying to our

Countess; who in her glib way, satirically prattles how she has been bored,—to Monseigneur, among others.

Dozing on down cushions, far inwards, with soft ministering Hebes, and luxurious appliances; with ranked Heyducs, and a *Valetaille* innumerable, that shut-out the prose-world and its discord: thus lies Monseigneur, in enchanted dream. Can he, even in sleep, forget his tutelary Countess, and her service? By the delicatest presents he alleviates her distresses, most undeserved. Nay, once or twice, gilt Autographs, from a Queen,—with whom he is evidently rising to unknown heights in favour,—have done Monseigneur the honour to make him *her* Majesty's Grand Almoner, when the case was pressing. Monseigneur, we say, has had the honour to disburse charitable cash, on her Majesty's behalf, to this or the other distressed deserving object· say only to the length of a few thousand pounds, advanced from his own funds;—her Majesty being at the moment so poor, and charity a thing that will not wait. Always Madame, good, foolish, gadding creature, takes charge of delivering the money.—Madame can descend from her attics, in the *Belle Image*; and feel the smiles of Nature and Fortune, a little; so bounteous has the Queen's Majesty been.

To Monseigneur the power of money over highest female hearts had never been incredible. Presents have, many times, worked wonders. But then, O Heavens, *what* present? Scarcely were the Cloud-Compeller himself, all coined into new Louis-d'or, worthy to alight in such a lap. Loans, charitable disbursements, however, as we see, are permissible; these, by defect of payment, may become presents. In the vortex of his Eminence's day-dreams, lumbering multiform slowly round, this of importunate Boehmer and his Necklace, from time to time, turns up. Is the Queen's Majesty at heart desirous of it; but again, at the moment, too poor? Our tutelary Countess answers vaguely, mysteriously;—confesses at last, under oath of secrecy, her own private suspicion that the Queen wants this same Necklace, of all things; but dare not, for a stingy husband, buy it. She, the Countess de Lamotte, will look farther into the matter; and, if aught serviceable to his Eminence can be suggested, will in a good way suggest it, in the proper quarter.

Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte; for now, with thickening breath, thou approachest the moment of moments! Principalities and Powers, *Parlement*, *Grand Chambre* and *Tournelle*, with all their whips and gibbet-wheels; the very Crack of Doom hangs over thee, if thou trip. Forward, with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt, *like*

Treasure-digger, in silence, looking neither to the right nor left,—where yawn abysses deep as the Pool, and all Pandemonium hovers, eager to rend thee into rags!

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The 28th of July, of this same momentous 1784, has come; and with it the most rapturous tumult into the heart of Monseigneur. Ineffable expectancy stirs-up his whole soul, with the much that lies therein, from its lowest foundations: borne on wild seas to Armida Islands, yet as is fit, through Horror dim-hovering round, he tumultuously rocks. To the Château, to the Park! This night the Queen will meet thee, the Queen herself: so far has our tutelary Countess brought it. What can ministerial impediments, Polignac intrigues, avail against the favour, nay—Heaven and Earth!—perhaps the tenderness of a Queen? She vanishes from amid their meshwork of Etiquette and Cabal; descends from her celestial Zodiac, to thee a shepherd of Latmos. Alas, a white-bearded pursy shepherd, fat and scant of breath! Who can account for the taste of females? But thou, burnish-up thy whole faculties of gallantry, thy fifty-years' experience of the sex; this night, or never!—In such unutterable meditations does Monseigneur restlessly spend the day; and long for darkness, yet dread it.

Darkness has at length come. The perpendicular rows of Heyducs, in that Palais or Hôtel de Strasbourg, are all cast horizontal, prostrate in sleep; the very Concierge resupine, with open mouth, audibly drinks-in nepenthe; when Monseigneur, "in blue greatcoat, with slouched hat," issues softly, with his henchman Planta of the Grisons, to the Park of Versailles. Planta must loiter invisible in the distance; Slouched-hat will wait here, among the leafy thickets; till our tutelary Countess, "in black domino," announce the moment, which surely must be near.

The night is of the darkest for the season; no Moon; warm, slumbering July, in motionless clouds, drops fatness over the Earth. The very stars from the Zenith see not Monseigneur; see only his and the world's cloud-covering, fringed with twilight in the far North. Midnight, telling itself forth from these shadowy Palace Domes? All the steeples of Versailles, the villages around, with metal tongue, and huge Paris itself dull-droning, answer drowsily, Yes! Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World. From Arctic to Antarctic, the Life of our Earth lies all, in long swaths, or rows (like those rows of Heyducs and snoring Concierge), successively mown down, from vertical to horizontal, by Sleep! Rather curious to consider.

The flowers are all asleep in Little Trianon, the roses folded-in for the night; but the Rose of Roses still wakes. O wondrous Earth! O doubly wondrous Park of Versailles, with Little and Great Trianon,—and a scarce-breathing Monseigneur! Ye Hydraulics of Lenôtre, that also slumber, with stop-cocks, in your deep leaden chambers, babble not of *him*, when ye arise. Ye odorous balm-shrubs, huge spectral Cedars, thou sacred Boscage of Hornbeam, ye dim Pavilions of the Peerless, whisper not! Moon, lie silent, hidden in thy vacant cave; no star look down: let neither Heaven nor Hell peep through the blanket of the Night, to cry, Hold, hold!—The Black Domino? Ha! Yes!—with stouter step than might have been expected, Monseigneur is under way; the Black Domino had only to whisper, low and eager: "In the Hornbeam Arbour!" And now, Cardinal, O now!—Yes, there hovers the white Celestial; "in white robe of *linon moucheté*," finer than moonshine; a Juno by her bearing, there, in that bosket! Monseigneur, down on thy knees; never can red breeches be better wasted. O, he would kiss the royal shoe-tie, or its shadow if there were one: not words; only broken gaspings, murmuring prostrations, eloquently speak his meaning. But, ah, behold! Our tutelary Black Domino, in haste, with vehement whisper "*On vient.*" The white Juno drops a fairest Rose, with these ever-memorable words, "*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire*, You know what that means"; vanishes in the thickets, the Black Domino hurrying her with eager whisper of "*Vite, vite*, Away, away!" for the sound of footsteps (doubtless from Madame and Madame d'Artois, unwelcome sisters that they are!) is approaching fast. Monseigneur picks up his Rose; runs as for the King's plate, almost overturns poor Planta, whose laugh assures him that all is safe.

Reader, there is hitherto no item of this miracle that is not historically proved and *true.*—In distracted black-magical phantasmagory, adumbrations of yet higher and highest Dalliances hover stupendous in the background: whereof your Georgels, and Campans, and other official characters *can* take no notice! There, in distracted black-magical phantasmagory, let these hover. The truth of them for us is that they do so hover. The truth of them in itself is known only to three persons: Dame self-styled Countess de Lamotte, the Devil, and Philippe Egalité,—who furnished money and facts for the Lamotte *Memoirs*, and, before guillotinement, begat the present King of the French [Louis Philippe].

Enough that Ixion de Rohan, lapsed almost into deliquium, by such

sober certainty of waking bliss, is the happiest of all men; and his tutelary Countess the dearest of all women, save one only. On the 25th of August (so strong still are those villainous Drawing-room cabals) he goes, weeping, but submissive, by order of a gilt Autograph, home to Saverne; till farther dignities can be matured for him. He carries his Rose, now considerably faded, in a Casket of fit price; may, if he so please, perpetuate it as *pot-pourri.* He names a favourite walk in his Archiepiscopal pleasure-grounds, *Promenade de la Rose*; there let him court digestion, and loyally somnambulate till called for.

I notice it as a coincidence in chronology, that, few days after this date, the Demoiselle (or even, for the last month, Baroness) Gay d'Oliva began to find Countess de Lamotte "not at home," in her fine Paris hotel, in her fine Charonne country-house; and went no more, with Villette, and such pleasant dinner-guests, and her, to see Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* running its hundred nights.

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"The Queen?" Good reader, *thou* surely art not a Partridge the Schoolmaster, or a Monseigneur de Rohan, to mistake the stage for a reality!—"But who this Demoiselle d'Oliva was?" Reader, let us remark rather how the labours of our Dramaturgic Countess are increasing.

The Demoiselle d'Oliva? She is a Parisian Demoiselle of three-and-twenty, tall, blond, and beautiful; from unjust guardians, and an evil world, she has had somewhat to suffer.

"In this month of June, 1784," says the Demoiselle herself, in her (judicial) Autobiography, "I occupied a small apartment in the Rue du Jour, Quartier St. Eustache. I was not far from the Garden of the Palais-Royal; I had made it my usual promenade." For, indeed, the real God's-truth is, I was a Parisian unfortunate-female, with moderate custom; and one must go where his market lies. "I frequently passed three or four hours of the afternoon there, with some women of my acquaintance, and a little child of four years old, whom I was fond of, whom his parents willingly trusted with me. I even went thither alone, except for him, when other company failed.

"One afternoon, in the month of July following, I was at the Palais-Royal: my whole company, at the moment, was the child I speak of. A tall young man, walking alone, passes several times before me. He was a man I had never seen. He looks at me; he looks fixedly at me. I observe even that always, as he comes near, he slackens his pace,

as if to survey me more at leisure. A chair stood vacant; two or three feet from mine. He seats himself there.

"Till this instant, the sight of the young man, his walks, his approaches, his repeated gazings, had made no impression on me. But now when he was sitting so close by, I could not avoid noticing him. His eyes ceased not to wander over all my person. His air becomes earnest, grave. An unquiet curiosity appears to agitate him. He seems to measure my figure, to seize by turns all parts of my physiognomy."—He finds me (but whispers not a syllable of it) tolerably like, both in person and profile; for even the Abbé Georgel says, I was a *belle courtisane*.

"It is time to name this young man: he was the Sieur de Lamotte, styling himself Comte de Lamotte" Who doubts it? He praises "my feeble charms"; expresses a wish to "pay his addresses to me." I, being a lone spinster, know not what to say; think it best in the meanwhile to retire. Vain precaution! "I see him all on a sudden appear in my apartment!"

On his "ninth visit" (for he was always civility itself), he talks of introducing a great Court-lady, by whose means I may even do her Majesty some little secret-service,—the reward of which will be unspeakable. In the dusk of the evening, silks mysteriously rustle: enter the creative Dramaturgist, Dame styled Countess de Lamotte; and so—the too intrusive scientific reader has now, for his punishment, *got* on the wrong-side of that loveliest Transparency; finds nothing but grease-pots, and vapour of expiring wicks!

The Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva may once more sit, or stand, in the Palais-Royal, with such custom as will come. In due time, she shall again, but with breath of Terror, be blown upon; and blown out of France to Brussels.

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Autumn, with its grey moaning winds and coating of red strewn leaves, invites Courtiers to enjoy the charms of Nature, and all business of moment stands still. Countess de Lamotte, while everything is so stagnant, and even Boehmer has locked-up his Necklace and his hopes for the season, can drive, with her Count and Euryalus Villette, down to native Bar-sur-Aube; and there (in virtue of a Queen's bounty) show the envious a Scion-of-Royalty *re*grafted; and make them yellower looking on it.

Boehmer, on his side, is ready with the readiest; as indeed he has been these four long years. The Countess, it is true, will have neither part nor lot in that foolish *Cadeau* of his, or in the whole foolish Necklace business: this she has, in plain words, and even not without asperity, due to a bore of such magnitude, given him to know. From her nevertheless, by cunning inference, and the merest accident in the world, the sly Joaillier-Bijoutier has gleaned thus much, that Monseigneur de Rohan is the man.—Enough! Enough! Madame shall be no more troubled. Rest there, in hope, thou Necklace of the Devil; but, O Monseigneur, be thy return speedy!

Alas, the man lives not that would be speedier than Monseigneur, if he durst. But as yet no gilt Autograph invites him, permits him; the few gilt Autographs are all negatory, procrastinating. Cabals of Court; forever cabals! Nay, if it be not for some Necklace, or other such crotchet or necessity, who knows but he may *never* be recalled (so fickle is womankind); but forgotten, and left to rot here, like his Rose, into *pot-pourri*? Our tutelary Countess, *too*, is shyer in this matter than we ever saw her. Nevertheless, by intense skilful cross-questioning, he has extorted somewhat; sees partly how it stands. The Queen's Majesty will have her Necklace; for when, in such case, had not woman her way? The Queen's Majesty can even pay for it—by instalments; but then the stingy husband! Once for all, she will not be seen in the business. Now, therefore, Were it, or were it not, permissible to mortal to transact it secretly in her stead? That is the question. If to mortal, then to Monseigneur. Our Countess has even ventured to hint afar off at Monseigneur (kind Countess!) in the proper quarter; but his discretion in regard to money-matters is doubted. Discretion? And I on the *Promenade de la Rose*?—Explode not, O Eminence! Trust will spring of trial; thy hour is coming.

The Lamottes meanwhile have left their farewell card with all the respectable classes of Bar-sur-Aube; our Dramaturgist stands again behind the scenes at Paris. How is it, O Monseigneur, that she is still so shy with thee, in this matter of the Necklace; that she leaves the lovelorn Larmian shepherd to droop, here in lone Saverne, like weeping-ash, in naked winter, on his Promenade of the Rose, with vague commonplace responses that his hour is coming?—By Heaven and Earth! at last, in late January, it is *come*. Behold it, this new gilt Autograph: "To Paris, on a small business of delicacy, which our Countess will explain,"—which I already know! To Paris! Horses; postillions;

beef-eaters!—and so his resuscitated Eminence, all wrapt in furs, in the pleasantest frost (Abbé Georgel says, *un beau froid de Janvier*), over clear-jingling highways rolls rapidly,—borne on the bosom of Dreams.

To us, reflecting how oftenest the true moving force in human things works hidden underground, it seems small marvel that this month of January, 1785, wherein our Countess so little courts the eye of the vulgar historian, should nevertheless have been the busiest of all for her; especially the latter half thereof.

Wisely eschewing matters of Business (which she could never in her life understand), our Countess will personally take no charge of that bargain-making; leaves it all to her Majesty and the gilt Autographs. Assiduous Boehmer nevertheless is in frequent close conference with Monseigneur: the Paris Palais de Strasbourg, shut to the rest of men, sees the Joaillier-Bijoutier, with eager official aspect, come and go. The grand difficulty is—must we say it?—her Majesty's wilful whimsicality, unacquaintance with Business She positively will not write a gilt Autograph, *authorizing* his Eminence to make the bargain; but writes rather, in a pettish manner, that the thing is of no consequence, and can be given up! Thus must the poor Countess dash to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, between Paris and Versailles; wear her horses and nerves to pieces; nay, sometimes in the hottest haste, wait many hours within call of the Palace, considering what *can* be done (with none but Villette to bear her company),—till the Queen's whim pass.

At length, after furious-driving and conferences enough, on the 29th of January a middle course is hit on. Cautious Boehmer shall write out, on finest paper, his terms, which are really rather fair: Sixteen hundred thousand livres; to be paid in five equal instalments; the first this day six months; the other four from three months to three months; this is what Court-Jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, on the one part, and Prince Cardinal Commendator Louis de Rohan, on the other part, will stand to; witness their hands. Which written sheet of finest paper our poor Countess must again take charge of, again dash-off with to Versailles; and therefrom, after trouble unspeakable (shared in only by the faithful Villette, of Rascaldom), return with it, bearing this most precious marginal note, "*Bon—Marie-Antoinette de France*," in the Autograph-hand! Happy Cardinal! this *thou* shalt keep in the innermost of all thy repositories. Boehmer meanwhile, secret as Death, shall tell no man that he has sold his Necklace, or if much presse

an actual sight of the same, confess that it is sold to the Favourite Sultana of the Grand Turk for the time being.

Thus, then, do the smoking Lamotte horses at length get rubbed down, and feel the taste of oats, after midnight; the Lamotte Countess can also gradually sink into needful slumber, perhaps not unbroken by dreams. On the morrow the bargain shall be concluded; next day the Necklace be delivered, on Monseigneur's receipt.

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It is the first day of February; that grand day of Delivery. The Sieur Boehmer is in the Court of the Palais de Strasbourg; his look mysterious-official, and though much emaciated, radiant with enthusiasm. The Seine has missed *him*; though lean, he will fatten again, and live through new enterprises.

Singular, were we not used to it: the name "Boehmer," as it passes upwards and inwards, lowers all halberts of Heyducs in perpendicular rows: the historical eye beholds him, bowing low, with plenteous smiles, in the plush Saloon of Audience. Will it please Monseigneur, then, to do the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces the honour of looking at it? A piece of Art, which the Universe cannot parallel, shall be parted with (Necessity compels Court-Jewellers) at that ruinously low sum. They, the Court-Jewellers, shall have much ado to weather it; but their work, at least, will find a fit Wearer, and go down to juster posterity. Monseigneur will merely have the condescension to sign this Receipt of Delivery: all the rest, her Highness the Sultana of the Sublime Porte has settled it.—Here the Court-Jeweller, with his joyous though now much-emaciated face, ventures on a faint knowing smile; to which, in the lofty dissolute-serene of Monseigneur's, some twinkle of permission could not but respond.—This is the First of those Three real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist,—with perfect success.

It was said, long afterwards, that Monseigneur should have known, and even that Boehmer should have known, her Highness the Sultana's marginal-note, her "*Right—Marie-Antoinette of France*," to be a forgery and mockery; the "*of France*" was fatal to it. Easy talking, easy criticizing! But how are two enchanted men to know; two men with a fixed-idea each, a negative and a positive, rushing together to neutralize each other in rapture?—Enough, Monseigneur has the *ne plus ultra* of Necklaces, conquered by man's valour and woman's wit; and rolls off with it, in mysterious speed, to Versailles,—triumphant as a Jason with his Golden Fleece.

The Second grand scenic Exhibition by our Dramaturgic Countess occurs in her own apartment at Versailles, so early as the following night. It is a commodious apartment, with alcove; and the alcove has a glass door. Monseigneur enters,—with a follower bearing a mysterious Casket, who carefully deposits it, and then respectfully withdraws. It is the Necklace itself in all its glory! Our tutelary Countess, and Monseigneur, and we, can at leisure admire the queenly Talisman; congratulate ourselves that the painful conquest of it is achieved.

But, hist! A knock, mild but decisive, as from one knocking with authority! Monseigneur and we retire to our alcove; there, from behind our glass screen, observe what passes. Who comes? The door flung open: *de par la Reine!* Behold him, Monseigneur: he enters with grave, respectful, yet official air; worthy Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux, the same who escorted our tutelary Countess, that moonlight night, from the back apartments of Versailles. Said we not, thou wouldst see *him* once more?—Methinks, again, spite of his Queen's-uniform, he has much the features of Villette of Rascaldom!—Rascaldom or Valetdom (for to the blind all colours are the same), he has, with his grave, respectful, yet official air, received the Casket, and its priceless contents; with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires, bowing low.

Thus softly, silently, like a very Dream, flits away our solid Necklace —through the Horn Gate of Dreams!

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Now too, in these same days (as he can afterwards prove by affidavit of Landlords) arrives Count Cagliostro himself, from Lyons! No longer by predictions in cipher; but by his living voice, often in rapt communion with the unseen world, "with Caraffe and four candles"; by his greasy prophetic bulldog face, said to be the "most perfect quack-face of the eighteenth century," can we assure ourselves that all is well; that all will turn "to the glory of Monseigneur, to the good of France, and of mankind," and of Egyptian masonry. "Tokay flows like water"; our charming Countess, with her piquancy of face, is sprightlier than ever; enlivens with the brightest sallies, with the adroitest flatteries to all, those suppers of the gods. O Nights, O Suppers—too good to last! Nay, now also occurs another and Third scenic Exhibition, fitted by its radiance to dispel from Monseigneur's soul the last trace of care.

Why the Queen does not, even yet, openly receive me at Court? Patience, Monseigneur! Thou little knowest those too-intricate cabals; and how she still but works at them silently, with royal suppressed fury, like a royal lioness only *delivering* herself from the hunter's toils.

while, is not thy work done? The Necklace, she rejoices over it; beholds, many times in secret, her Juno-neck mirrored back the lovelier for it,—as our tutelar Countess can testify. Come to-morrow to the *Œil-de-Bœuf*; there see with eyes, in high noon, as already in deep midnight thou hast seen, whether in *her* royal heart there were delay.

Let us stand, then, with Monseigneur, in that *Œil-de-Bœuf*, in the Versailles Palace Gallery; for all well-dressed persons are admitted: there the Loveliest, in pomp of royalty, will walk to mass. The world is all in pelisses and winter furs; cheerful, clear,—with noses tending to blue. A lively many-voiced hum plays fitful, hither and thither: of sledge parties and Court parties; frosty state of the weather; stability of M. de Calonne; Majesty's looks yesterday;—such hum as always, in these sacred Court-spaces, since Louis le Grand made and consecrated them, has, with more or less impetuosity, agitated our common Atmosphere.

Hark! Clang of opening doors! She issues, like the Moon in silver brightness, down the Eastern steeps. *La Reine vient!* What a figure! I (with the aid of glasses) discern *her*. O Fairest, Peerless! Let the hum of minor discoursing hush itself wholly; and only one successive rolling peal of *Vive la Reine*, like the movable radiance of a train of fireworks, irradiate her path.—Ye Immortals! She does, she beckons, turns her head this way!—"Does she not?" says Countess de Lamotte.—Versailles, the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and all men and things are drowned in a Sea of Light; Monseigneur and that high beckoning Head are alone, with each other in the Universe.

O Eminence, what a beatific vision! Enjoy it, blest as the gods; ruminate and reënjoy it, with full soul: it is the last provided for thee. Too soon, in the course of these six months, shall thy beatific vision, like Mirza's vision, gradually melt away; and only oxen and sheep be grazing in its place;—and thou, as a doomed Nebuchadnezzar, be grazing with them.

"Does she not?" said the Countess de Lamotte. That it is a habit of hers; that hardly a day passes *without* her doing it: this the Countess de Lamotte did not say.

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Here, then, the specially Dramaturgic labours of Countess de Lamotte may be said to terminate. The rest of her life is Histrionic merely, or Histrionic and Critical; as, indeed, what had all the former

part of it been but a *Hypocrisis*, a more or less correct Playing of Parts? O "Mrs. Facing-both-ways" (as old Bunyan said), what a talent hadst thou! No Proteus ever took so many shapes, no Chameleon so often changed colour. One thing thou wert to Monseigneur; another thing to Cagliostro, and Villette of Rascaldom; a third thing to the World, in printed *Mémoires*; a fourth thing to Philippe Egalité: all things to all men.

Meanwhile, what will the feeling heart think to learn that Monseigneur de Rohan, as we prophesied, again experiences the fickleness of a Court; that, notwithstanding beatific visions at noon and midnight, the Queen's Majesty, with the light ingratitude of her sex, flies off at a tangent; and, far from ousting his detested and detesting rival, Minister Breteuil, and openly delighting to honour Monseigneur, will hardly vouchsafe him a few gilt Autographs, and those few of the most capricious, suspicious, soul-confusing tenor? What terrifico-absurd explosions, which scarcely Cagliostro, with Caraffe and four candles, can still; how many deep-weighed Humble Petitions, Explanations, Expostulations, penned with fervidest eloquence, with craftiest diplomacy,—all delivered by our tutelar Countess: in vain!—O Cardinal, with what a huge iron mace, like Guy of Warwick's, thou smitest Phantasms in two, which close again, take shape again, and only thrashest the air!

One comfort, however, is that the Queen's Majesty has committed herself. The Rose of Trianon, and what may pertain thereto, lies it not here? That "*Right—Marie-Antoinette of France*," too, and the 30th of July, first-instalment day, coming? She shall be *brought* to terms, good Eminence! Order horses and beef-eaters for Saverne; there, ceasing all written or oral communication, starve her into capitulating. It is the bright May month his Eminence again somnambulates the *Promenade de la Rose*; but now with grim dry eyes; and, from time to time, terrifically stamping.

But who is this that I see mounted on costliest horse and horse-gear; betting at Newmarket Races; though he can speak no English word, and only some Chevalier O'Niel, some Capuchin Macdermot, from Bar-sur-Aube, interprets his French into the Dialect of the Sister Island? Few days ago I observed him walking in Fleet Street, thoughtfully through Temple-Bar;—in deep treaty with Jeweller Jeffreys, with Jeweller Grey, for the sale of Diamonds: such a lot as one may boast of. A tall handsome man; with ex-military whiskers; with a look of troubled gaiety and rascalism: you think it is the Sieur self-styled Count de Lamotte; nay, the man himself confesses it! The

Diamonds were a present to his Countess,—from the still-bountiful Queen.

Villette too, has he completed his sales at Amsterdam? Him I shall by and by behold; *not* betting at Newmarket, but drinking wine and ardent spirits in the Taverns of Geneva. Ill-gotten wealth endures not; Rascaldom has no strong-box. Countess de Lamotte, for what a set of cormorant scoundrels hast thou laboured, art thou still labouring!

But all this while how fares it with his Eminence, left somnambulating the *Promenade de la Rose*; and at times truculently stamping? Alas, ill, and ever worse. The starving method, singular as it may seem, brings no capitulation; brings only, after a month's waiting, our tutelary Countess, with a gilt Autograph, indeed, and "all wrapt in silk threads, sealed where they cross,"—but which we read with curses.

We must back again to Paris; there pen new *Expostulations*; which our unwearied Countess will take charge of, but, alas, can get no answer to. However, is not the 30th of July coming?—Behold, on the 19th of that month, the shortest, most careless of Autographs: with some fifteen hundred pounds of real money in it, to pay the—*interest* of the first instalment; the principal, of some thirty thousand, not being at the moment perfectly convenient! Hungry Boehmer makes large eyes at this proposal; will accept the money, but only as part of payment; the man is positive: a Court of Justice, if no other means, shall get him the remainder. What now is to be done?

Farmer-general Monsieur Saint-James, Cagliostro's disciple, and wet with Tokay, will cheerfully advance the sum needed—for her Majesty's sake; thinks, however (with all his Tokay), it were good to *speak* with her Majesty first.—I observe, meanwhile, the distracted hungry Boehmer driven hither and thither, not by his fixed-idea; alas, no, but by the far more frightful *ghost* thereof,—since no payment is forthcoming. He stands, one day, speaking with a Queen's waiting-woman (Madame Campan herself), in "a thunder-shower, which neither of them notice,"—so thunderstruck are they. What weather-sympathy for his Eminence!

The 30th of July has come, but no money; the 30th is gone, [illegible] no money. O Eminence, what a grim farewell of July is this of [illegible] The last July went out with airs from Heaven and Trianon [illegible] *These* August days, are they not worse than dogs' days; worthy to [illegible] blotted out from all Almanacs? Boehmer and Bassange thou canst still see; but only "return from them swearing." Nay, what [illegible]

misery is this? Our tutelary Histrionic Countess enters, distraction in her eyes; she has just been at Versailles; the Queen's Majesty, with a levity of caprice which we dare not trust ourselves to characterize, declares plainly that she will deny ever having got the Necklace; ever having had, with his Eminence, any transaction whatsoever!—Mud-explosion without parallel in volcanic annals.—The Palais de Strasbourg appears to be beset with spies; the Lamottes, for the Count too is here, are packing-up for Bar-sur-Aube. The Sieur Boehmer, has he fallen insane? Or into communication with Minister Breteuil?—

And so, distractedly and distractively, to the sound of all Discords in Nature, opens that Fourth, final Scenic Exhibition, composed by Destiny.

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It is Assumption-day, the 15th of August. Don thy pontificalia, Grand-Almoner; crush-down these hideous temporalities out of sight. In any case, smooth thy countenance into some sort of lofty-dissolute serene: thou hast a thing they call worshipping God to enact, thyself the first actor.

The Grand-Almoner has done it. He is in Versailles *Œil-de-Bœuf* Gallery; where male and female Peerage, and all Noble France in gala various and glorious as the rainbow, waits only the signal to begin worshipping: on the serene of his lofty-dissolute countenance there can nothing be read. By Heaven! he is sent for to the Royal Apartment!

He returns with the old lofty-dissolute look, inscrutably serene: has his turn for favour actually come, then? Those fifteen long years of soul's travail are to be rewarded by a birth?—Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil issues; great in his pride of place, in this the crowning moment of his life. With one radiant glance, Breteuil summons the Officer on Guard; with another, fixes Monseigneur: "*De par le Roi, Monseigneur*: you are arrested! At *your* risk, Officer!"—Curtains as of pitch-black whirlwind envelop Monseigneur, whirl off with him, to outer darkness. Versailles Gallery explodes aghast; as if Guy Fawkes's Plot had *burst* under it. "The Queen's Majesty was weeping," whisper some. There will be no Assumption-service; or such a one as was never celebrated since Assumption came in fashion.

Europe, then, shall ring with it from side to side!—But why rides that Heyduc as if all the Devils drove him? It is Monseigneur's Heyduc: Monseigneur spoke three words in German to him, at the door of his Versailles Hôtel; even handed him a slip of writing, which, with bor-

rowed Pencil, "in his red square cap," he had managed to prepare on the way thither. To Paris! To the Palais-Cardinal! The horse dies on reaching the stable; the Heyduc swoons on reaching the cabinet: but his slip of writing fell from his hand; and I (says the Abbé Georgel) was there. The red Portfolio, containing all the gilt Autographs, is burnt utterly, with much else, before Breteuil can arrive for apposition of the seals!—Whereby Europe, in ringing from side to side, must worry itself with guessing: and at this hour, on this paper, sees the matter in such an interesting clear-obscure.

Soon Count Cagliostro and his Seraphic Countess go to join Monseigneur in State Prison. In few days follows Dame de Lamotte, from Bar-sur-Aube; Demoiselle d'Oliva by and by, from Brussels; Villette-de-Rétaux, from his Swiss retirement in the taverns of Geneva. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to them all.

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Thus, then, the Diamond Necklace having, on the one hand, vanished through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and so, under the pincers of Nisus Lamotte and Euryalus Villette, lost its sublunary individuality and being; and, on the other hand, all that trafficked in it, sitting now safe under lock and key, that justice may take cognizance of them,—our engagement in regard to the matter is on the point of terminating. That extraordinary "*Procès du Collier*, Necklace Trial," spinning itself through Nine other ever-memorable Months, to the astonishment of the hundred and eighty-seven assembled *Parlementiers*, and of all Quidnuncs, Journalists, Anecdotists, Satirists, in both Hemispheres, is, in every sense, a "Celebrated Trial," and belongs to Publishers of such. How, by innumerable confrontations and expiscatory questions, through entanglements, doublings and windings that fatigue eye and soul, this most involute of Lies is finally winded off to the scandalous-ridiculous cinder-heart of it, let others relate.

Here, then, our little labour ends. The Necklace was, and is no more: the stones of it again "circulate in Commerce," some of them perhaps in Rundle's at this hour; and may give rise to what other Histories we know not. The Conquerors of it, every one that trafficked in it, have they not all had their due, which was Death?

This little Business, like a little cloud, bodied itself forth in skies clear to the unobservant: but with such hues of deep-tinted villainy, dissoluteness and general delirium as, to the observant, betokened it electric; and wise men, a Goethe for example, boded Earthquakes. Has not the Earthquake come?

THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY (1800–59)

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Macaulay first shone successfully in print in the "Quarterly Magazine," though he achieved fame in 1825 by his essay on Milton in the "Edinburgh Review." He was suddenly forced to write for money owing to the commercial disaster of his father's business. He entered the House of Commons in 1830 and began a series of speeches which were essays in their compact brilliance. He accepted a seat in the Supreme Council of India at a salary of £10,000 a year and was responsible for the penal code, which has been the admiration of lawyers ever since. He returned to England in 1838 and became Secretary of War in 1839. In 1842 his "Lays of Ancient Rome" appeared and in the next year his Essays. Soon after he began his History, retiring into private life and publishing the first two volumes in 1848. In 1855 two more volumes were published, but the great History remains a torso.

PITT

THE family of Pitt was wealthy and respectable. His grandfather was Governor of Madras, and brought back from India that celebrated diamond which the Regent Orleans, by the advice of Saint Simon, purchased for upwards of two millions of livres, and which is still considered as the most precious of the crown jewels of France. Governor Pitt bought estates and rotten boroughs, and sat in the House of Commons for Old Sarum. His son Robert was at one time member for Old Sarum, and at another for Oakhampton. Robert had two sons. Thomas, the elder, inherited the estates and the parliamentary interest of his father. The second was the celebrated William Pitt.

He was born in November, 1708. About the early part of his life little more is known than that he was educated at Eton, and that at seventeen he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford.

Pitt had been, from his school-days, cruelly tormented by t

and was advised to travel for his health. He accordingly left Oxford without taking a degree, and visited France and Italy. He returned, however, without having received much benefit from his excursion, and continued, till the close of his life, to suffer most severely from his constitutional malady.

His father was now dead, and had left very little to the younger children. It was necessary that William should choose a profession. He decided for the army, and a cornet's commission was procured for him in the Blues.

But, small as his fortune was, his family had both the power and the inclination to serve him. At the general election of 1734, his elder brother Thomas was chosen both for Old Sarum and for Oakhampton. When Parliament met in 1735, Thomas made his election to serve for Oakhampton, and William was returned for Old Sarum.

Walpole had now been, during fourteen years, at the head of affairs. He had risen to power under the most favourable circumstances. The whole of the Whig party, of that party which professed peculiar attachment to the principles of the Revolution, and which exclusively enjoyed the confidence of the reigning house, had been united in support of his administration. Happily for him, he had been out of office when the South Sea Act was passed; and though he does not appear to have foreseen all the consequences of that measure, he had strenuously opposed it, as he had opposed all the measures, good and bad, of Sunderland's administration. When the South-Sea Company were voting dividends of fifty per cent., when a hundred pounds of their stock was selling for eleven hundred pounds, when Threadneedle Street was daily crowded with the coaches of dukes and prelates, when divines and philosophers turned gamblers, when a thousand kindred bubbles were daily blown into existence, the periwig-company, and the Spanish-jackass-company, and the quicksilver-fixation-company, Walpole's calm good sense preserved him from the general infatuation. He condemned the prevailing madness in public, and turned a considerable sum by taking advantage of it in private. When the crash came, when ten thousand families were reduced to beggary in a day, when the people, in the frenzy of their rage and despair, clamoured, not only against the lower agents in the juggle, but against the Hanoverian favourites, against the English ministers, against the King himself, when Parliament met, eager for confiscation and blood, when members of the House of Commons proposed that the directors should be treated like parricides in ancient Rome, tied up in sacks and thrown into the Thames, Walpole was the man

on whom all parties turned their eyes. Four years before, he had been driven from power by the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope, and the lead in the House of Commons had been entrusted to Craggs and Aislabie. Stanhope was no more. Aislabie was expelled from Parliament on account of his disgraceful conduct regarding the South-Sea scheme. Craggs was perhaps saved by a timely death from a similar mark of infamy. A large minority in the House of Commons voted for a severe censure on Sunderland, who, finding it impossible to withstand the force of the prevailing sentiment, retired from office, and outlived his retirement but a very short time. The schism which had divided the Whig party was now completely healed. Walpole had no opposition to encounter except that of the Tories; and the Tories were naturally regarded by the King with the strongest suspicion and dislike.

For a time business went on with a smoothness and a dispatch such as had not been known since the days of the Tudors. During the session of 1724, for example, there was hardly a single division except on private bills. It is not impossible that, by taking the course which Pelham afterwards took, by admitting into the Government all the rising talents and ambition of the Whig party, and by making room here and there for a Tory not unfriendly to the House of Brunswick, Walpole might have averted the tremendous conflict in which he passed the later years of his administration, and in which he was at length vanquished. The Opposition which overthrew him was an Opposition created by his own policy, by his own insatiable love of power.

In the very act of forming his Ministry he turned one of the ablest and most attached of his supporters into a deadly enemy. Pulteney had strong public and private claims to a high situation in the new arrangement. His fortune was immense. His private character was respectable. He was already a distinguished speaker. He had acquired official experience in an important post. He had been, through all changes of fortune, a consistent Whig. When the Whig party was split into two sections, Pulteney had resigned a valuable place, and had followed the fortunes of Walpole. Yet, when Walpole returned to power, Pulteney was not invited to take office. An angry discussion took place between the friends. The Ministry offered a peerage. It was impossible for Pulteney not to discern the motive of such an offer. He indignantly refused to accept it. For some time he continued to brood over his wrongs, and to watch for an opportunity of revenge. As soon as a favourable conjuncture arrived he joined the minority,

and became the greatest leader of Opposition that the House of Commons had ever seen.

If there was any man with whom Walpole could have consented to make a partition of power, that man was Lord Townshend. They were distant kinsmen by birth, near kinsmen by marriage. They had been friends from childhood. They were country neighbours in Norfolk. They had been in office together under Godolphin. They had gone into opposition together when Harley rose to power. They had, after the death of Anne, been recalled together to office. They had again been driven out together by Sunderland, and had again come back together. Their opinions on public affairs almost always coincided. They were both men of frank, generous, and compassionate natures. Their intercourse had been for many years affectionate and cordial. But the ties of blood, of marriage, and of friendship, the memory of mutual services, the memory of common triumphs and common disasters, were insufficient to restrain that ambition which domineered over all the virtues and vices of Walpole. He was resolved, to use his own metaphor, that the firm of the house should be, not Townshend and Walpole, but Walpole and Townshend. Townshend retired, and with rare moderation and public spirit, refused to take any part in politics. He could not, he said, trust his temper. He therefore never visited London after his resignation, but passed the closing years of his life in dignity and repose among his trees and pictures at Rainham.

Next went Chesterfield. He too was a Whig and a friend of the Protestant succession. He was an orator, a courtier, a wit, and a man of letters. He was at the head of *ton* in days when, in order to be at the head of *ton*, it was not sufficient to be dull and supercilious. It was evident that he submitted impatiently to the ascendancy of Walpole. He murmured against the Excise Bill. His brothers voted against it in the House of Commons. The Minister acted with characteristic caution and characteristic energy; caution in the conduct of public affairs; energy where his own supremacy was concerned. He withdrew his Bill, and turned out all his hostile or wavering colleagues. Chesterfield was stopped on the great staircase of St. James's, and summoned to deliver up the staff which he bore as Lord Steward of the Household. A crowd of noble and powerful functionaries, the Dukes of Montrose and Bolton, Lord Burlington, Lord Stair, Lord Cobham, Lord Marchmont, Lord Clinton, were at the same time dismissed from the service of the Crown.

In each of these cases taken separately, a skilful defender of Walpole might perhaps make out a case for him. But when we see that during a long course of years all the footsteps are turned the same way, that all the most eminent of those public men who agreed with the Minister in their general views of policy left him, one after another, with sore and irritated minds, we find it impossible not to believe that the real explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the words of his son, "Sir Robert Walpole loved power so much that he would not endure a rival." Hume has described this famous minister with great felicity in one short sentence,—"moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it." Kind-hearted, jovial, and placable as Walpole was, he was yet a man with whom no person of high pretensions and high spirit could long continue to act. He had, therefore, to stand against an Opposition containing all the most accomplished statesmen of the age, with no better support than that which he received from persons like his brother Horace or Henry Pelham, whose industrious mediocrity gave no cause for jealousy; or from clever adventurers, whose situation and character diminished the dread which their talents might have inspired.

It was to the Whigs in Opposition, the Patriots, as they were called, that the most distinguished of the English youth who at this season entered into public life attached themselves These inexperienced politicians felt all the enthusiasm which the name of liberty naturally excites in young and ardent minds. They conceived that the theory of the Tory Opposition and the practice of Walpole's Government were alike inconsistent with the principles of liberty. They accordingly repaired to the standard which Pulteney had set up. While opposing the Whig minister, they professed a firm adherence to the purest doctrines of Whiggism. He was the schismatic; they were the true Catholics, the peculiar people, the depositaries of the orthodox faith of Hampden and Russell, the one sect which, amidst the corruptions generated by time and by the long possession of power, had preserved inviolate the principles of the Revolution. Of the young men who attached themselves to this portion of the Opposition the most distinguished were Lyttelton and Pitt.

When Pitt entered Parliament, the whole political world was attentively watching the progress of an event which soon added great strength to the Opposition, and particularly to that section of the Opposition in which the young statesman enrolled himself. The Prince of Wales was gradually becoming more and more estranged from his

father and his father's ministers, and more and more friendly to the Patriots.

Whatever might have been the motives which induced Prince Frederick to join the party opposed to the Government, his support infused into many members of that party a courage and an energy of which they stood greatly in need. Hitherto it had been impossible for the discontented Whigs not to feel some misgivings when they found themselves dividing, night after night, with uncompromising Jacobites. The Minister might plausibly say that Pulteney and Carteret, in the hope of gratifying their own appetite for office and for revenge, did not scruple to serve the purposes of a faction hostile to the Protestant succession. The appearance of Frederick at the head of the Patriots silenced this reproach. The leaders of the Opposition might now boast that their course was sanctioned by a person as deeply interested as the King himself in maintaining the Act of Settlement, and that, instead of serving the purposes of the Tory party, they had brought that party over to the side of Whiggism. It must indeed be admitted that though both the King and the Prince behaved in a manner little to their honour, though the father acted harshly, the son disrespectfully, and both childishly, the royal family was rather strengthened than weakened by the disagreement of its two most distinguished members. The situation of the royal family resembled the situation of those Scotch families in which father and son took opposite sides during the rebellion, in order that, come what might, the estate might not be forfeited.

In April, 1736, Frederick was married to the Princess of Saxe-Gotha, with whom he afterwards lived on terms very similar to those on which his father had lived with Queen Caroline.

The address which the House of Commons presented to the King on the occasion of the Prince's marriage was moved, not by the Minister, but by Pulteney, the leader of the Whigs in Opposition. It was on this motion that Pitt, who had not broken silence during the session in which he took his seat, addressed the House for the first time.

Pitt's speech, as it is reported in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is just as empty and wordy as a maiden speech on such an occasion might be expected to be. But the fluency and the personal advantages of the young orator instantly caught the ear and eye of his audience. He was, from the day of his first appearance, always heard with attention; and exercise soon developed the great powers which he possessed.

A hundred years ago, scarcely any report of what passed within the walls of the House of Commons was suffered to get abroad. In those

times, therefore, the impression which a speaker might make on the persons who actually heard him was everything. His fame out of doors depended entirely on the report of those who were within the doors. In the Parliaments of that time, therefore, as in the ancient commonwealths, those qualifications which enhance the immediate effect of a speech were far more important ingredients in the composition of an orator than at present. All those qualifications Pitt possessed in the highest degree. On the stage, he would have been the finest Brutus or Coriolanus ever seen. Those who saw him in his decay, when his health was broken, when his mind was untuned, when he had been removed from that stormy assembly of which he thoroughly knew the temper and over which he possessed unbounded influence, to a small, a torpid, and an unfriendly audience, say that his speaking was then, for the most part, a low, monotonous muttering, audible only to those who sat close to him, that when violently excited he sometimes raised his voice for a few minutes, but that it soon sank again into an unintelligible murmur. Such was the Earl of Chatham; but such was not William Pitt. His figure, when he first appeared in Parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; and when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of the organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases, to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful: he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone, from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside, was perfectly at his command. It is by no means improbable that the pains which he took to improve his great personal advantages had, in some respects, a prejudicial operation, and tended to nourish in him that passion for theatrical effect which, as we have already remarked, was one of the most conspicuous blemishes in his character.

But it was not solely or principally to outward accomplishments that Pitt owed the vast influence which, during nearly thirty years, he exercised over the House of Commons. He was undoubtedly a great orator; and, from the descriptions given by his contemporaries, and the fragments of his speeches which still remain, it is not difficult to discover the nature and extent of his oratorical powers.

implacable of those who called for vengeance on Walpole. He spoke with great energy and ability in favour of the most unjust and violent propositions which the enemies of the fallen minister could invent. He urged the House of Commons to appoint a secret tribunal for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the late First Lord of the Treasury. This was done. The great majority of the inquisitors were notoriously hostile to the accused statesman. Yet they were compelled to own that they could find no fault in him. They therefore called for new powers, for a bill of indemnity to witnesses, or, in plain words, for a bill to reward all who might give evidence, true or false, against the Earl of Orford. This bill Pitt supported, Pitt, who had himself offered to be a screen between Lord Orford and public justice.

The Bill of Indemnity was rejected by the Lords. Walpole withdrew himself quietly from the public eye; and the ample space which he had left vacant was soon occupied by Carteret. Against Carteret Pitt began to thunder with as much zeal as he had ever manifested against Sir Robert. To Carteret he transferred most of the hard names which were familiar to his eloquence, sole minister, wicked minister, odious minister, execrable minister. The chief topic of Pitt's invective was the favour shown to the German dominions of the House of Brunswick. He attacked with great violence, and with an ability which raised him to the very first rank among the parliamentary speakers, the practice of paying Hanoverian troops with English money. The House of Commons had lately lost some of its most distinguished ornaments. Walpole and Pulteney had accepted peerages; Sir William Wyndham was dead; and among the rising men none could be considered as, on the whole, a match for Pitt.

During the recess of 1744 the old Duchess of Marlborough died. She carried to her grave the reputation of being decidedly the best hater of her time. Yet her love had been infinitely more destructive than her hatred. More than thirty years before, her temper had ruined the party to which she belonged and the husband whom she adored. Time had made her neither wiser nor kinder. Whoever was at any moment great and prosperous was the object of her fiercest detestation. She had hated Walpole; she now hated Carteret. Pope, long before her death, predicted the fate of her vast property—

"To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor."

Pitt was then one of the poor; and to him Heaven directed a portion

of the wealth of the haughty Dowager. She left him a legacy of ten thousand pounds, in consideration of "the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England and to prevent the ruin of his country."

The will was made in August. The Duchess died in October. In November Pitt was a courtier. The Pelhams had forced the King, much against his will, to part with Lord Carteret, who had now become Earl Granville. They proceeded, after this victory, to form the Government on that basis called by the cant name of "the broad bottom." Lyttelton had a seat at the Treasury, and several other friends of Pitt were provided for. But Pitt himself was, for the present, forced to be content with promises. The King resented most highly some expressions which the ardent orator had used in the debate on the Hanoverian troops. But Newcastle and Pelham expressed the strongest confidence that time and their exertions would soften the royal displeasure.

Pitt, on his part, omitted nothing that might facilitate his admission to office. He resigned his place in the household of Prince Frederick, and, when Parliament met, exerted his eloquence in support of the Government. The Pelhams were really sincere in their endeavours to remove the strong prejudices which had taken root in the King's mind. They knew that Pitt was not a man to be deceived with ease or offended with impunity. They were afraid that they should not be long able to put him off with promises. Nor was it their interest so to put him off. There was a strong tie between him and them. He was the enemy of their enemy. The brothers hated and dreaded the eloquent, aspiring, and imperious Granville. They had traced his intrigues in many quarters. They knew his influence over the royal mind. They knew that, as soon as a favourable opportunity should arrive, he would be recalled to the head of affairs. They resolved to bring things to a crisis; and the question on which they took issue with their master was, whether Pitt should or should not be admitted to office. They chose their time with more skill than generosity. It was when rebellion was actually raging in Britain, when the Pretender was master of the northern extremity of the island, that they tendered their resignations. The King found himself deserted, in one day, by the whole strength of that party which had placed his family on the throne. Lord Granville tried to form a government; but it soon appeared that the parliamentary interest of the Pelhams was irresistible, and that the King's favourite statesman could count only on about thirty Lords and eighty members of the House of Commons. The scheme was given up. Granville

went away laughing. The ministers came back stronger than ever; and the King was now no longer able to refuse anything that they might be pleased to demand. He could only mutter that it was very hard that Newcastle, who was not fit to be chamberlain to the most insignificant prince in Germany, should dictate to the King of England.

One concession the ministers graciously made. They agreed that Pitt should not be placed in a situation in which it would be necessary for him to have frequent interviews with the King. Instead, therefore, of making their new ally Secretary-at-War as they had intended, they appointed him Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and in a few months promoted him to the office of Paymaster of the Forces.

This was, at that time, one of the most lucrative offices in the Government. The salary was but a small part of the emolument which the Paymaster derived from his place. He was allowed to keep a large sum, which, even in time of peace, was seldom less than one hundred thousand pounds, constantly in his hands; and the interest on this sum he might appropriate to his own use. This practice was not secret, nor was it considered as disreputable. It was the practice of men of undoubted honour, both before and after the time of Pitt. He, however, refused to accept one farthing beyond the salary which the law had annexed to his office. It had been usual for foreign princes who received the pay of England to give to the Paymaster of the Forces a small percentage on the subsidies. These ignominious vails Pitt resolutely declined.

Disinterestedness of this kind was, in his days, very rare. His conduct surprised and amused politicians. It excited the warmest admiration throughout the body of the people. In spite of the inconsistencies of which Pitt had been guilty, in spite of the strange contrast between his violence in Opposition and his tameness in office, he still possessed a large share of the public confidence. The motives which may lead a politician to change his connexions or his general line of conduct are often obscure; but disinterestedness in pecuniary matters everybody can understand. Pitt was thenceforth considered as a man who was proof to all sordid temptations. If he acted ill, it might be from an error in judgment; it might be from resentment; it might be from ambition. But, poor as he was, he had vindicated himself from all suspicion of covetousness.

Eight quiet years followed, eight years during which the minority, which had been feeble ever since Lord Granville had been overthrown, continued to dwindle till it became almost invisible. Peace was made

with France and Spain in 1748. Prince Frederick died in 1751; and with him died the very semblance of opposition. All the most distinguished survivors of the party which had supported Walpole and of the party which had opposed him were united under his successor. The fiery and vehement spirit of Pitt had for a time been laid to rest. He silently acquiesced in that very system of continental measures which he had lately condemned. He ceased to talk disrespectfully about Hanover. He did not object to the treaty with Spain, though that treaty left us exactly where we had been when he uttered his spirit-stirring harangues against the pacific policy of Walpole. Now and then glimpses of his former self appeared; but they were few and transient.

Two men, little, if at all, inferior to Pitt in powers of mind, held, like him, subordinate offices in the Government. One of these, Murray, was successively Solicitor-General and Attorney-General. This distinguished person far surpassed Pitt in correctness of taste, in power of reasoning, in depth and variety of knowledge. At one time, he might, in all probability, have been Prime Minister. But the object of his wishes was the judicial bench. The situation of Chief Justice might not be so splendid as that of First Lord of the Treasury; but it was dignified; it was quiet; it was secure; and therefore it was the favourite situation of Murray.

Fox, the father of the great man whose mighty efforts in the cause of peace, of truth, and of liberty, have made that name immortal, was Secretary-at-War. He was a favourite with the King, with the Duke of Cumberland, and with some of the most powerful members of the great Whig connexion. His parliamentary talents were of the highest order. As a speaker he was in almost all respects the very opposite to Pitt. His figure was ungraceful; his face, as Reynolds and Nollekens have preserved it to us, indicated a strong understanding; but the features were coarse, and the general aspect dark and lowering. His manner was awkward; his delivery was hesitating; he was often at a stand for want of a word; but as a debater, as a master of that keen, weighty, manly logic which is suited to the discussion of political questions, he has perhaps never been surpassed except by his son. In reply he was as decidedly superior to Pitt as in declamation he was Pitt's inferior. Intellectually the balance was nearly even between the rivals. But here, again, the moral qualities of Pitt turned the scale.

Early in the year 1754 Henry Pelham died unexpectedly. "Now I shall have no more peace," exclaimed the old King, when he heard the news. He was in the right. Pelham had succeeded in bringing

together, and keeping together, all the talents of the kingdom. By his death the highest post to which an English subject can aspire was left vacant; and at the same moment, the influence which had yoked together and reined in so many turbulent and ambitious spirits was withdrawn.

Within a week after Pelham's death it was determined that the Duke of Newcastle should be placed at the head of the Treasury; but the arrangement was still far from complete. Who was to be the leading Minister of the Crown in the House of Commons? Was the office to be entrusted to a man of eminent talents? And would not such a man in such a place demand and obtain a larger share of power and patronage than Newcastle would be disposed to concede? Was a mere drudge to be employed? And what probability was there that a mere drudge would be able to manage a large and stormy assembly, abounding with able and experienced men?

Pitt was ill at Bath; and, had he been well and in London, neither the King nor Newcastle would have been disposed to make any overtures to him. The cool and wary Murray had set his heart on professional objects. Negotiations were opened with Fox. Newcastle behaved like himself, that is to say, childishly and basely. The proposition which he made was that Fox should be Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons; that the disposal of the secret-service money, or, in plain words, the business of buying members of Parliament, should be left to the First Lord of the Treasury; but that Fox should be exactly informed of the way in which this fund was employed.

To these conditions Fox assented. But the next day everything was in confusion. Newcastle had changed his mind. The conversation which took place between Fox and the Duke is one of the most curious in English history. "My brother," said Newcastle, "when he was at the Treasury, never told anybody what he did with the secret-service money. No more will I." The answer was obvious. Pelham had been, not only First Lord of the Treasury, but also manager of the House of Commons; and it was therefore unnecessary for him to confide to any other person his dealings with the members of that House. Fox refused to accept the Secretaryship of State on such terms; and the Duke confided the management of the House of Commons to a dull, harmless man, whose name is almost forgotten in our time, Sir Thomas Robinson.

When Pitt returned from Bath he affected great moderation, though his haughty soul was boiling with resentment. He did not complain

of the manner in which he had been passed by, but said openly that, in his opinion, Fox was the fittest man to lead the House of Commons. The rivals, reconciled by their common interest and their common enmities, concerted a plan of operations for the next session. "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us!" said Pitt to Fox. "The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us."

In November the Parliament met; and before the end of that month the new Secretary of State had been so unmercifully baited by the Paymaster of the Forces and the Secretary-at-War that he was thoroughly sick of his situation. Fox attacked him with great force and acrimony. Pitt affected a kind of contemptuous tenderness for Sir Thomas, and directed his attacks principally against Newcastle. On one occasion he asked in tones of thunder whether Parliament sat only to register the edicts of one too-powerful subject? The Duke was scared out of his wits. He was afraid to dismiss the mutineers; he was afraid to promote them; but it was absolutely necessary to do something. Fox, as the less proud and intractable of the refractory pair, was preferred. A seat in the Cabinet was offered to him on condition that he would give efficient support to the Ministry in Parliament. In an evil hour for his fame and his fortunes he accepted the offer, and abandoned his connexion with Pitt, who never forgave this desertion.

Sir Thomas, assisted by Fox, contrived to get through the business of the year without much trouble. Pitt was waiting his time. The negotiations pending between France and England took every day a more unfavourable aspect. Towards the close of the session the King sent a message to inform the House of Commons that he had found it necessary to make preparations for war. The House returned an address of thanks, and passed a vote of credit. During the recess the old animosity of both nations was inflamed by a series of disastrous events. An English force was cut off in America; and several French merchantmen were taken in the West Indian Seas. It was plain that an appeal to arms was at hand.

The first object of the King was to secure Hanover, and Newcastle was disposed to gratify his master. Treaties were concluded, after the fashion of those times, with several petty German princes, who bound themselves to find soldiers if England would find money; and, as it was suspected that Frederick the Second had set his heart on the electoral dominions of his uncle, Russia was hired to keep Prussia in awe.

When the stipulations of these treaties were made known, there arose throughout the kingdom a murmur from which a judicious

observer might easily prognosticate the approach of a tempest. Newcastle encountered strong opposition, even from those whom he had always considered as his tools. In this perplexity Newcastle sent for Pitt, hugged him, patted him, smirked at him, wept over him, and lisped out the highest compliments and the most splendid promises. The King, who had hitherto been as sulky as possible, would be civil to him at the levee; he should be brought into the Cabinet; he should be consulted about everything; if he would only be so good as to support the Hessian subsidy in the House of Commons.. Pitt coldly declined the proffered seat in the Cabinet, expressed the highest love and reverence for the King, and said that, if his Majesty felt a strong personal interest in the Hessian treaty he would so far deviate from the line which he had traced out for himself as to give that treaty his support. "Well, and the Russian subsidy," said Newcastle. "No," said Pitt, "not a system of 'subsidies.'" The Duke summoned Lord Hardwicke to his aid; but Pitt was inflexible. Murray would do nothing. Robinson could do nothing. It was necessary to have recourse to Fox. He became Secretary of State, with the full authority of a leader in the House of Commons; and Sir Thomas was pensioned off on the Irish Establishment.

In November, 1755, the Houses met. Public expectation was wound up to the height. After ten quiet years there was to be an Opposition, countenanced by the heir-apparent of the throne, and headed by the most brilliant orator of the age. The debate on the address was long remembered as one of the greatest parliamentary conflicts of that generation. It began at three in the afternoon, and lasted till five the next morning. It was on this night that Gerard Hamilton delivered that single speech from which his nickname was derived. His eloquence threw into the shade every orator except Pitt, who declaimed against the subsidies for an hour and a half with extraordinary energy and effect. Those powers which had formerly spread terror through the majorities of Walpole and Carteret were now displayed in their highest perfection before an audience long unaccustomed to such exhibitions. One fragment of this celebrated oration remains in a state of tolerable preservation. It is the comparison between the coalition of Fox and Newcastle, and the junction of the Rhone and the Saone. "At Lyons," said Pitt, "I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet, the one gentle, feeble, languid, and, though languid, yet of no depth, the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent: but different as they are they meet at last." The amendment moved by the Opposition was rejected by a great

majority; and Pitt and Legge were immediately dismissed from their offices.

During several months the contest in the House of Commons was extremely sharp. Warm debates took place on the estimates, debates still warmer on the subsidiary treaties. The Government succeeded in every division; but the fame of Pitt's eloquence, and the influence of his lofty and determined character, continued to increase through the session; and the events which followed the prorogation made it utterly impossible for any other person to manage the Parliament or the country.

The war began in every part of the world with events disastrous to England, and even more shameful than disastrous. But the most humiliating of these events was the loss of Minorca. The Duke of Richelieu, an old fop who had passed his life from sixteen to sixty in seducing women for whom he cared not one straw, landed on that island, and succeeded in reducing it. Admiral Byng was sent from Gibraltar to throw succours into Port-Mahon, but he did not think fit to engage the French squadron, and sailed back without having effected his purpose. The people were inflamed to madness. A storm broke forth, which appalled even those who remembered the days of Excise and of South-Sea. The shops were filled with libels and caricatures. The walls were covered with placards. The city of London called for vengeance, and the cry was echoed from every corner of the kingdom.

Newcastle now began to tremble for his place, and for the only thing which was dearer to him than his place, his neck. The people were not in a mood to be trifled with. Their cry was for blood. For this once they might be contented with the sacrifice of Byng. But what if fresh disasters should take place? What if an unfriendly sovereign should ascend the throne? What if a hostile House of Commons should be chosen?

At length, in October, the decisive crisis came. The new Secretary of State had been long sick of the perfidy and levity of the First Lord of the Treasury, and began to fear that he might be made a scapegoat to save the old intriguer who, imbecile as he seemed, never wanted dexterity where danger was to be avoided. Fox threw up his office. Newcastle had recourse to Murray, but Murray had now within his reach the favourite object of his ambition. The situation of Chief-Justice of the King's Bench was vacant; and the Attorney-General was fully resolved to obtain it, or to go into Opposition. Newcastle

him any terms, the Duchy of Lancaster for life, a tellership of the Exchequer, any amount of pension, two thousand a year, six thousand a year. When the Ministers found that Murray's mind was made up, they pressed for delay, the delay of a session, a month, a week, a day. Would he only make his appearance once more in the House of Commons? Would he only speak in favour of the address? He was inexorable, and peremptorily said that they might give or withhold the Chief-Justiceship, but that he would be Attorney-General no longer.

Newcastle now contrived to overcome the prejudices of the King, and overtures were made to Pitt, through Lord Hardwicke. Pitt knew his power, and showed that he knew it. He demanded as an indispensable condition that Newcastle should be altogether excluded from the new arrangement.

The Duke was in a state of ludicrous distress. He ran about chattering and crying, asking advice and listening to none. In the meantime the session drew near. The public excitement was unabated. Nobody could be found to face Pitt and Fox in the House of Commons. Newcastle's heart failed him, and he tendered his resignation.

The King sent for Fox, and directed him to form the plan of an administration in concert with Pitt. But Pitt had not forgotten old injuries, and positively refused to act with Fox.

The King now applied to the Duke of Devonshire, and this mediator succeeded in making an arrangement. He consented to take the Treasury. Pitt became Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons. The Great Seal was put into commission. Legge returned to the Exchequer; and Lord Temple, whose sister Pitt had lately married, was placed at the head of the Admiralty.

The most important event of this short administration was the trial of Byng. On that subject public opinion is still divided. We think the punishment of the Admiral altogether unjust and absurd. Treachery, cowardice, ignorance amounting to what lawyers have called *crassa ignorantia*, are fit objects of severe penal inflictions. But Byng was not found guilty of treachery, of cowardice, or of gross ignorance of his profession. He died for doing what the most loyal subject, the most intrepid warrior, the most experienced seaman, might have done. He died for an error in judgment, an error such as the greatest commanders—Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington—have often committed, and have often acknowledged. Such errors are not proper objects of punishment, for this reason, that the punishing of such errors tends not to prevent them, but to produce them.

Pitt acted a brave and honest part on this occasion. He ventured to put both his power and his popularity to hazard, and spoke manfully for Byng, both in Parliament and in the royal presence. But the King was inexorable. "The House of Commons, Sir," said Pitt, "seems inclined to mercy." "Sir," answered the King, "you have taught me to look for the sense of my people in other places than the House of Commons." The saying has more point than most of those which are recorded of George the Second, and, though sarcastically meant, contains a high and just compliment to Pitt.

The King disliked Pitt, but absolutely hated Temple. The new Secretary of State, his Majesty said, had never read Vatel, and was tedious and pompous, but respectful.

This state of things could not last. Early in April, Pitt and all his friends were turned out, and Newcastle was summoned to St. James's. But the public discontent was not extinguished. It had subsided when Pitt was called to power. But it still glowed under the embers; and it now burst at once into a flame. The stocks fell. The Common Council met. The freedom of the city was voted to Pitt. All the greatest corporate towns followed the example. "For some weeks," says Walpole, "it rained gold boxes."

This was the turning-point of Pitt's life. It might have been expected that a man of so haughty and vehement a nature, treated so ungraciously by the Court, and supported so enthusiastically by the people, would have eagerly taken the first opportunity of showing his power and gratifying his resentment; and an opportunity was not wanting. The members for many counties and large towns had been instructed to vote for an enquiry into the circumstances which had produced the miscarriage of the preceding year. A motion for enquiry had been carried in the House of Commons, without opposition; and a few days after Pitt's dismissal the investigation commenced. Newcastle and his colleagues obtained a vote of acquittal; but the minority were so strong that they could not venture to ask for a vote of approbation, as they had at first intended; and it was thought by some shrewd observers that, if Pitt had exerted himself to the utmost of his power, the enquiry might have ended in a censure, if not in an impeachment.

Pitt showed on this occasion a moderation and self-government which was not habitual to him. He had found by experience, that he could not stand alone. His eloquence and his popularity had dor much, very much, for him. Without rank, without fortune, withoı borough interest, hated by the King, hated by the aristocracy, he w

a person of the first importance in the state. He had been suffered to form a ministry, and to pronounce sentence of exclusion on all his rivals, on the most powerful nobleman of the Whig party, on the ablest debater in the House of Commons. And he now found that he had gone too far. The English Constitution was not, indeed, without a popular element. But other elements generally predominated. The confidence and admiration of the nation might make a statesman formidable at the head of an Opposition, might load him with framed and glazed parchments and gold boxes, might possibly, under very peculiar circumstances, such as those of the preceding year, raise him for a time to power. But, constituted as Parliament then was, the favourite of the people could not depend on a majority in the people's own House.

Pitt desired power; and he desired it, we really believe, from high and generous motives. He was, in the strict sense of the word, a patriot. He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what the resources of the empire, vigorously employed, could effect; and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. "My Lord," he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can."

Desiring then to be in power, and feeling that his abilities and the public confidence were not alone sufficient to keep him in power against the wishes of the Court and of the aristocracy, he began to think of a coalition with Newcastle.

Thus these two men, so unlike in character, so lately mortal enemies, were necessary to each other. Newcastle had fallen in November, for want of that public confidence which Pitt possessed, and of that parliamentary support which Pitt was better qualified than any man of his time to give. Pitt had fallen in April, for want of that species of influence which Newcastle had passed his whole life in acquiring and hoarding. Neither of them had power enough to support himself. Each of them had power enough to overturn the other. Their union would be irresistible. Neither the King nor any party in the state would be able to stand against them.

Under these circumstances, Pitt was not disposed to proceed to extremities against his predecessors in office. Something, however, was due to consistency; and something was necessary for the preservation of his popularity. He did little; but that little he did in such manner as to produce great effect. He came down to the House in all the pomp of gout, his legs swathed in flannels, his arm dangling in a sling. He kept his seat through several fatiguing days, in spite of pain and

languor. He uttered a few sharp and vehement sentences; but during the greater part of the discussion his language was unusually gentle.

When the enquiry had terminated without a vote either of approbation or of censure, the great obstacle to a coalition was removed. Many obstacles, however, remained. The King was still rejoicing in his deliverance from the proud and aspiring Minister who had been forced on him by the cry of the nation. His Majesty's indignation was excited to the highest point when it appeared that Newcastle, who had, during thirty years, been loaded with marks of royal favour, and who had bound himself by a solemn promise never to coalesce with Pitt, was meditating a new perfidy.

During eleven weeks England remained without a ministry, and in the meantime Parliament was sitting and a war was raging. The prejudices of the King, the haughtiness of Pitt, the jealousy, levity, and treachery of Newcastle, delayed the settlement. Pitt knew the Duke too well to trust him without security. The Duke loved power too much to be inclined to give security. While they were haggling, the King was in vain attempting to produce a final rupture between them, or to form a Government without them.

At length the King's pertinacity yielded to the necessity of the case. After exclaiming with great bitterness, and with some justice, against the Whigs, who ought, he said, to be ashamed to talk about liberty while they submitted to be the footmen of the Duke of Newcastle, his Majesty submitted. The influence of Leicester House prevailed on Pitt to abate a little, and but a little, of his high demands, and all at once, out of the chaos in which parties had for some time been rising, falling, meeting, separating, arose a government as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that of Godolphin.

Newcastle took the Treasury. Pitt was Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons, and with the supreme direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Fox, the only man who could have given much annoyance to the new Government, was silenced with the office of Paymaster, which, during the continuance of that war, was probably the most lucrative place in the whole Government.

The first acts of the new administration were characterized rather by vigour than by judgment. Expeditions were sent against different parts of the French coast with little success. But soon conquests of a very different kind filled the kingdom with pride and rejoicing. A succession of victories undoubtedly brilliant, and, as it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the minister

the conduct of the war had been entrusted. In July, 1758, Louisburg fell. The whole island of Cape Breton was reduced. The fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed. The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the city, and were suspended in St. Paul's Church, amidst the roar of guns and kettle-drums, and the shouts of an immense multitude.

The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree. Next fell Guadeloupe; then Ticonderoga; then Niagara. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Boscawen off Cape Lagos. But the greatest exploit of the year was the achievement of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. The news of his glorious death and of the fall of Quebec reached London in the very week in which the Houses met. All was joy and triumph. Envy and faction were forced to join in the general applause. Whigs and Tories vied with each other in extolling the genius and energy of Pitt. His colleagues were never talked of or thought of. The House of Commons, the nation, the colonies, our allies, our enemies, had their eyes fixed on him alone.

Scarcely had Parliament voted a monument to Wolfe when another great event called for fresh rejoicings. The Brest fleet, under the command of Conflans, had put out to sea. It was overtaken by an English squadron under Hawke. Conflans attempted to take shelter close under the French coast. The shore was rocky; the night was black; the wind was furious; the waves of the Bay of Biscay ran high. But Pitt had infused into every branch of the service a spirit which had long been unknown. No British seaman was disposed to err on the same side with Byng. The pilot told Hawke that the attack could not be made without the greatest danger. "You have done your duty in remonstrating," answered Hawke; "I will answer for everything. I command you to lay me alongside the French Admiral." Two French ships of the line struck. Four were destroyed. The rest hid themselves in the rivers of Brittany.

The year 1760 came; and still triumph followed triumph. Montreal was taken; the whole province of Canada was subjugated; the French fleets underwent a succession of disasters in the seas of Europe and America.

In the meantime conquests equalling in rapidity, and far surpassing in magnitude, those of Cortes and Pizarro, had been achieved in the East. In the space of three years the English had founded a mighty empire. The French had been defeated in every part of India. Chan-

dernagore had surrendered to Clive, Pondicherry to Coote. Throughout Bengal, Bahar, Orissa, and the Carnatic, the authority of the East India Company was more absolute than that of Acbar or Aurungzebe had ever been.

On the continent of Europe the odds were against England. We had but one important ally, the King of Prussia; and he was attacked, not only by France, but also by Russia and Austria. Yet even on the Continent the energy of Pitt triumphed over all difficulties. Vehemently as he had condemned the practice of subsidizing foreign princes, he now carried that practice further than Carteret himself would have ventured to do. The active and able Sovereign of Prussia received such pecuniary assistance as enabled him to maintain the conflict on equal terms against his powerful enemies. On no subject had Pitt ever spoken with so much eloquence and ardour as on the mischiefs of the Hanoverian connexion. He now declared, not without much show of reason, that it would be unworthy of the English people to suffer their King to be deprived of his electoral dominions in an English quarrel. He assured his countrymen that they should be no losers, and that he would conquer America for them in Germany. By taking this line he conciliated the King, and lost no part of his influence with the nation. In Parliament, such was the ascendancy which his eloquence, his success, his high situation, his pride, and his intrepidity had obtained for him, that he took liberties with the House of which there had been no example, and which have never since been imitated. No orator could there venture to reproach him with inconsistency. One unfortunate man made the attempt, and was so much disconcerted by the scornful demeanour of the Minister that he stammered, stopped, and sat down.

In the meantime, the nation exhibited all the signs of wealth and prosperity. The merchants of London had never been more thriving. The importance of several great commercial and manufacturing towns, of Glasgow in particular, dates from this period. The fine inscription on the monument of Lord Chatham in Guildhall records the general opinion of the citizens of London, that under his administration commerce had been "united with and made to flourish by war."

It must be owned that these signs of prosperity were in some degree delusive. It must be owned that some of our conquests were rather splendid than useful. It must be owned that the expense of the war never entered into Pitt's consideration. Perhaps it would be r correct to say that the cost of his victories increased the pleasure

which he contemplated them. Unlike other men in his situation, he loved to exaggerate the sums which the nation was laying out under his direction. He was proud of the sacrifices and efforts which his eloquence and his success had induced his countrymen to make. The price at which he purchased faithful service and complete victory, though far smaller than that which his son, the most profuse and incapable of war ministers, paid for treachery, defeat, and shame, was long and severely felt by the nation.

In one respect, however, he deserved all the praise that he has ever received. The success of our arms was perhaps owing less to the skill of his dispositions than to the national resources and the national spirit. But that the national spirit rose to the emergency, that the national resources were contributed with unexampled cheerfulness, this was undoubtedly his work. The ardour of his soul had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Brittany. The Minister, before he had been long in office, had imparted to the commanders whom he employed, his own impetuous, adventurous, and defying character. They, like him, were disposed to risk everything, to play double or quits to the last, to think nothing done while anything remained undone, to fail rather than not to attempt. For the errors of rashness there might be indulgence. For over-caution, for faults like those of Lord George Sackville, there was no mercy. In other times, and against other enemies, this mode of warfare might have failed. But the state of the French government and of the French nation gave every advantage to Pitt. The fops and intriguers of Versailles were appalled and bewildered by his vigour. A panic spread through all ranks of society. Our enemies soon considered it as a settled thing that they were always to be beaten. Thus victory begot victory; till, at last, wherever the forces of the two nations met, they met with disdainful confidence on one side, and with a craven fear on the other.

The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English history. He had conciliated the King; he domineered over the House of Commons; he was adored by the people; he was admired by all Europe. He was the first Englishman of his time; and he had made England the first country in the world. The Great Commoner, the name by which he was often designated, might look down with scorn on coronets and garters. The nation was drunk with joy and

pride. The Parliament was as quiet as it had been under Pelham. The old party distinctions were almost effaced; nor was their place yet supplied by distinctions of a still more important kind. A new generation of country squires and rectors had arisen who knew not the Stuarts. The Dissenters were tolerated; the Catholics not cruelly persecuted. The Church was drowsy and indulgent. The great civil and religious conflict which began at the Reformation seemed to have terminated in universal repose. Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Puritans, spoke with equal reverence of the Constitution, and with equal enthusiasm of the talents, virtues, and services of the Minister.

A few years sufficed to change the whole aspect of affairs. A nation convulsed by faction, a throne assailed by the fiercest invective, a House of Commons hated and despised by the nation, England set against Scotland, Britain set against America, a rival legislature sitting beyond the Atlantic, English blood shed by English bayonets, our armies capitulating, our conquests wrested from us, our enemies hastening to take vengeance for past humiliation, our flag scarcely able to maintain itself in our own seas, such was the spectacle which Pitt lived to see. But the history of this great revolution requires far more space than we can at present bestow. We leave the Great Commoner in the zenith of his glory.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801–90)

Educated privately and at Oxford, Newman soon became a man of distinction in the University after his election to an Oriel Fellowship in 1822, his learning and piety marking him from the first. In 1827 he was made vicar of St. Mary's, where his sermons for many years were to have a profound effect on the rising generation of young men. In 1832 he made a voyage in the Mediterranean with R. H. Froude, and it was while becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio that he wrote "Lead, Kindly Light." Soon after his return Newman started the famous "Tracts for the Times," with a strong Anglo-Catholic tendency that culminated in the well-known Tract No. 90. At the request of the Bishop of Oxford the "tracts" were stopped, and in 1843 Newman resigned the living of St. Mary's. Two years later he was received into the Catholic Church, and having been ordained priest in Rome, founded the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Edgbaston, and the Brompton Oratory, London. In 1864 Newman responded to an attack of Charles Kingsley with his superb "Apologia pro Vita Sua," which silenced malignant gossipers and slanderers, and at the same time placed Newman in an unassailable position as one of the masters of English prose. In 1879 Leo XIII created him a Cardinal, and the remaining few years of his life were spent in a quiet seclusion.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN DEFINED

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is bothr efined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal

nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles, he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence. he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or

to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Scope and Nature of University Education

JOHN STUART MILL (1806–73)

Mill was something of an infant prodigy; he began to learn Greek at three and before he was fourteen had read extensively in that language and in Latin. As he says himself, he never was a boy. He became keenly interested in French politics and social conditions, was member of a small Utilitarian Society and a disciple of Jeremy Bentham, whose creed he afterwards forsook. Before he was twenty Mill had become chief contributor to the "Westminster Review." His "Analysis of the Human Mind" contains a polemical defence and exposition of the association-psychology. He was M.P. for Westminster from 1865 to 1868, and he voted with the advanced Radical Party. He zealously advocated women's suffrage.

THOUGHTS ON POETRY AND ITS VARIETIES

I

It has often been asked, What is Poetry? And many and various are the answers which have been returned The vulgarest of all—one with which no person possessed of the faculties to which Poetry addresses itself can ever have been satisfied—is that which confounds poetry with metrical composition: yet to this wretched mockery of a definition, many have been led back, by the failure of all their attempts to find any other that would distinguish what they have been accustoned to call poetry, from much which they have known only under other names

That, however, the word "poetry" imports something quite peculiar in its nature, something which may exist in what is called prose as well as in verse, something which does not even require the instrument of words, but can speak through the other audible symbols called musical sounds, and even through the visible ones which are the language of sculpture, painting, and architecture; all this, we believe, is and must be felt, though perhaps indistinctly, by all upon whom poetry in any of its shapes produces any impression beyond that of tickling th

distinction between poetry and what is not poetry, whether explained or not, is felt to be fundamental: and where every one feels a difference, a difference there must be. All other appearances may be fallacious, but the appearance of a difference is a real difference. Appearances, too, like other things, must have a cause, and that which can cause anything, even an illusion, must be a reality. And hence, while a half-philosophy disdains the classifications and distinctions indicated by popular language, philosophy carried to its highest point frames new ones, but rarely sets aside the old, content with correcting and regularizing them. It cuts fresh channels for thought, but does not fill up such as it finds ready-made; it traces, on the contrary, more deeply, broadly, and distinctly, those into which the current has spontaneously flowed.

Let us then attempt, in the way of modest inquiry, not to coerce and confine nature within the bounds of an arbitrary definition, but rather to find the boundaries which she herself has set, and erect a barrier round them; not calling mankind to account for having misapplied the word "poetry," but attempting to clear up the conception which they already attach to it, and to bring forward as a distinct principle that which, as a vague feeling, has really guided them in their employment of the term.

The object of poetry is confessedly to act upon the emotions; and therein is poetry sufficiently distinguished from what Wordsworth affirms to be its logical opposite, namely, not prose, but matter of fact or science. The one addresses itself to the belief, the other to the feelings. The one does its work by convincing or persuading, the other by moving. The one acts by presenting a proposition to the understanding, the other by offering interesting objects of contemplation to the sensibilities.

This, however, leaves us very far from a definition of poetry. This distinguishes it from one thing, but we are bound to distinguish it from everything. To bring thoughts or images before the mind for the purpose of acting upon the emotions, does not belong to poetry alone. It is equally the province (for example) of the novelist: and yet the faculty of the poet and that of the novelist are as distinct as any other two faculties; as the faculties of the novelist and of the orator, or of the poet and the metaphysician. The two characters may be united, as characters the most disparate may; but they have no natural connexion.

Many of the greatest poems are in the form of fictitious narratives, and in almost all good serious fictions there is true poetry. But there is a radical distinction between the interest felt in a story as such, and

the interest excited by poetry; for the one is derived from incident, the other from the representation of feeling. In one, the source of the emotion excited is the exhibition of a state or states of human sensibility; in the other, of a series of states of mere outward circumstances. Now, all minds are capable of being affected more or less by representations of the latter kind, and all, or almost all, by those of the former; yet the two sources of interest correspond to two distinct, and (as respects their greatest development) mutually exclusive, characters of mind.

At what age is the passion for a story, for almost any kind of story, merely as a story, the most intense? In childhood. But that also is the age at which poetry, even of the simplest description, is least relished and least understood; because the feelings with which it is especially conversant are yet undeveloped, and not having been even in the slightest degree experienced, cannot be sympathized with. In what stage of the progress of society, again, is story-telling most valued, and the story-teller in greatest request and honour?—In a rude state like that of the Tartars and Arabs at this day, and of almost all nations in the earliest ages. But in this state of society there is little poetry except ballads, which are mostly narrative, that is, essentially stories, and derive their principal interest from the incidents Considered as poetry, they are of the lowest and most elementary kind: the feelings depicted, or rather indicated, are the simplest our nature has; such joys and griefs as the immediate pressure of some outward event excites in rude minds, which live wholly immersed in outward things, and have never, either from choice or a force they could not resist, turned themselves to the contemplation of the world within. Passing now from childhood, and from the childhood of society, to the grown-up men and women of this most grown-up and unchildlike age—the minds and hearts of greatest depth and elevation are commonly those which take greatest delight in poetry; the shallowest and emptiest, on the contrary, are, at all events, not those least addicted to novel-reading. This accords, too, with all analogous experience of human nature. The sort of persons whom not merely in books, but in their lives, we find perpetually engaged in hunting for excitement from without, are invariably those who do not possess, either in the vigour of their intellectual powers or in the depth of their sensibilities, that which would enable them to find ample excitement nearer home. The most idle and frivolous persons take a natural delight in fictitious narrative; the excitement it affords is of the kind which comes from without. Such persons are rarely lovers of poetry, though they may fancy themselves so, because they relish novels in verse. But

poetry, which is the delineation of the deeper and more secret workings of human emotion, is interesting only to those to whom it recalls what they have felt, or whose imagination it stirs up to conceive what they could feel, or what they might have been able to feel, had their outward circumstances been different.

Poetry, when it is really such, is truth; and fiction also, if it is good for anything, is truth: but they are different truths. The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of life. The two kinds of knowledge are different, and come by different ways, come mostly to different persons. Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves; they have found within them one highly delicate and sensitive specimen of human nature, on which the laws of emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study. Other knowledge of mankind, such as comes to men of the world by outward experience, is not indispensable to them as poets: but to the novelist such knowledge is all in all; he has to describe outward things, not the inward man; actions and events, not feelings; and it will not do for him to be numbered among those who, as Madame Roland said of Brissot, know man but not *men*.

In limiting poetry to the delineation of states of feeling, and denying the name where nothing is delineated but outward objects, we may be thought to have done what we promised to avoid—to have not found, but made a definition, in opposition to the usage of language, since it is established by common consent that there is a poetry called descriptive. We deny the charge. Description is not poetry because there is descriptive poetry, no more than science is poetry because there is such a thing as a didactic poem. But an object which admits of being described, or a truth which may fill a place in a scientific treatise, may also furnish an occasion for the generation of poetry, which we thereupon choose to call descriptive or didactic. The poetry is not in the object itself, nor in the scientific truth itself, but in the state of mind in which the one and the other may be contemplated. The mere delineation of the dimensions and colours of external objects is not poetry, no more than a geometrical ground-plan of St. Peter's or Westminster Abbey is painting. Descriptive poetry consists, no doubt, in description, but in description of things as they appear, not as they are; and it paints them not in their bare and natural lineaments, but seen through the medium and arrayed in the colours of the imagination set in action by the feelings. If a poet describes a lion, he does not describe him as a naturalist would,

nor even as a traveller would, who was intent upon stating the truth, *the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.* He describes him by imagery, that is, by suggesting the most striking likenesses and contrasts which might occur to a mind contemplating the lion, in the state of awe, wonder, or terror, which the spectacle naturally excites, or is, on the occasion, supposed to excite. Now this is describing the lion professedly, but the state of excitement of the spectator really. The lion may be described falsely or with exaggeration, and the poetry be all the better; but if the human emotion be not painted with scrupulous truth, the poetry is bad poetry, i e. is not poetry at all, but a failure.

Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or utterance of feeling. But if we may be excused the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *over*heard. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling pouring itself out to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavouring to influence their belief or move them to passion or to action.

All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy. It may be said that poetry which is printed on hot-pressed paper and sold at a bookseller's shop, is a soliloquy in full dress, and on the stage. It is so; but there is nothing absurd in the idea of such a mode of soliloquizing. What we have said to ourselves, we may tell to others afterwards; what we have said or done in solitude, we may voluntarily reproduce when we know that other eyes are upon us. But no trace of consciousness that any eyes are upon us must be visible in the work itself The actor knows that there is an audience present; but if he act as though he knew it, he acts ill. A poet may write poetry not only with the intention of printing it, but for the express purpose of being paid for it; that it should *be* poetry, being written under such influences, is less probable; not, however, impossible; but no otherwise possible than if he can succeed in excluding from his work every vestige of such lookings-forth into the outward and everyday world, and can express his emotions exactly as he has felt them in solitude, or as he is conscious that he should feel them though they were to remain for ever unuttered, or (at the lowest) as he knows that others feel them in similar circumstances of solitude. But when he turns round and addresses himself to another person; when the act of utterance is not itself the end, but a means to an end,—viz.

by the feelings he himself expresses, to work upon the feelings, or upon the belief, or the will, of another,—when the expression of his emotions, or of his thoughts tinged by his emotions, is tinged also by that purpose, by that desire of making an impression upon another mind, then it ceases to be poetry, and becomes eloquence.

Poetry, accordingly, is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloquence, of intercourse with the world.

If the above be, as we believe, the true theory of the distinction commonly admitted between eloquence and poetry; or even though it be not so, yet if, as we cannot doubt, the distinction above stated be a real *bona fide* distinction, it will be found to hold, not merely in the language of words, but in all other language, and to intersect the whole domain of art.

II

Nascitur poeta is a maxim of classical antiquity, which has passed to these latter days with less questioning than most of the doctrines of that early age. When it originated, the human faculties were occupied, fortunately for posterity, less in examining how the works of genius are created, than in creating them: and the adage, probably, had no higher source than the tendency common among mankind to consider all power which is not visibly the effect of practice, all skill which is not capable of being reduced to mechanical rules, as the result of a peculiar gift. Yet this aphorism, born in the infancy of psychology, will perhaps be found, now when that science is in its adolescence, to be as true as an epigram ever is, that is, to contain some truth: truth, however, which has been so compressed and bent out of shape, in order to tie it up into so small a knot of only two words that it requires an almost infinite amount of unrolling and laying straight, before it will resume its just proportions.

One may write genuine poetry, and not be a poet; for whosoever writes out truly any human feeling, writes poetry. All persons, even the most unimaginative, in moments of strong emotion, speak poetry; and hence the drama is poetry, which else were always prose, except when a poet is one of the characters. What *is* poetry, but the thoughts and words in which emotion spontaneously embodies itself? As there are few who are not, at least for some moments and in some situations, capable of some strong feeling, poetry is natural to most persons at some period of their lives. And anyone whose feelings are genuine, though but of the average strength—if he be not diverted by uncongenial thoughts or occupations from the indulgence of them, and if he acquire

by culture, as all persons may, the faculty of delineating them correctly—has it in his power to be a poet, so far as a life passed in writing unquestionable poetry may be considered to confer that title. But *ought* it to do so? Yes, perhaps, in a collection of "British Poets." But "poet" is the name also of a variety of man, not solely of the author of a particular variety of book: now, to have written whole volumes of real poetry is possible to almost all kinds of characters, and implies no greater peculiarity of mental construction than to be the author of a history or a novel.

Whom, then, shall we call poets? Those who are so constituted, that emotions are the links of association by which their ideas, both sensuous and spiritual, are connected together. This constitution belongs (within certain limits) to all in whom poetry is a pervading principle. In all others, poetry is something extraneous and superinduced: something out of themselves, foreign to the habitual course of their everyday lives and characters; a world to which they may make occasional visits, but where they are sojourners, not dwellers, and which, when out of it, or even when in it, they think of, peradventure, but as a phantom-world, a place of *ignes fatui* and spectral illusions. Those only who have the peculiarity of association which we have mentioned, and which is a natural though not a universal consequence of intense sensibility, instead of seeming not themselves when they are uttering poetry, scarcely seem themselves when uttering anything to which poetry is foreign. Whatever be the thing which they are contemplating, if it be capable of connecting itself with their emotions, the aspect under which it first and most naturally paints itself to them, is its poetic aspect. The poet of culture sees his object in prose, and describes it in poetry; the poet of nature actually sees it in poetry.

The difference, then, between the poetry of a poet, and the poetry of a cultivated but not naturally poetic mind, is, that in the latter, with however bright a halo of feeling the thought may be surrounded and glorified, the thought itself is always the conspicuous object; while the poetry of a poet is Feeling itself, employing Thought only as the medium of its expression. In the one, feeling waits upon thought; in the other, thought upon feeling. The one writer has a distinct aim, common to him with any other didactic author; he desires to convey the thought, and he conveys it clothed in the feelings which it excites in himself, or which he deems most appropriate to it. The other merely pours forth the overflowing of his feelings; and all the thoughts which those feelings suggest are floated promiscuously along the stream.

It may assist in rendering our meaning intelligible, if we illustrate it by a parallel between the two English authors of our own day, who have produced the greatest quantity of true and enduring poetry, Wordsworth and Shelley. Apter instances could not be wished for; the one might be cited as the type, the *exemplar*, of what the poetry of culture may accomplish: the other as perhaps the most striking example ever known of the poetic temperament. How different, accordingly, is the poetry of these two great writers! In Wordsworth, the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought. The thought may be more valuable than the setting, or it may be less valuable, but there can be no question as to which was first in his mind: what he is impressed with, and what he is anxious to impress, is some proposition, more or less distinctly conceived; some truth, or something which he deems such. He lets the thought dwell in his mind, till it excites, as is the nature of thought, other thoughts, and also such feelings as the measure of his sensibility is adequate to supply. Among these thoughts and feelings, had he chosen a different walk of authorship (and there are many in which he might equally have excelled), he would probably have made a different selection of media for enforcing the parent thought: his habits, however, being those of poetic composition, he selects in preference the strongest feelings, and the thoughts with which most of feeling is naturally or habitually connected. His poetry, therefore, may be defined to be, his thoughts, coloured by, and impressing themselves by means of, emotions. Such poetry, Wordsworth has occupied a long life in producing. And well and wisely has he so done. Criticisms, no doubt, may be made occasionally both upon the thoughts themselves, and upon the skill he has demonstrated in the choice of his media: for, an affair of skill and study, in the most rigorous sense, it evidently was. But he has not laboured in vain: he has exercised, and continues to exercise, a powerful, and mostly a highly beneficial influence over the formation and growth of not a few of the most cultivated and vigorous of the youthful minds of our time, over whose heads poetry of the opposite description would have flown, for want of an original organization, physical or mental, in sympathy with it.

On the other hand, Wordsworth's poetry is never bounding, never ebullient; has little even of the appearance of spontaneousness: the well is never so full that it overflows. There is an air of calm deliberateness about all he writes, which is not characteristic of the poetic temperament: his poetry seems one thing, himself another; he seems to be poetical because he wills to be so, not because he cannot help it: did he will to

dismiss poetry, he need never again, it might almost seem, have a poetical thought. He never seems *possessed* by any feeling; no emotion seems ever so strong as to have entire sway, for the time being, over the current of his thoughts. He never, even for the space of a few stanzas, appears entirely given up to exultation, or grief, or pity, or love, or admiration, or devotion, or even animal spirits. He now and then, though seldom, attempts to write as if he were; and never, we think, without leaving an impression of poverty: as the brook which on nearly level ground quite fills its banks, appears but a thread when running rapidly down a precipitous declivity.

Shelley is the very reverse of all this. Where Wordsworth is strong, he is weak; where Wordsworth is weak, he is strong. Culture, that culture by which Wordsworth has reared from his own inward nature the richest harvest ever brought forth by a soil of so little depth, is precisely what was wanting to Shelley: or let us rather say, he had not, at the period of his deplorably early death, reached sufficiently far in that intellectual progression of which he was capable, and which, if it has done so much for greatly inferior natures, might have made of him the most perfect, as he was already the most gifted of our poets. For him, voluntary mental discipline had done little: the vividness of his emotions and of his sensations had done all. He seldom follows up an idea; it starts into life, summons from the fairy-land of his inexhaustible fancy some three or four bold images, then vanishes, and straight he is off on the wings of some casual association into quite another sphere. He had scarcely yet acquired the consecutiveness of thought necessary for a long poem; his more ambitious compositions too often resemble the scattered fragments of a mirror; colours brilliant as life, single images without end, but no picture. It is only when under the overruling influence of some one state of feeling, either actually experienced, or summoned up in the vividness of reality by a fervid imagination, that he writes as a great poet; unity of feeling being to him the harmonizing principle which a central idea is to minds of another class, and supplying the coherency and consistency which would else have been wanting. Thus it is in many of his smaller, and especially his lyrical poems. They are obviously written to exhale, perhaps to relieve, a state of feeling, or of conception of feeling, almost oppressive from its vividness. The thoughts and imagery are suggested by the feeling, and are such as it finds unsought. The state of feeling may be either of soul or of sense, or oftener (might we not say invariably?) of both: for the poetic temperament is usually, perhaps always, accompanied by exquisite sense

exciting cause may be either an object or an idea. But whatever of sensation enters into the feeling, must not be local, or consciously organic; it is a condition of the whole frame, not of a part only. Like the state of sensation produced by a fine climate, or indeed like all strongly pleasurable or painful sensations in an impassioned nature, it pervades the entire nervous system. States of feeling, whether sensuous or spiritual, which thus possess the whole being, are the fountains of that which we have called the poetry of poets; and which is little else than a pouring forth of the thoughts and images that pass across the mind while some permanent state of feeling is occupying it.

If, then, the maxim *Nascitur poeta*, mean, either that the power of producing poetical compositions is a peculiar faculty which the poet brings into the world with him, which grows with his growth like any of his bodily powers, and is as independent of culture as his height, and his complexion; or that any natural peculiarity whatever is implied in producing poetry, real poetry, and in any quantity—such poetry too, as, to the majority of educated and intelligent readers, shall appear quite as good as, or even better than, any other; in either sense the doctrine is false. And nevertheless, there *is* poetry which could not emanate but from a mental and physical constitution peculiar, not in the kind, but in the degree of its susceptibility: a constitution which makes its possessor capable of greater happiness than mankind in general, and also of greater unhappiness; and because greater, so also more various. And such poetry, to all who know enough of nature to own it as being in nature, is much more poetry, is poetry in a far higher sense, than any other; since the common element of all poetry, that which constitutes poetry, human feeling, enters far more largely into this than into the poetry of culture. Not only because the natures which we have called poetical really feel more, and consequently have more feeling to express; but because, the capacity of feeling being so great, feeling, when excited and not voluntarily resisted, seizes the helm of their thoughts, and the succession of ideas and images becomes the mere utterance of an emotion; not, as in other natures, the emotion a mere ornamental colouring of the thought.

In whomsoever the quality which we have described exists, and is not stifled, that person is a poet. Doubtless he is a greater poet in proportion as the fineness of his perceptions, whether of sense or of internal consciousness, furnishes him with an ampler supply of lovely images—the vigour and richness of his intellect, with a greater abundance of moving thoughts. For it is through these thoughts and images that

the feeling speaks, and through their impressiveness that it impresses itself, and finds response in other hearts; and from these media of transmitting it (contrary to the laws of physical nature) increase of intensity is reflected back upon the feeling itself. But all these it is possible to have, and not be a poet; they are mere materials, which the poet shares in common with other people. What constitutes the poet is not the imagery nor the thoughts, nor even the feelings, but the law according to which they are called up. He is a poet, not because he has ideas of any particular kind, but because the succession of his ideas is subordinate to the course of his emotions.

Many who have never acknowledged this in theory, bear testimony to it in their particular judgments. In listening to an oration, or reading a written discourse not professedly poetical, when do we begin to feel that the speaker or author is putting off the character of the orator or the prose writer, and is passing into the poet? Not when he begins to show strong feeling; *then* we merely say, he is in earnest, he feels what he says; still less when he expresses himself in imagery: then, unless illustration be manifestly his sole object, we are apt to say, this is affectation. It is when the feeling (instead of passing away, or, if it continue, letting the train of thoughts run on exactly as they would have done if there were no influence at work but the mere intellect) becomes itself the originator of another train of association, which expels or blends with the former; when (for example) either his words, or the mode of their arrangement, are such as we spontaneously use only when in a state of excitement, proving that the mind is at least as much occupied by a passive state of its own feelings, as by the desire of attaining the premeditated end which the discourse has in view.

Our judgments of authors who lay actual claim to the title of poets, follow the same principle. Whenever, after a writer's meaning is fully understood, it is still matter of reasoning and discussion whether he is a poet or not, he will be found to be wanting in the characteristic peculiarity of association so often adverted to. When, on the contrary, after reading or hearing one or two passages, we instinctively and without hesitation cry out, "This is a poet," the probability is, that the passages are strongly marked with this peculiar quality. And we may add that in such case, a critic who, not having sufficient feeling to respond to the poetry, is also without sufficient philosophy to understand it though he feel it not, will be apt to pronounce, not "this is prose," but "this is exaggeration," "this is mysticism," or, "this is nonsense."

Although a philosopher cannot, by culture, make himself in the

peculiar sense in which we now use the term, a poet, unless at least he have that peculiarity of nature which would probably have made poetry his earliest pursuit; a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher. The poetic laws of association are by no means incompatible with the more ordinary laws; are by no means such as *must* have their course, even though a deliberate purpose require their suspension. If the peculiarities of the poetic temperament were uncontrollable in any poet, they might be supposed so in Shelley; yet how powerfully, in *The Cenci*, does he coerce and restrain all the characteristic qualities of his genius; what severe simplicity, in place of his usual barbaric splendour; how rigidly does he keep the feelings and the imagery in subordination to the thought.

The investigation of nature requires no habits or qualities of mind, but such as may always be acquired by industry and mental activity. Because at one time the mind may be so given up to a state of feeling, that the succession of its ideas is determined by the present enjoyment or suffering which pervades it, this is no reason but that in the calm retirement of study, when under no peculiar excitement either of the outward or of the inward sense, it may form any combinations, or pursue any trains of ideas, which are most conducive to the purposes of philosophic inquiry; and may, while in that state, form deliberate convictions, from which no excitement will afterwards make it swerve. Might we not go even further than this? We shall not pause to ask whether it be not a misunderstanding of the nature of passionate feeling to imagine that it is inconsistent with calmness; whether they who so deem of it, do not mistake passion in the militant or antagonistic state, for the type of passion universally; do not confound passion struggling towards an outward object, with passion brooding over itself. But without entering into this deeper investigation, that capacity of strong feeling, which is supposed necessarily to disturb the judgment, is also the material out of which all *motives* are made, the motives, consequently, which lead human beings to the pursuit of truth. The greater the individual's capability of happiness and of misery, the stronger interest has that individual in arriving at truth; and when once that interest is felt, an impassioned nature is sure to pursue this, as to pursue any other object, with greater ardour; for energy of character is commonly the offspring of strong feeling. If, therefore, the most impassioned natures do not ripen into the most powerful intellects, it is always from defect of culture, or something wrong in the circumstances by which the being has originally or successively been surrounded. Undoubtedly strong feelings

require a strong intellect to carry them, as more sail requires more ballast: and when, from neglect, or bad education, that strength is wanting, no wonder if the grandest and swiftest vessels make the most utter wreck.

Where, as in some of our older poets, a poetic nature has been united with logical and scientific culture, the peculiarity of association arising from the finer nature so perpetually alternates with the associations attainable by commoner natures trained to high perfection, that its own particular law is not so conspicuously characteristic of the result produced, as in a poet like Shelley, to whom systematic intellectual culture, in a measure proportion to the intensity of his own nature, has been wanting. Whether the superiority will naturally be on the side of the philosopher-poet or of the mere poet—whether the writings of the one ought, as a whole, to be truer, and their influence more beneficent, than those of the other—is too obvious in principle to need statement: it would be absurd to doubt whether two endowments are better than one; whether truth is more certainly arrived at by two processes, verifying and correcting each other, than by one alone. Unfortunately, in practice the matter is not quite so simple; there the question often is, which is least prejudicial to the intellect, uncultivation or malcultivation. For, as long as education consists chiefly of the mere inculcation of traditional opinions, many of which, from the mere fact that the human intellect has not yet reached perfection, must necessarily be false; so long as even those who are best taught, are rather taught to know the thoughts of others than to think, it is not always clear that the poet of acquired ideas has the advantage over him whose feeling has been his sole teacher. For, the depth and durability of wrong as well as of right impressions, is proportional to the fineness of the material; and they who have the greatest capacity of natural feeling are generally those whose artificial feelings are the strongest. Hence, doubtless, among other reasons, it is, that in an age of revolutions in opinion, the contemporary poets, those at least who deserve the name, those who have any individuality of character, if they are not before their age, are almost sure to be behind it. An observation curiously verified all over Europe in the present century. Nor let it be thought disparaging. However urgent may be the necessity for a breaking up of old modes of belief, the most strong-minded and discerning, next to those who head the movement, are generally those who bring up the rear of it.

Essays.

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CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN (1809–82)

Educated at Shrewsbury and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1831, from an early date he turned his attention to natural history and made exhaustive observations, which were enlarged in scope by his appointment as naturalist to the "Beagle" during her six years' surveying expedition round the world. On his return Darwin settled at Down and began a close study which ended in his formulation of the theory of Natural Selection. In 1859 he revolutionized mid-Victorian thought by the publication of the "Origin of Species," in which he set forth the new theory of evolution. This was followed by the "Descent of Man," 1871, which carried further his courageous and painstaking discoveries. The last chapter of the "Origin of Species" has been selected here, and reveals the scope of Darwin's purpose and the clarity of his composition.

RECAPITULATION AND CONCLUSION OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES"

THAT many and serious objections may be advanced against the theory of descent with modification through variation and natural selection, I do not deny. Nothing at first can appear more difficult to believe than that the more complex organs and instincts have been perfected, not by any means superior to, though analogous with, human reason, but by the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor. Nevertheless, this difficulty, though appearing to our imagination insuperably great, cannot be considered real if we admit the following propositions, namely, that all parts of the organization and instincts offer, at least, individual differences—that there is a struggle for existence leading to the preservation of profitable deviations of structure or instinct—and, lastly, that gradations in the state of perfection of each organ may have existed, each good of its kind. The truth of these propositions cannot, I think, be disputed.

It is, no doubt, extremely difficult even to conjecture by what gradations many structures have been perfected, more especially amongst broken and failing groups of organic beings, which have suffered much extinction; but we see so many strange gradations in nature, that we ought to be extremely cautious in saying that any organ or instinct, or any whole structure, could not have arrived at its present state by many graduated steps. There are, it must be admitted, cases of special difficulty opposed to the theory of natural selection; and one of the most curious of these is the existence in the same community of two or three defined castes of workers or sterile female ants; but I have attempted to show how these difficulties can be mastered.

Although the fertility of varieties when intercrossed and of their mongrel offspring has been asserted by so many authors to be universal, this cannot be considered as quite correct after the facts given on the high authority of Gärtner and Kolreuter. Most of the varieties which have been experimented on have been produced under domestication; and as domestication (I do not mean mere confinement) almost certainly tends to eliminate that sterility which, judging from analogy, would have affected the parent-species if intercrossed, we ought not to expect that domestication would likewise induce sterility in their modified descendants when crossed. This elimination of sterility apparently follows from the same cause which allows our domestic animals to breed freely under diversified circumstances; and this again apparently follows from their having been gradually accustomed to frequent changes in their conditions of life.

A double and parallel series of facts seems to throw much light on the sterility of species, when first crossed, and of their hybrid offspring. On the one side, there is a good reason to believe that slight changes in the conditions of life give vigour and fertility to all organic beings. We know also that a cross between the distinct individuals of the same variety, and between distinct varieties, increases the number of their offspring, and certainly gives to them increased size and vigour. This is chiefly owing to the forms which are crossed having been exposed to somewhat different conditions of life; for I have ascertained by a laborious series of experiments that if all the individuals of the same variety be subjected during several generations to the same conditions, the good derived from crossing is often much diminished or wholly disappears This is one side of the case. On the other side, we know that species which have long been exposed to nearly uniform conditions, when they are subjected under confinement to new and greatly changed conditions,

either perish, or, if they survive, are rendered sterile, though retaining perfect health. This does not occur, or only in a very slight degree, with our domesticated productions, which have long been exposed to fluctuating conditions. Hence when we find that hybrids produced by a cross between two distinct species are few in number, owing to their perishing soon after conception or at a very early age, or if surviving that they are rendered more or less sterile, it seems highly probable that this result is due to their having been in fact subjected to a great change in their conditions of life, from being compounded of two distinct organizations. He who will explain in a definite manner why, for instance, an elephant or a fox will not breed under confinement in its native country whilst the domestic pig or dog will breed freely under the most diversified conditions, will at the same time be able to give a definite answer to the question why two distinct species, when crossed, as well as their hybrid offspring, are generally rendered more or less sterile, whilst two domesticated varieties when crossed and their mongrel offspring are perfectly fertile.

Turning to geographical distribution, the difficulties encountered on the theory of descent with modification are serious enough. All the individuals of the same species, and all the species of the same genus, or even higher group, are descended from common parents; and therefore, in however distant and isolated parts of the world they now be found, they must in the course of successive generations have travelled from some one point to all the others. We are often wholly unable even to conjecture how this could have been effected. Yet, as we have reason to believe that some species have retained the same specific form for very long periods of time, immensely long as measured by years, too much stress ought not to be laid on the occasional wide diffusion of the same species; for during very long periods there will always have been a good chance for wide migration by many means. A broken or interrupted range may often be accounted for by the extinction of the species in the intermediate regions. It cannot be denied that we are as yet very ignorant as to the full extent of the various climatal and geographical changes which have affected the earth during modern periods; and such changes will often have facilitated migration. As an example, I have attempted to show how potent has been the influence of the glacial period on the distribution of the same and of allied species throughout the world. We are as yet profoundly ignorant of the many occasional means of transport. With respect to distinct species of the same genus inhabiting distant and isolated regions, as the process

of modification has necessarily been slow, all means of migration will have been possible during a very long period; and consequently the difficulty of the wide diffusion of the species of the same genus is in some degree lessened.

As according to the theory of natural selection an interminable number of intermediate forms must have existed, linking together all the species in each group by gradations as fine as are our existing varieties, it may be asked, Why do we not see these linking forms all around us? Why are not all organic beings blended together in an inextricable chaos? With respect to existing forms, we should remember that we have no right to expect (excepting in rare cases) to discover *directly* connecting links between them, but only between each and some extinct and supplanted form. Even on a wide area, which has during a long period remained continuous, and of which the climatic and other conditions of life change insensibly in proceeding from a district occupied by one species into another district occupied by a closely allied species, we have no just right to expect often to find intermediate varieties in the intermediate zones. For we have reason to believe that only a few species of a genus ever undergo change; the other species becoming utterly extinct and leaving no modified progeny. Of the species which do change, only a few within the same country change at the same time; and all modifications are slowly effected. I have also shown that the intermediate varieties which probably at first existed in the intermediate zones, would be liable to be supplanted by the allied forms on either hand; for the latter, from existing in greater numbers, would generally be modified and improved at a quicker rate than the intermediate varieties, which existed in lesser number; so that the intermediate varieties would, in the long run, be supplanted and exterminated.

Of this doctrine of the extermination of an infinitude of connecting links, between the living and extinct inhabitants of the world, and at each successive period between the extinct and still older species, why [illegible]

has undoubtedly revealed the former existence of many links, bringing numerous forms of life much closer together, it does not yield the infinitely many fine gradations between past and present species required on the theory; and this is the most obvious of the many objections which may be urged against it. Why, again, do whole groups of allied species appear, though this appearance is often false, to have come in suddenly

on the successive geological stages? Although we now know that organic beings appeared on this globe, at a period incalculably remote, long before the lowest bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, why do we not find beneath this system great piles of strata stored with the remains of the progenitors of the Cambrian fossils? For on the theory, such strata must somewhere have been deposited at these ancient and utterly unknown epochs of the world's history.

I can answer these questions and objections only on the supposition that the geological record is far more imperfect than most geologists believe. The number of specimens in all our museums is absolutely as nothing compared with the countless generations of countless species which have certainly existed. The parent-form of any two or more species would not be in all its characters directly intermediate between its modified offspring, any more than the rock-pigeon is directly intermediate in crop and tail between its descendants, the pouter and fantail pigeons. We should not be able to recognize a species as the parent of another and modified species, if we were to examine the two ever so closely, unless we possessed most of the intermediate links; and owing to the imperfection of the geological record, we have no just right to expect to find so many links. If two or three, or even more linking forms were discovered, they would simply be ranked by many naturalists as so many new species, more especially if found in different geological sub-stages, let their differences be ever so slight. Numerous existing doubtful forms could be named which are probably varieties; but who will pretend that in future ages so many fossil links will be discovered that naturalists will be able to decide whether or not these doubtful forms ought to be called varieties? Only a small portion of the world has been geologically explored. Only organic beings of certain classes can be preserved in a fossil condition, at least in any great number. Many species when once formed never undergo any further change but become extinct without leaving modified descendants; and the periods during which species have undergone modification, though long as measured by years, have probably been short in comparison with the periods during which they retained the same form. It is the dominant and widely ranging species which vary most frequently and vary most, and varieties are often at first local—both causes rendering the discovery of intermediate links in any one formation less likely. Local varieties will not spread into other and distant regions until they are considerably modified and improved; and when they have spread, and are discovered in a geological formation,

they appear as if suddenly created there, and will be simply classed as new species. Most formations have been intermittent in their accumulation; and their duration has probably been shorter than the average duration of specific forms. Successive formations are in most cases separated from each other by blank intervals of time of great length; for fossiliferous formations thick enough to resist future degradation can as a general rule be accumulated only where much sediment is deposited on the subsiding bed of the sea. During the alternate periods of elevation and of stationary level the record will generally be blank. During these latter periods there will probably be more variability in the forms of life; during periods of subsidence, more extinction.

With respect to the absence of strata rich in fossils beneath the Cambrian formation, I can recur only to the hypothesis that though our continents and oceans have endured for an enormous period in nearly their present relative positions, we have no reason to assume that this has always been the case; consequently formations much older than any now known may lie buried beneath the great oceans. With respect to the lapse of time not having been sufficient since our planet was consolidated for the assumed amount of organic change, and this objection, as urged by Sir William Thompson, is probably one of the gravest as yet advanced, I can only say, firstly, that we do not know at what rate species change as measured by years, and secondly, that many philosophers are not as yet willing to admit that we know enough of the constitution of the universe and of the interior of our globe to speculate with safety on its past duration.

Such is the sum of the several chief objections and difficulties which may be justly urged against the theory; and I have now briefly recapitulated the answers and explanations which, as far as I can see, may be given. I have felt these difficulties far too heavily during many years to doubt their weight. But it deserves especial notice that the more important objections relate to questions on which we are confessedly ignorant; nor do we know how ignorant we are. We do not know all the possible transitional gradations between the simplest and the most perfect organs; it cannot be pretended that we know all the varied means of Distribution during the long lapse of years, or that we know how imperfect is the Geological Record. Serious as these several objections are, in my judgment they are by no means sufficient to overthrow the theory of descent with subsequent modification.

Now let us turn to the other side of the argument. Under domes-

tication we see much variability, caused, or at least excited by changed conditions of life; but often in so obscure a manner that we are tempted to consider the variations as spontaneous. Variability is governed by many complex laws,—by correlated growth, compensation, the increased use and disuse of parts, and the definite action of the surrounding conditions. There is much difficulty in ascertaining how largely our domestic productions have been modified; but we may safely infer that the amount has been large, and that modification can be inherited for long periods. As long as the conditions of life remain the same, we have reason to believe that a modification which has already been inherited for many generations may continue to be inherited for an almost infinite number of generations. On the other hand, we have evidence that variability when it has once come into play, does not cease under domestication for a very long period; nor do we know that it ever ceases, for new varieties are still occasionally produced by our oldest domesticated productions.

Variability is not actually caused by man; he only intentionally exposes organic beings to new conditions of life, and then nature acts on the organization and causes it to vary. But man can and does select the variations given to him by nature, and thus accumulates them in any desired manner. He thus adapts animals and plants for his own benefit or pleasure. He may do this methodically, or he may do it unconsciously by preserving the individuals most useful or pleasing to him without any intention of altering the breed. It is certain that he can largely influence the character of a breed by selecting, in each successive generation, individual differences so slight as to be inappreciable except by an educated eye. This unconscious process of selection has been the great agency in the formation of the most distinct and useful domestic breeds. That many breeds produced by man have to a large extent the character of natural species, is shown by the inextricable doubts whether many of them are varieties or aboriginally distinct species.

There is no reason why the principles which have acted so efficiently under domestication should not have acted under nature. In the survival of favoured individuals and races, during the constantly-recurrent Struggle for Existence, we see a powerful and ever-acting form of Selection. The struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high geometrical ratio of increase which is common to all organic beings. This high rate of increase is proved by calculation,—by the rapid increase of many animals and plants during a succession of peculiar seasons,

and when naturalized in new countries. More individuals are born than can possibly survive. A grain in the balance may determine which individuals shall live and which shall die,—which variety or species shall increase in number, and which shall decrease, or finally become extinct. As the individuals of the same species come in all respects into the closest competition with each other, the struggle will generally be most severe between them; it will be almost equally severe between the varieties of the same species, and next in severity between the species of the same genus. On the other hand, the struggle will often be severe between beings remote in the scale of nature. The slightest advantage in certain individuals, at any age or during any season, over those with which they come into competition, or better adaptation in however slight a degree to the surrounding physical conditions, will, in the long run, turn the balance.

With animals having separated sexes, there will be in most cases a struggle between the males for the possession of the females. The most vigorous males, or those which have most successfully struggled with their conditions of life, will generally leave most progeny. But success will often depend on the males having special weapons, or means of defence, or charms; and a slight advantage will lead to victory.

As geology plainly proclaims that each land has undergone great physical changes, we might have expected to find that organic beings have varied under nature, in the same way as they have varied under domestication. And if there has been any variability under nature, it would be an unaccountable fact if natural selection had not come into play. It has often been asserted, but the assertion is incapable of proof, that the amount of variation under nature is a strictly limited quantity. Man, through acting on external characters alone and often capriciously, can produce within a short period a great result by adding up mere individual differences in his domestic productions; and every one admits that species present individual differences. But, besides such differences, all naturalists admit that natural varieties exist which are considered sufficiently distinct to be worthy of record in systematic works

If then, animals and plants do vary, let it be ever so slightly or slowly, why should not variations or individual differences, which are in any way beneficial, be preserved and accumulated through natural selection, or the survival of the fittest? If man can by patience select variations useful to him, why, under changing and complex conditions of life, should not variations useful to nature's living products often arise, and be preserved or selected? What limit can be put to this

acting during long ages and rigidly scrutinizing the whole constitution, structure, and habits of each creature,—favouring the good and rejecting the bad? I can see no limit to this power, in slowly and beautifully adapting each form to the most complex relations of life. The theory of natural selection, even if we look no farther than this, seems to be in the highest degree probable.

I have already recapitulated, as fairly as I could, the opposed difficulties and objections: now let us turn to the special facts and arguments in favour of the theory. On the view that species are only strongly marked and permanent varieties, and that each species first existed as a variety, we can see why it is that no line of demarcation can be drawn between species commonly supposed to have been produced by special acts of creation, and varieties which are acknowledged to have been produced by secondary laws. On this same view we can understand how it is that in a region where many species of a genus have been produced, and where they now flourish, these same species should present many varieties; for where the manufactory of species has been active, we might expect, as a general rule, to find it still in action; and this is the case if varieties be incipient species. Moreover, the species of the larger genera, which afford the greater number of varieties or incipient species, retain to a certain degree the character of varieties; for they differ from each other by a less amount of difference than do the species of smaller genera. The closely allied species also of the larger genera apparently have restricted ranges, and in their affinities they are clustered in little groups round other species—in both respects resembling varieties. These are strange relations on the view that each species was independently created, but are intelligible if each existed first as a variety.

As each species tends by its geometrical rate of reproduction to increase inordinately in number; and as the modified descendants of each species will be enabled to increase by as much as they become more diversified in habits and structure, so as to be able to seize on many and widely different places in the economy of nature, there will be a consistent tendency in natural selection to preserve the most divergent offspring of any one species. Hence, during a long-continued course of modification, the slight differences characteristic of varieties of the same species, tend to be augmented into the greater differences characteristic of the species of the same genus. New and improved varieties will inevitably supplant and exterminate the older, less improved, and intermediate varieties; and thus species are rendered to a large extent defined and distinct objects. Dominant species belonging to the larger

groups within each class tend to give birth to new and dominant forms; so that each large group tends to become still larger, and at the same time more divergent in character. But as all groups cannot thus go on increasing in size, for the world would not hold them, the more dominant groups beat the less dominant. This tendency in the large groups to go on increasing in size and diverging in character, together with the inevitable contingency of much extinction, explains the arrangement of all the forms of life in groups subordinate to groups, all within a few great classes, which has prevailed throughout all time. This grand fact of the grouping of all organic beings under what is called the Natural System, is utterly inexplicable on the theory of creation.

As natural selection acts solely by accumulating slight, successive, favourable variations, it can produce no great or sudden modifications; it can act only by short and slow steps. Hence, the canon of "*Natura non facit saltum*," which every fresh addition to our knowledge tends to confirm, is on this theory intelligible. We can see why throughout nature the same general end is gained by an almost infinite diversity of means, for every peculiarity when once acquired is long inherited, and structures already modified in many different ways have to be adapted for the same general purpose. We can, in short, see why nature is prodigal in variety, though niggard in innovation. But why this should be a law of nature, if each species has been independently created, no man can explain.

Many other facts are, as it seems to me, explicable on this theory. How strange it is that a bird, under the form of a woodpecker, should prey on insects on the ground; that upland geese which rarely or never swim, should possess webbed feet; that a thrush-like bird should dive and feed on sub-aquatic insects; and that a petrel should have the habits and structure fitting it for the life of an auk! and so in endless other cases. But on the view of each species constantly trying to increase in number, with natural selection always ready to adapt the slowly varying descendants of each to any unoccupied or ill-occupied place in nature, these facts cease to be strange, or might even have been anticipated.

We can to a certain extent understand how it is that there is so much beauty throughout nature; for this may be largely attributed to the agency of selection. That beauty, according to our sense of it, is not universal, must be admitted by every one who will look at some venomous snakes, at some fishes, and at certain hideous bats with a distorted resemblance to the human face. Sexual selection has given the most brilliant colours, elegant patterns, and other ornaments to the

males, and sometimes to both sexes of many birds, butterflies, and other animals. With birds it has often rendered the voice of the male musical to the female, as well as to our ears. Flowers and fruit have been rendered conspicuous by brilliant colours in contrast with the green foliage, in order that the flowers may be easily seen, visited and fertilized by insects, and the seeds disseminated by birds. How it comes that certain colours, sounds, and forms should give pleasure to man and the lower animals,—that is, how the sense of beauty in its simplest form was first acquired,—we do not know any more than how certain odours and flavours were first rendered agreeable.

The complex and little known laws governing the production of varieties are the same, as far as we can judge, as the laws which have governed the production of distinct species. In both cases physical conditions seem to have produced some direct and definite effect, but how much we cannot say. Thus, when varieties enter any new station, they occasionally assume some of the character proper to the species of that station. With both varieties and species, use and disuse seem to have produced a considerable effect; for it is impossible to resist this conclusion when we look, for instance, at the loggerheaded duck, which has wings incapable of flight, in nearly the same condition as in the domestic duck; or when we look at the burrowing tucu-tucu, which is occasionally blind, and then at certain moles, which are habitually blind and have their eyes covered with skin; or when we look at the blind animals inhabiting the dark caves of America and Europe. With varieties and species, correlated variation seems to have played an important part, so that when one part has been modified other parts have been necessarily modified. With both varieties and species, reversion to long-lost characters occasionally occur. How inexplicable on the theory of creation is the occasional appearance of stripes on the shoulders and legs of the several species of the horse-genus and of their hybrids! How simply is this fact explained if we believe that these species are all descended from a striped progenitor, in the same manner as the several domestic breeds of the pigeon are descended from the blue and barred rock-pigeon!

Glancing at instincts, marvellous as some are, they offer no greater difficulty than do corporeal structures on the theory of the natural selection of successive, slight, but profitable modifications. We can thus understand why nature moves by graduated steps in endowing different animals of the same class with their several instincts. I have attempted to show how much light the principle of gradation throws

on the admirable architectural powers of the hive-bee. Habit no doubt often comes into play in modifying instincts; but it is certainly not indispensable, as we see in the case of neuter insects, which leave no progeny to inherit the effects of long-continued habit. On the view of all the species of the same genus having descended from a common parent, and having inherited much in common, we can understand how it is that allied species, when placed under widely different conditions of life, yet follow nearly the same instincts; why the thrushes of tropical and temperate South America, for instance, line their nests with mud like our British species. On the view of instincts having been slowly acquired through natural selection, we need not marvel at some instincts being not perfect and liable to mistakes, and at many instincts causing other animals to suffer.

If species be only well-marked and permanent varieties, we can at once see why their crossed offspring should follow the same complex laws in their degrees and kinds of resemblance to their parents,—in being absorbed into each other by successive crosses, and in other such points,—as do the crossed offspring of acknowledged varieties. This similarity would be a strange fact, if species had been independently created and varieties had been produced through secondary laws.

If we admit that the geological record is imperfect to an extreme degree, then the facts, which the record does give, strongly support the theory of descent with modification New species have come on the stage slowly and at successive intervals; and the amount of change, after equal intervals of time, is widely different in different groups. The extinction of species, which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of the organic world, almost inevitably follows from the principle of natural selection; for old forms are supplanted by new and improved forms. Neither single species nor groups of species reappear when the chain of ordinary generation is once broken. The gradual diffusion of dominant forms, with the slow modification of their descendants, causes the forms of life, after long intervals of time, to appear as if they had changed simultaneously throughout the world. The fact of the fossil remains of each formation being in some degree intermediate in character between the fossils in the formations above and below, is simply explained by their intermediate position in the chain of descent. The grand fact that all extinct beings can be classed with all recent beings, naturally follows from the living and the extinct being the offspring of common parents.

Looking to geographical distribution, if we admit that there has

been during the long course of ages much migration from one part of the world to another, owing to former climatal and geographical changes and to the many occasional and unknown means of dispersal, then we can understand, on the theory of descent with modification, most of the great leading facts in Distribution. We can see why there should be so striking a parallelism in the distribution of organic beings throughout space, and their geological succession throughout time; for in both cases the beings have been connected by the bond of ordinary generation, and the means of modification have been the same. We see the full meaning of the wonderful fact, which has struck every traveller, namely, that on the same continent, under the most diverse conditions, under heat and cold, on mountain and lowland, on deserts and marshes, most of the inhabitants within each great class are plainly related; for they are the descendants of the same progenitors and early colonists. On this same principle of former migration, combined in most cases with modification, we can understand, by the aid of the Glacial period, the identity of some few plants, and the close alliance of many others, on the most distant mountains, and in the northern and southern temperate zones; and likewise the close alliance of some of the inhabitants of the sea in the northern and southern temperate latitudes, though separated by the whole intertropical ocean.

On this view of migration, with subsequent modification, we see why oceanic islands are inhabited by only few species, but of these, why many are peculiar or endemic forms. We clearly see why species belonging to those groups of animals which cannot cross wide spaces of the ocean, as frogs and terrestrial mammals, do not inhabit oceanic islands; and why, on the other hand, new and peculiar species of bats, animals which can traverse the ocean, are often found on islands far distant from any continent. Such cases as the presence of peculiar species of bats on oceanic islands and the absence of all other terrestrial mammals, are facts utterly inexplicable on the theory of independent acts of creation.

The existence of closely allied or representative species in any two areas implies, on the theory of descent with modification, that the same parent-forms formerly inhabited both areas; and we almost invariably find that wherever many closely allied species inhabit two areas, some identical species occur, and doubtful forms and varieties belonging to the same groups likewise occur. It is a rule of high generality that the inhabitants of each area are related to the inhabitants of the nearest source whence immigrants might have been derived. We see this in

the striking relation of nearly all the plants and animals of the Galapagos Archipelago, of Juan Fernandez, and of the other American islands, to the plants and animals of the neighbouring American mainland; and of those of the Cape de Verde Archipelago, and of the other African islands to the African mainland. It must be admitted that these facts receive no explanation on the theory of creation.

The fact, as we have seen, that all past and present organic beings can be arranged within a few great classes, in groups subordinate to groups, and with the extinct groups often falling in between the recent groups, is intelligible on the theory of natural selection with its contingencies of extinction and divergence of character. Of these same principles we see how it is, that the mutual affinities of the forms within each class are so complex and circuitous. We see why certain characters are far more serviceable than others for classification;—why adaptive characters, though of paramount importance to the beings, are of hardly any importance in classification; why characters derived from rudimentary parts, though of no service to the beings, are often of high classificatory value; and why embryological characters are often the most valuable of all. The real affinities of all organic beings, in contradistinction to their adaptive resemblances, are due to inheritance or community of descent. The Natural System is a genealogical arrangement, with the acquired grades of difference, marked by the terms, varieties, species, genera, families, &c.; and we have to discover the lines of descent by the most permanent characters whatever they may be and of however slight vital importance.

The similar framework of bones in the hand of a man, wing of the bat, fin of the porpoise, and leg of the horse,—the same number of vertebræ forming the neck of the giraffe and of the elephant,—and innumerable other such facts, at once explain themselves on the theory of descent with slow and slight successive modifications. The similarity of pattern in the wing and in the leg of a bat, though used for such different purposes—in the jaws and legs of a crab,—in the petals, stamens, and pistil of a flower, is likewise, to a large extent, intelligible on the view of the gradual modification of parts of organs which were aboriginally alike in an early progenitor in each of these classes. On the principle of successive variations not always supervening at an early age, and being inherited at a corresponding not early period of life, we clearly see why the embryos of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes should be so closely similar, and so unlike the adult forms. We may cease marvelling at the embryo of an air-breathing mammal or bird

having branchial slits and arteries running in loops, like those of a fish which has to breathe the air dissolved in water by the aid of well-developed branchiæ.

Disuse, aided sometimes by natural selection, will often have reduced organs when rendered useless under changed habits or conditions of life; and we can understand on this view the meaning of rudimentary organs. But disuse and selection will generally act on each creature, when it has come to maturity and has to play its full part in the struggle for existence, and will thus have little power on an organ during early life; hence the organ will not be reduced or rendered rudimentary at this early age. The calf, for instance, has inherited teeth, which never cut through the gums of the upper jaw, from an early progenitor having well-developed teeth; and we may believe, that the teeth of the mature animal were formerly reduced by disuse, owing to the tongue and palate, or lips, having become excellently fitted through natural selection to browse without their aid; whereas in the calf, the teeth have been left unaffected, and on the principle of inheritance at corresponding ages have been inherited from a remote period to the present day. On the view of each organism with all its separate parts having been specially created, how utterly inexplicable is it that organs bearing the plain stamp of inutility, such as the teeth in the embryonic calf or the shrivelled wings under the soldered wing-covers of many beetles, should so frequently occur. Nature may be said to have taken pains to reveal her scheme of modification, by means of rudimentary organs, of embryological and homologous structures, but we are too blind to understand her meaning.

I have now recapitulated the facts and considerations which have thoroughly convinced me that species have been modified during a long course of descent. This has been effected chiefly through the natural selection of numerous successive, slight, favourable variations; aided in an important manner by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts; and in an unimportant manner, that is in relation to adaptive structures, whether past or present, by the direct action of external conditions, and by variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously. It appears that I formerly underrated the frequency and value of these latter forms of variation, as leading to permanent modifications of structure independently of natural selection. But as my conclusions have lately been much misrepresented, and it has been stated that I attribute the modification of species exclusively to natural selection, I may be permitted to remark that in the first

edition of this work, and subsequently, I placed in a most conspicuous position—namely, at the close of the Introduction—the following words: "I am convinced that natural selection has been the main but not the exclusive means of modification." This has been of no avail. Great is the power of steady misrepresentation; but the history of science shows that fortunately this power does not long endure.

I see no good reason why the views given in this volume should shock the religious feelings of anyone. It is satisfactory, as showing how transient such impressions are, to remember that the greatest discovery ever made by man, namely, the law of the attraction of gravity, was also attacked by Leibnitz, "as subversive of natural and inferentially of revealed, religion." A celebrated author and divine has written to me that "he has gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws."

Why, it may be asked, until recently did all the most eminent living naturalists and geologists disbelieve in the mutability of species? It cannot be asserted that organic beings in a state of nature are subject to no variation; it cannot be proved that the amount of variation in the course of long ages is a limited quantity; no clear distinction has been, or can be, drawn between species and well-marked varieties. It cannot be maintained that species when intercrossed are invariably sterile, and varieties invariably fertile; or that sterility is a special endowment and sign of creation. The belief that species were immutable productions was almost unavoidable as long as the history of the world was thought to be of short duration; and now that we have acquired some idea of the lapse of time, we are apt to assume, without proof, that the geological record is so perfect that it would have afforded us plain evidence of the mutation of species, if they had undergone mutation.

But the chief cause of our natural unwillingness to admit that one species has given birth to other and distinct species, is that we are always slow in admitting great changes of which we do not see the steps. The difficulty is the same as that felt by so many geologists, when Lyell first insisted that long lines of inland cliffs had been formed, and great valleys excavated, by the agencies which we see still at work. The mind cannot possibly grasp the full meaning of the term of even a million years; it cannot add up and perceive the full effects of many slight variations, accumulated during an almost infinite number of generat

Several eminent naturalists have of late published their belief that a multitude of forms, which till lately they themselves thought were special creations, and which are still thus looked at by the majority of naturalists, and which consequently have all the external characteristic features of true species,—they admit that these have been produced by variation, but they refuse to extend the same view to other and slightly different forms. Nevertheless they do not pretend that they can define, or even conjecture, which are the created forms of life, and which are those produced by secondary laws. They admit variation as a *vera causa* in one case, they arbitrarily reject it in another, without assigning any distinction in the two cases. The day will come when this will be given as a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion. These authors seem no more startled at a miraculous act of creation than at ordinary birth. But do they really believe that at innumerable periods in the earth's history certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues? Do they believe that at each supposed act of creation one individual or many were produced? Were all the infinitely numerous kinds of animals and plants created as eggs or seed, or as full grown? and in the case of mammals, were they created bearing the false marks of nourishment from the mother's womb? Undoubtedly some of these same questions can be answered by those who believe in the appearance or creation of only a few forms of life, or of some one form alone. It has been maintained by several authors that it is as easy to believe in the creation of a million beings as of one; but Maupertuis' philosophical axiom "of least action" leads the mind more willingly to admit the smaller number; and certainly we ought not to believe that innumerable beings within each great class have been created with plain, but deceptive, marks of descent from a single parent.

It may be asked how far I extend the doctrine of the modification of species. The question is difficult to answer, because the more distinct the forms are which we consider, by so much the arguments in favour of community of descent become fewer in number and less in force. But some arguments of the greatest weight extend very far. All the members of whole classes are connected together by a chain of affinities, and all can be classed on the same principle, in groups subordinate to groups. Fossil remains sometimes tend to fill up very wide intervals between existing orders.

Organs in a rudimentary condition plainly show that an early progenitor had the organ in a fully developed condition; and this in some cases implies an enormous amount of modification in the descendants.

Throughout whole classes various structures are formed on the same pattern, and at a very early age the embryos closely resemble each other. Therefore I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same great class or kingdom. I believe that animals are descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.

Analogy would lead me one step farther, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants are descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless all living things have much in common, in their chemical composition, their cellular structure, their laws of growth, and their liability to injurious influences. We see this even in so trifling a fact as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak tree. With all organic beings, excepting perhaps some of the very lowest, sexual reproduction seems to be essentially similar. With all, as far as is at present known, the germinal vesicle is the same; so that all organisms start from a common origin. If we look even to the two main divisions—namely, to the animal and vegetable kingdoms—certain low forms are so far intermediate in character that naturalists have disputed to which kingdom they should be referred. As Professor Asa Gray has remarked, "the spores and other reproductive bodies of many of the lower algæ may *claim to have first a characteristically animal, and then unequivocally* vegetable existence." Therefore, on the principle of natural selection with divergence of character, it does not seem incredible that, from such low and intermediate form, both animals and plants may have been developed; and, if we admit this, we must likewise admit that all the organic beings which have ever lived on their earth may be descended from some one primordial form. But this inference is chiefly grounded on analogy, and it is immaterial whether or not it be accepted.

When the views advanced by me in this volume, and by Mr. Wallace, or when analogous views on the origin of species are generally admitted, we can dimly foresee that there will be a considerable revolution in natural history. Systematists will be able to pursue their labours as at present; but they will not be incessantly haunted by the shadowy doubt whether this or that form be a true species. This, I feel sure and I speak after experience, will be no slight relief. The endless disputes whether or not some fifty species of British brambles are good species will cease. Systematists will have only to decide (not that this will be easy) whether any form be sufficiently constant and distinct from other

forms, to be capable of definition; and if definable, whether the differences be sufficiently important to deserve a specific name. This latter point will become a far more essential consideration than it is at present; for differences, however slight, between any two forms, if not blended by intermediate gradations, are looked at by most naturalists as sufficient to raise both forms to the rank of species.

In the future I see open fields for far more important researches. Physiology will be securely based on the foundation already well laid by Mr. Herbert Spencer, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Much light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history.

Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to me to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of the species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp

earth, and reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse: a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809–98)

The son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, he was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double first-class in 1831. In 1833 he was elected for Newark to the first Reformed Parliament and on June 3 made his maiden speech. He joined Peel's Government and supported him over Free Trade. By 1851 he had become a famous Parliamentarian, and Disraeli's only rival. He was subsequently five times Prime Minister and spent the last years of his life struggling to carry Home Rule. His occasional writings were eloquent though discursive, and tended rather to inflame than to instruct.

MACAULAY

A PECULIAR faculty, and one approaching to the dramatic order, belongs to the successful painter of historical portraits, and belongs also to the true biographer. It is that of representing personality. In the picture, what we want is not merely a collection of unexceptionable lines and colours so presented as readily to identify their original. Such a work is not the man, but is only a duly attested certificate of the man. What we require, however, is the man and not merely the certificate. In the same way, what we want in a biography, and what, despite the etymology of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*. The very best transcript is a failure, if it be a transcript only. To fulfil its idea, it must have in it the essential quality of movement; must realize the lofty fiction of the divine Shield of Achilles, where the upturning earth, though wrought in metal, darkened as the plough went on; and the figures of the battle-piece dealt their strokes and parried them, and dragged out from the turmoil the bodies of their dead.

To write the biography of Lord Macaulay was a most arduous task. Such seems to have been the conception with which it was approached; nor is it belied by the happy faculty with which it has been accomplished. Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a reputation for conspicuous

ability; and the honour of near relationship was in this case at least a guarantee for reverent and devoted love. But neither love, which is indeed a danger as well as an ally, nor intelligence, nor assiduity, nor [illegible] ...oughly good biography, without [illegible] ...s it was that Boswell established [illegible] by this Mr. Trevelyan has, we believe, earned for himself a place on what is still a somewhat scanty roll.

Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than fifty-nine years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life, of sustained exertion; a high table-land, without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendours, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain-power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoilt child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new golden age he imparted to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his first and most important, if not best, parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction.

He was, indeed, prosperous and brilliant; a prodigy, a meteor, almost a portent, in literary history. But his course was laborious, truthful, simple, independent, noble; and all these in an eminent degree. Of the inward battle of life he seems to have known nothing: his mind was (so to speak) self-contained, coherent, and harmonious. His experience of the outward battle, which had reference to money, was not inconsiderable, but it was confined to his earlier manhood. The general outline of his career has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After four years of high parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India, with a wise view to his own pecuniary independence, and a generous regard to what might be, as they had been, the demands of his nearest relations upon his affectionate bounty. Another term of four years brought him back, the least Indian, despite of his active labours upon the legislative code, of all the civilians who had ever served the Company. He soon re-entered Parliament; but his zest for the political arena seems

have regained the temperature of his virgin love at the time of
Bill. He had offered his resignation of office during the
he Emancipation Act, at a time when salary was of the
ance to him, and for a cause which was far more his
own. This he did with a promptitude, and a manly
f effect or merit in the act, which were truly noble.
dignified attitude, when his constituents of Edin-
r first and last fault, in rejecting him on account
This was in 1847. At the general election
his feet; as though the final cause of the
the triumph of his re-election. Twice
ns he arrested the successful progress
hem at a moment's notice and by his
occasions was the Copyright Bill of
econd, the Bill of 1853 for excluding
House of Commons. But, whenever
s like a trumpet-call to fill the benches.
Commons in 1856. At length, when
rd Palmerston to the Peerage, all the
his person. The claims of that which
n, acquired an increasing command on
action grew less and less. Neither was
fere with literary work, although here,
rivalled. Only one other attraction
a lifelong power—the love of his
of life, came to mean of his sister,
hing equally touching, so there is
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er children. Indeed he seems
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WILLIAM EWA

The son of a wealthy
and Christ Church, Oxford, w.
In 1833 he was elected for Ne
and on June 3 made his maiden
and supported him over Free Tra
Parliamentarian, and Disraeli
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is not the man, but is only a duly att
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of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*.
failure, if it be a transcript only. To f
the essential quality of movement; must
divine Shield of Achilles, where the uptur
in metal, darkened as the plough went on; a
piece dealt their strokes and parried them, a
turmoil the bodies of their dead.

To write the biography of Lord Macaulay
Such seems to have been the conception with
nor is it belied by the happy faculty with which
Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a re

envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel, and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life, or his remembered character, that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

The most disputable of the negatives we have pronounced is that which relates to vanity; a *defect* rather than a vice; never admitted into the septenary catalogue of the mortal sins of Dante and the Church; often lodged by the side of high and strict virtue, often allied with an amiable and playful innocence; a token of imperfection, a deduction from greatness; and no more. For this imputation on Macaulay there are apparent, but, as we think, only apparent, grounds.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, wellnigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find, that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet: still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever travelling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust, and heat, and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet: but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable, as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downwards in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing

from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to the best hopes of our slipshod generation.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this, and probably for all future, centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men; and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favourites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age, in point of public favour, and of emolument following upon it, comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years, before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay fresh from college, in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed, after thirty-five years of constantly-emitted splendour, he sank beneath it.

His gains from literature were extraordinary. The cheque for £20,000 is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still, had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which, however, he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind, that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances, though in the blaze of literary and political success, and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which, by a less congenial and more compulsory use, would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forbore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal and genial, estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a Minister, until 1851, when he had already lived fifty years of his fifty-nine, did this favourite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed, that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism, which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently *φορτικός*, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his

reader along by violence, as the River Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself, that a criticism like that of Lessing in his "Laocoon," or of Goethe on "Hamlet," filled him with wonder and despair.

Neither, again, had he patience for the accurate collection of minute particulars of evidence, to disentangle an intricate controversy, and by the recovery of the thread to bring out the truth. He neither could, nor would have done, for example, what Mr. Elwin has done in that masterly Preface to the "Letters of Pope," which throws so much light upon the character. All such questions he either passed by unnoticed, or else carried by storm. He left them to the Germans, of whose labours he possessed little knowledge, and formed a very insufficient estimate. His collection of particulars was indeed most minute, but he was the master, not the servant, of his subject-matter. When once his rapid eye was struck with some powerful effect, he could not wait to ascertain whether his idea, formed at a first view, really agreed with the ultimate presentation of the facts. If, however, he wrote many a line that was untrue, never did he write one that he did not believe to be true. He very rarely submitted to correct or to retract; and yet not because he disliked it, but simply because, from the habits of his mind, he could not see the need of it. Nothing can be more ingenuous, for example, than the following passage, written when he was at the very zenith of his fame, in 1858:

"To-day I got a letter from ——, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected, and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him."

We have spoken of some contrast between Macaulay himself and his works. It cannot be more fairly illustrated than an instance in which Mr. Trevelyan, true to his pledge, has not shrunk from exhibiting. Macaulay used the lash with merciless severity against the poems of Robert Montgomery; and it entered deeply into the flesh of the man. Like "poor Yorick," there are those who remember Montgomery, and who can say of him this, that if he was not, as he was not, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," he was a man of pure and high character, and of natural gifts much above the common. If his style was affected, his life was humble. He committed the fault of publishing, as hundreds do, indifferent verses; and the popular Press of the day, with the public at its back, offered an absurd worship before the idol. But he was an idol; and Macaulay, as the minister of justice

for the welfare of the republic of letters, hurled him from the pedestal into the abyss. It was, we have not a doubt, without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the culprit that the judge, in this instance, put on the black-cap of doom. We very much regret, that when Montgomery subsequently appealed for mercy, although it seems he had the folly to intermix some kind of menace with his prayer, Macaulay refused to withdraw his article, which had more than served its purpose, from the published collection of his Essays; so that this bad poet, but respectable and respected man, is not allowed the sad privilege of oblivion, and the public are still invited to look on and see the immortal terrier worrying the mortal mouse.

We have here an example of the inability of Macaulay to judge according to measure. But this is not the point we seek to illustrate. What was the fault of Robert Montgomery? It certainly did not lie in the adulation he received; that was the fault of those who paid it. It lay simply and wholly in the publication of bad poems. And chiefly of the first bad poem; for when public praise told him his lines were good, and enabled him to go to Oxford for education with the proceeds, it was surely a most venial act on his part to give way to the soft illusion, and again and again to repeat the operation. His sin, then, was in giving a bad poem to the world. For this sin he was, as Scott says, "sair mashackered and misguggled" by the reviewer. But the very offence, so mercilessly punished by Macaulay the author, was habitually favoured and promoted by Macaulay the man. See his Journal (in or about 1856).

"I sent some money to Miss ——, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago.... Mrs —— again I will send her five pounds more This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw. .. If the author of —— is really in distress I would gladly assist him, though I am no admirer of his poetry."

There is no way of promoting the publication of bad books so effectual as that of giving subsidies to persons who mistake their vocation in becoming and continuing bad authors.

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay, as a writer, was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As, fifty years ago, the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is as it were in the watermark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain. Though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through

the signal virtues, the victorious labours, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary, his country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship, which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age.

His early training, and consequently the cast of his early opinions, was Conservative. But these views did not survive his career at Cambridge as an undergraduate. No details are given, but we hear that, during that period, Mr. Charles Austin effected, it would seem with facility, the work of his conversion. He supplied an example rather rare of one who, not having been a Whig by birth, became one, and thereafter constantly presented the aspect of that well-marked class of politicians. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit;* and so as a rule a man not born a Liberal, may become a Liberal; but to be a Whig, he must be a born Whig. At any rate, Macaulay offers to our view one of the most enviable qualities characteristic of that "variety" of the Liberal "species"; a singularly large measure of consistency. In this he will bear comparison with Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey; but in proportion as the pressure of events is sharper on a Commoner than on a Peer, so the phenomenon of consistency is more remarkable. And the feature belongs to his mental character at large. It would be difficult to point out any great and signal change of views on any important subject between the beginning of his full manhood, and the close of his career. His life is like a great volume; the sheets are of one size, type, and paper.

Here, again, Macaulay becomes for us a typical man, and suggests the question whether the conditions of our nature will permit so close and sustained an unity to be had without some sacrifice of expansion? The feature is rendered in his case more noteworthy by the fact that all his life long, with an insatiable avidity, he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and that nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren and inert.

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who, if they have not equalled, have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between aye and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of Kings, or Popes, or Senior Wranglers, or Prime Ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall, or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence.

But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections, for example, of characters, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First, the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and, quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colours it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, or the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin. But it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character, and even the adulteries, of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others: he probably suspected it in himself: but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as an historian, on which much has been, and probably much more will be, said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest, as well as the most precious, of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth; but, of course, for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was coloured from within. This colour, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordant; it was a fast colour; he could not distinguish between what his mind had received, and what his mind had imparted. Hence, when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater.

While, as to his forms of authorship, Macaulay was incessantly

not unknown on a smaller scale in smaller men, but here of peculiar interest, because, though Macaulay's kind may not have been the greatest, he was, in his kind, so singularly great. The solution of it seems to lie in this: that, with a breathless rapidity, he filled in his picture before his outline was complete, and then with an extreme of confidence he supplied the colour from his own mind and prepossessions, instead of submitting to take them from his theme. Thus each subject that he treated of became, as has been observed, a mirror which reflected the image of himself. The worshipping estimate, which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed of his wife's powers, was unintelligible to those who had known her, until it was remembered that she was simply the echo of his own voice. She repeated to him his own thoughts and his own conclusions; and he took them, when they proceeded from her lips, for the independent oracles of truth. The echo of himself, which Mill found in his wife, was provided for Macaulay in his own literary creations; and what he thought was loyal adhesion to the true and right was only the more and more close embrace of the image he himself had fashioned and adorned. All this, however, is not to be taken for granted. We shall support it by reference to the works of those who we think have supplied the proof, and shall likewise proceed to add some illustrations in detail.

For his own eye, the ornaments of his Essay on Milton were so soon as in 1843 gaudy and ungraceful, while for the world they were only rich, dazzling, or at most profuse. As he writes in that year, it contains "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves." But there is no misgiving as to the substance of the Essay; and even with regard to his articles on James Mill, which he had dropped on special grounds, he was not "disposed to retract a single doctrine which they contain." If it be thought unfair or misleading to scrutinize closely a production which, while so wonderful, is likewise so youthful as the Essay on Milton, we reply that we examine it for the following reason: because it was the work over which he cast the longest retrospect, and yet this retrospect did not suggest even so much as a qualification, however general, of the opinions it conveyed. We must observe, however, that, in the case of Macaulay, general qualification would be nearly useless. The least we could have craved of his repentance, had he repented, would have been that the peccant passages should be *obelized*. For in all his works, the sound and the unsound parts are closely dovetailed; his *series juncturaque*, his arrangement and his transitions, are perfect; the assertions are everywhere alike fearless, the illustrations alike happy;

and the vision of the ordinary reader has scarcely a chance of distinguishing between truth and error, where all is bathed, and lost, in one overpowering blaze and flood of light. We might as well attempt to detect, with the naked eye, the spots in the sun.

The Essay combines in one view the works, the opinions, and the character of Milton; and it may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most high-flown panegyric to be found anywhere in print. It describes Milton as the martyr of English liberty; seemingly for no other reason than that, in later life, the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day he had got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay scoffs at the idea that Charles I was a martyr to religion; but religion had manifestly something to do with his end, and his title to the name is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off.

Milton took (says the great Reviewer,) in politics the part to be expected from his high spirit and his great intellect; for he lived "at the very crisis of the conflict between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes," when the mighty principles of liberty were exhibited in the form of a battle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. Such is Macaulay's trenchant view of the character and merits of the great and mixed conflict known by the name of the Great Rebellion. In what strange contrast does it stand with that of another writer, his contemporary and his friend, and one not less truly, nor less heartily, a lover of freedom than himself. Let those, who prefer a temperate to a torrid zone, pass from these burning utterances to Mr. Hallam's discussion, in his Eleventh Chapter, of the respective claims and merits of the two parties to the war. In a statement, than which perhaps the whole compass of history does not contain a finer example of searching scrutiny together with judicial temper, he arrives at the conclusion that the war was opened in 1642 "with evil auspices; with much peril of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other."

Referring to the (then) recently published work of Milton on "Christian Doctrine," Macaulay observes "some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy." At this amazement he is himself amazed; and with a cursory remark he passes lightly on. As regards his Arianism, we could not reasonably have expected more. That, after all, touches only dogma; and though dogma

be the foundation-stone of Christianity, still, like other foundation-stones, it is usually out of sight. But the "theory of polygamy" which, as the Essayist observes, Milton did something to illustrate in his life, ought surely to have made him "think thrice" before he proceeded to assure us that Milton's conception of love had not only "all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem," and not only "all the gallantry of the chivalric temperament," but "all the pure and the quiet affection of our English fireside." It is especially to be borne in mind that Milton's advocacy of this (for us) detestable and degrading institution is not either casual or half-hearted.

We must remember also that, when we censure the men of that period for their intolerance with respect to religion, witchcraft, and the like, we censure them for what in substance they had inherited from their fathers through many generations, and that from such ties of hampering tradition the extrication must needs be slow. But in this matter of polygamy, Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European civilization, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world. It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. Yet the idolatry of his Reviewer in summing up his character can only just see what he likes to see; and he finds that, from every source and quarter, "his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled."

Twelve years after the Essay on Milton, another and yet more elaborate effort was applied, we can hardly say dedicated, to the character and philosophy of Bacon. The philosophy was set upon a pinnacle, the character trampled in the mire; while the intellectual faculties of that nearly universal genius were highly appreciated and powerfully set forth. We have in this Essay, with an undiminished splendour, also an undiminished tendency to precipitancy and to exaggeration; though they are no longer engaged in the exercise of a fond idolatry, but work with energy on the side of censure as well as on that of praise.

Into the controversies relating to the life and character of Bacon we do not propose to enter in detail. Of all the cases in which there has been a call for champions to confront the powerful rush of the assailant, this perhaps has been the most adequately met.

The graver and sorer question is whether, in a list of instances which Macaulay blazoned on his pages, and most of all in the case of Essex, Bacon did, or did not, exhibit an almost immeasurable weakness, sordidness, and capacity of baseness in his moral character. The question is one of wide interest to the moralist and psychologist, and to England, and even mankind at large. To our imperfect knowledge the victory seems to lie with the advocates for the defence; the judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh, and his examinations superficial. But we would not tempt the reader to rely upon this opinion since he has at hand ample and varied materials for the formation of his judgment.

The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but, from the portentous vigour of the animal he mounted, was liable, more than most of us, to be run away with. His merit is, that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeple-chase: but, as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labour its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of colour, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that, when he has grown hot upon his work, he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact, and the laws of moderation: he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preter-human vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character and action, he has neither eye nor taste.

Those who may at all concur in our comments on Macaulay's besetting dangers, will observe without surprise that, while his excesses in panegyric gave rise to little criticism, the number and vehemence of his assaults drew upon him a host of adversaries. He received their thrusts upon his target as coolly as if they had been Falstaff's men in buckram. We do not regret that he should have enjoyed the comforts of equanimity. But there is something absolutely marvellous in his incapacity to acknow-

ledge force either in the reasonings of opponents, or in those arrays of fact, under which, like battering-rams, so many of his towering structures of allegation were laid level with the ground.

> It surely was his profit, had he known:
> It would have been his pleasure, had he seen.

The corrections made in his works were lamentably rare; the acknowledgments were rarer and feebler still. Nor was this from any want of kindliness of heart, as these volumes would of themselves suffice to demonstrate, or from any taint in his love of truth. It was due, we seriously hold, to something like what the theologians call invincible ignorance. The splendid visions which his fancy shaped had taken possession of his mind; they abode there each of them entire in their majesty or beauty; they could only have been dislodged by some opposing spell, as potent as his own; they were proof against corrections necessarily given piecemeal, and prepossession prevented him from perceiving the aggregate effect, even when it was most conclusive.

It would be all well, or at least well in comparison, had we only to contemplate this as a case of psychological curiosity. But the mischief is that wrong has been done, and it remains unredressed. In ordinary cases of literary quarrel, assailants and defendants have something not hopelessly removed from equal chances; although as a rule the greater pungency, and less complexity, of attack makes it decidedly more popular and effective than defence, when the merits do not greatly differ. But in this case the inequality was gross, was measureless. For every single ear that was reached by the reply, the indictment, such was Macaulay's monarchy over the world of readers, had sounded in scores or hundreds, or even thousands. The sling and the stone in the hands of half-a-score of Davids, however doughty, found no way of approach to the forehead of this Goliath, and scarcely whizzed past him in the air.

And yet, among the opposers whom he roused, there were men who spoke with care, information, or authority: some of them had experience, some had a relative popularity, some had great weight of metal. In relation to Mr. Croker's "Boswell," no less a person than Lockhart—*nomen intra has aedes semper venerandum*—confuted, and even retorted, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a number of the charges of inaccuracy, and reduced others to insignificance. So far as this instance was concerned, the fame of Boswell's work supplied a criterion which appears decisive of the controversy; for Mr. Croker's edition has been repeatedly repub-

lished, and has become classical, although the mere amount of material, extraneous to the text, which it carries, cannot but be deemed a serious disadvantage. Warren Hastings had not a son; but the heavy charges against Sir Elijah Impey, especially in connexion with the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, brought the son of that Judge into the field. Mr. Impey's "Memoirs" of his father may appear sufficiently to repel these accusations; but the defence is lost in the mazes of a ponderous volume, known perhaps to no more than a few scores of readers, and that imperfectly, while the original accusation circulates, with the other essays, in a Student's Edition, 1 vol.; a People's Edition, 2 vols.; a Cabinet Edition, 4 vols.; a Library Edition, 3 vols.; a Cheap Edition, 1 vol.; and as a separate Essay, at 1*s*. Who shall rectify, or mitigate, these fearful odds?

With greater power and far greater skill, and with more effect, Mr. Hayward cast his shield over Madame Piozzi. Yet the number of persons who have read, without the means of guarding against error, some of the harshest and the most gratuitous imputations ever scattered broadcast in the thoughtless wantonness of literary power, must be immensely larger than those who have had the means of estimating the able, and, we apprehend, irrefragable defence. A noteworthy article in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, bearing the initials of a distinguished historian, widens the front of the attack, and severely questions the accuracy of Macaulay's representations in a portion of our annals, where they had hitherto been little sifted.

It was, however, the appearance of the History, in 1848 and 1855, which roused into activity a host of adverse witnesses. Of these we will give a cursory account. Bishop Phillpotts, perhaps the most effective pamphlet-writer of his day, entered into a correspondence with Macaulay, which was afterwards published, chiefly on his grave inaccuracies in relation to Church History. The Bishop, a biting controversialist, had, we say advisedly, none of the servility which is sometimes imputed to him; but he was an eminently, perhaps a redundantly, courteous gentleman. We have sincere pleasure in citing a portion of his introductory eulogium, which we feel confident was written with entire sincerity. After some other compliments of a more obvious kind, the Bishop proceeds:

"But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party, and connexions, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the smallest particle of truth to those considerations."

This correspondence ended as amicably as it began. The Bishop

ledge force either in the reasonings of opponents, or in those arrays of fact, under which, like battering-rams, so many of his towering structures of allegation were laid level with the ground.

> It surely was his profit, had he known:
> It would have been his pleasure, had he seen.

The corrections made in his works were lamentably rare; the acknowledgments were rarer and feebler still. Nor was this from any want of kindliness of heart, as these volumes would of themselves suffice to demonstrate, or from any taint in his love of truth. It was due, we seriously hold, to something like what the theologians call invincible ignorance. The splendid visions which his fancy shaped had taken possession of his mind; they abode there each of them entire in their majesty or beauty; they could only have been dislodged by some opposing spell, as potent as his own; they were proof against corrections necessarily given piecemeal, and prepossession prevented him from perceiving the aggregate effect, even when it was most conclusive.

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obtained a courteous admission "of the propriety of making some alterations." But they were to be "slight." On the main points the historian's opinion was "unchanged."

One able writer, Mr. Paget, in his "New Examen," took up and dealt with most of the passages of the History which had been impugned; nor can we do better than refer the readers to his pages for the defence, against very sweeping and truculent accusations of Dundee, Marlborough, and William Penn. All these cases are of great interest. In all, the business of defence has been ably, and in most points conclusively, performed. But the rejoinder to the defence is truly formidable. It consists in this, that the charge, without the reply, has been sold probably to the extent of half a million copies, and has been translated into twelve languages. It would not be possible, without adding too greatly to the number of these pages, to give even an outline of the argument on the respective cases. But there is an incident connected with the case of Penn which we cannot omit to notice. The peaceful Society to which he belonged does not wholly abjure the practice of self-defence on grave occasions: nor could there be a graver, than when one of the most revered names in its annals had been loaded, by so commanding an authority, with a mass of obloquy:

"Lord Macaulay seeks to show that this same William Penn prostituted himself to the meanest wishes of a cruel and profligate court; gloated with delight on the horrors of the scaffold and the stake, was the willing tool of a bloodthirsty and treacherous tyrant, a trafficker in simony and suborner of perjury, a conspirator, seeking to deluge his country in blood, a sycophant, a traitor, and a liar."

From original sources, Mr. Paget has answered the charges which he had thus emphatically summed up. Mr. Forster, who has since risen to such high distinction in the House of Commons, performed the same duty in a preface to the "Life of Clarkson," afterwards separately republished. There remains impressed on the mind of that community a sentiment which, even if it be somewhat mellowed by the lapse of nearly thirty years, can still be recognized as one of indignation against what is felt or thought to be a literary outrage. That Macaulay should have adhered to his charges with unabated confidence can, after what we have already seen, excite little surprise. But there still remains room for a new access of wonder, when we find that he not only remained himself unconverted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers.

"February 5, 1849. Lord Shelburn, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough,

that he looked worse in my History than he would have done on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault. . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candour."

And all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.

Among the topics of literary speculation, there is none more legitimate or more interesting than to consider who, among the writers of a given age, are elected to live; to be enrolled among the Band of the Immortals; to make a permanent addition to the mental patrimony of the human race. There is also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent, perhaps like the zigzag from an alpine summit, are to find their way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but as "fools," lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands: that, which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead, will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand, by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, and much greater, man, to wit of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money, comes haste with its long train of evils, summed up in the general scamping of work; crude conception, slipshod execution, the mean stint of labour, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results. We write of the moment; may it be not of the age.

Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores

yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find the reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the time, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different excellences in works of different classes. We do not hold an "Æneid" or a "Paradise Lost" bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend.

But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay; and if they are most attractive, they are also perilous allies in the business of the historian and the critic.

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvellous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed, and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler; but what Homer did was due to his time, what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority, is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with

delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up; but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his nett solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broader, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this Biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

JOHN BROWN (1810–82)

An Edinburgh doctor, John Brown will be remembered as one of the pleasantest and most delicate writers Scotland has produced, and yet the volume of his work was very small. "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming" are universally known, but his volumes of essays entitled "Horæ Subsecivæ," from which the following is taken, are equally delightful. Brown's theory was that no author should write "unless he has something to say and has done his best to say it aright."

A JACOBITE FAMILY

Did you ever, when journeying along a road at night, look in curiously at some cottage window, and, like a happier Enoch Arden, watch unseen the bright life within, and all the *naïve* ongoings of the household?

Such a glimpse of the inner life of a Jacobite family in the latter half of last century we have had the privilege of enjoying, and we wish we could tell our readers half as vividly what it has told to us. We shall try.

On the river Don, in Aberdeenshire—best known to the world by its Auld Brig, which Lord Byron, photography, and its own exceeding beauty have made famous—is the house of Stoneywood, four miles from the sea. It was for many generations the property of the Lords Frazer of Muchalls, *now* Castle Frazer, one of the noblest of the many noble castles in that region, where some now nameless architect has left so many memorials of the stately life of their strong-brained masters, and of his own quite singular genius for design.

Stoneywood was purchased near the close of the sixteenth century, from the Lord Frazer of that time, by John Moir of Ellon, who had sold his own estate, as tradition tells, in the following way:—Bailie Gordon, a wealthy Edinburgh merchant, made a bargain with the Laird of Ellon, when in his cups, to sell his estate at a price greatly under its value. The

country folk, who lamented the passing away of the old family, and resented the trick of the bailie, relieved themselves by pronouncing their heaviest malediction, and prophesying some near and terrible judgment. Strangely enough, the curse, in the *post hoc* sense, was not causeless. A short time after the purchase an awful calamity befell Mr. Gordon's family.

Its story has been told by a master pen, that which gave us *Matthew Wald* and *Adam Blair*, and the murderer *M'Kean*. We give it for the benefit of the young generation, which, we fear, is neglecting the great writers of the past in the wild relish and exuberance of the too copious present. It will be an evil day when the world only reads what was written yesterday, and will be forgotten to-morrow.

Gabriel's Road [in Edinburgh] derives its name from a horrible murder committed there a great number of years ago.

"Gabriel was a preacher or licentiate of the Kirk, employed as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys of eight or ten years of age. The tutor entertained, it seems, some partiality for the Abigail of the children's mother, and it so happened, that one of his pupils observed him kiss the girl one day in passing through an ante-room, where she was sitting. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it by way of a good joke to their mother the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, I have not learned; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison for ever the spirit of this juvenile Presbyterian—his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to the church as usual with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country —for the ground on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands, was then considered as *the country* by the people of Edinburgh. After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several of the green fields, which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of his pupils to the heart. The younger boy gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror: but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in h[illegible] slew him also as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of

scene was observed distinctly from the Old Town by innumerable crowds of people, who were near enough to see every motion of the murderer, and hear the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine between them and the place of blood was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him.

"It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time for them to walk to church in procession (as is their custom), when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It is an old law in Scotland, that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt (or, as they call it, *red-hand*), he may be immediately executed, without any formality or delay. Never surely could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers."

The boys were the sons of the new Laird of Ellon. It adds something to the dreadfulness of the story that it was the woman who urged the wretched youth to the deed. We remember well this *Gabriel's Road*, the lane leading up past "Ambrose's," the scene of the famous *Noctes*. It is now covered by the New Register Office buildings.

But to return to the ex-Laird of Ellon. Mr. Moir, having lost one estate, forthwith set about acquiring another, and purchased Muchalls, its Lord having got into difficulties. The lady of the Castle, loath, we doubt not, to leave her "bonnie house," persuaded Mr. Moir to take instead, the properties of Stoneywood, Watterton, Clinterty, and Greenburn, on Don side, which were afterwards conjoined under the name of the barony of Stoneywood. The grateful Lady of Frazer sent along with the title-deeds a five-guinea gold piece—a talisman which was religiously preserved for many generations.

The family of Stoneywood seem from the earliest record down to their close, to have been devotedly attached to the house of Stuart. In the old house there long hung a portrait of Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I on the scaffold, and through this prelate must have come a still more precious relic, long preserved in the family, and which is now before us, the Bible which the doomed King put into the hands of the

Bishop on the scaffold, with the word "Remember," having beforehand taken off his cloak and presented it and the insignia of the Garter to the same faithful minister and friend, this is one of our glimpses. We have the sacred and royal book before us now,—a quarto, printed in 1637, bound in blue velvet, and richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver lace. There is the crown and the Prince of Wales's feathers, showing it had belonged to Charles II when prince. He must have given it to his hapless father, as the C. P. is changed into C. R. Though faded it looks princely still.

One of the blank leaves, on which was written "Charles Stuart ano dom. 1648," was, along with the gold piece, pilfered as follows:—

"Miss Moir, who was rather of an unaccommodating temper, remained alone at Stoneywood for a year longer, and in fact until the sale had been completed, and it became necessary to quit. The retired and solitary life she led during this last period was taken advantage of by a woman in her service of the name of Margaret Grant, to commit various thefts, with the assistance of a paramour, who happened unfortunately to be a blacksmith. By his means they got the charter-chest opened, and abstracted thence the prophetic gold piece, gifted by Lady Frazer two hundred years before, and also Bishop Juxon's valuable legacy of King Charles's Bible, presented to him on the scaffold. The gold piece was readily made available, and was, of course, never recovered, but the Bible proved to be a more difficult treasure to deal with, it being generally known in the county to be an heirloom of the Stoneywood family, and accordingly, when she offered it for sale in Aberdeen, she became aware that she was about to be detected. She took the precaution to abscond, and suspecting that mischief might come of so sacrilegious a theft, she came by night to Stoneywood, and deposited the Bible at the foot of a large chestnut-tree which overshaded the entrance of the front court of the house, where it was found next morning. However, it did not return altogether unscathed by its excursion, for a bookseller in Aberdeen, to whom it had been offered for sale, had the cunning, or rather the rascality, to abstract the blank leaf on which the royal martyr's autograph was inscribed, which he managed to paste upon another old Bible, so dexterously as not to be easily discovered, and actually profited by his fraud, in disposing of his counterfeit Bible to the Earl of Fife for a large sum of money, and in whose library it now figures as King Charles's Bible, while the original still remains in the possession of the representative of the family to whom it descended by inheritance, and in its appearance bears ample testimony to its authenticity."

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, "May its sides never meet." The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a "*fendy* wife," as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighbouring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in requisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honour to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs. Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognized, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, "Tak' tent o' that!" and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse, with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursling and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain for some cows. He asked her to wait outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation; in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed "man" by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body-servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman travelled without his purse of gold: and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who,

like the piper, were the lifelong servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor, had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gipsies called Cairds. His great strength and courage soon made John captain of his band, which for years levied blackmail over the county of Aberdeen.

John got tired of his gipsy life, and entered Stoneywood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds, and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property, was looked upon as not "canny," and due to "the second sight."

On one occasion Mr. Grant, younger, of Ballindalloch, was dining at Stoneywood. He was an officer in the Dutch Brigade, and had come home to raise men for a company, which only wanted twelve of its complement. He was lamenting this to Mr. Moir, who jocularly remarked, that "if John Gunn," who was standing behind his chair, "canna help ye, deil kens wha can." Upon which John asked Mr. Grant when he could have his men ready to ship to Holland. "Immediately," was the reply. "Weel a weel, Ballindalloch, tak' yer road at aince for Aberdeen, tak' out a passage for them and twelve mair, and send me word when ye sail, and, if ye keep it to yoursel', ye'll find your ither men a' ready." Mr. Grant knew his man, and made his arrangements. The twelve men made their appearance with John at their head. When they found what was their destination they grumbled, but John, between fleeching and flyting, praised them as a set of strapping fellows; told them they would soon come back again with their pockets full of gold. They went and never returned, finding better quarters abroad, and thus John got rid of some of his secret confederates that were getting troublesome.

Another of John's exploits was in a different line. Mr. Moir had occasion to go to London, taking John with him of course. He visited his friend the Earl of Winton, then under sentence of death in the Tower for his concern in the rebellion of 1715. The Earl was arranging his affairs, and the family books and papers had been allowed to be carried into his cell in a large hamper, which went and came as occasion needed. John, who was a man of immense size and strength, undertook, if the Earl put himself, instead of his charters, into the hamper, to take it under

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, "May its sides never meet." The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a "*fendy* wife," as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighbouring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in requisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honour to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs. Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognized, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, "Tak' tent o' that!" and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse, with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursling and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain for some cows. He asked her to wait outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation; in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed "man" by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body-servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman travelled without his purse of gold: and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who,

like the piper, were the lifelong servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor, had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gipsies called Cairds. His great strength and courage soon made John captain of his band, which for years levied blackmail over the county of Aberdeen.

John got tired of his gipsy life, and entered Stoneywood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds, and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property, was looked upon as not "canny," and due to "the second sight."

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his arm as usual, and so he did, walking lightly out. Lord Winton retired to Rome, where he died in 1749.

On "the rising" in the '45 John joined young Stoneywood, his master's son, but before telling his adventures in that unhappy time, we must go back a bit.

The grandson of old Stoneywood, James, born in 1710, was now a handsome young man, six feet two in height, and of a great spirit. As his grandfather and father were still alive, he entered into foreign trade; his mother, our keen friend of the green purse, meantime looking out for a rich marriage for her son, fixed on Lady Christian, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and widow of Fraser of Fraser; but our young *Tertius* liked not the widow, nor his cousin of Pittoderie, though her father offered to settle his estate on him; Lord Forbes's daughter with a tocher of 40,000 merks was also scorned. And all for the same and the best reason. He was in love with his cousin, Margaret Mackenzie of Ardross. It was the old story,—*liebend und geliebt.* But their "bright thing," though it did not in the end "come to confusion," did not for a time "run smooth." Thomas, his brother, a sailor, was likewise bewitched by the lovely cousin. He was refused, found out the reason, and in his rage and jealousy intercepted the letters between the lovers for three long miserable years, James living all the time at Stoneywood and she far away in Ross-shire. The unworthy sailor made his way to Ardross, asked Margaret and her sister why they didn't ask for James, and then told them he was just going to be married to Miss Erskine of Pittoderie, and to have the estate. Margaret, thus cruelly struck, said, "Thomas, ye know my bindin', I have been aye true; I have angered my father, and refused a rich and a good man, and I'll be true till James himsel' is fause," and like a frozen lily, erect on its stem, she left them—to pass her night in tears.

James was as true as his Margaret; and his grandfather and father agreed to his marriage, under a singular condition: the bulk of the rents were settled in annuity on the two seniors, and the estate made over to the young laird in fee-simple. The seniors did not long cumber him or the land; they both died within the year. Straightway James was off to Ardross to claim his Margaret. He came late at night, and "rispit at the ring." Murdo, the young laird, rose and let him in, sending a message to his sister to get a bedroom ready for his cousin Stoneywood. Miss Erskine of Pittoderie was in the house as it so happened, and old Lady Ardross, in her ignorance, thinking young Moir was after her, wrathfully sent word to him that he must not disturb the family, but

might share Murdo's bed. Poor Margaret said little and slept less, and coming down before the rest in the early morning to make ready the breakfast, she found her cousin there alone: they made good use of their time, we may be sure, and the cruel mystery about the letters was all cleared up.

James and Thomas never met till they were both on the verge of the grave; the old men embraced, forgiving and forgiven.

The lovers were married at Ardross in September, 1740, and they came to Stoneywood, where our stern old lady gloomed upon them in her displeasure, and soon left them, to live in Aberdeen, speaking to her son at church, but never once noticing his lovely bride. For all this he made far more than up by the tenderest love and service. We quote the touching words of their descendant: "With the only recollection I have of my grandfather and grandmother in extreme old age, their sedate and primitive appearance, and my veneration for them, makes the perusal of the very playful and affectionate letters which passed betwixt them at this early period of their lives to me most amusing and comic." But between these times there intervened long years of war, and separation, perils of all kinds, exile, and the death of seven lusty sons in their youth.

We have seen a portrait of Mrs. Moir in her prime, in the possession of her great-grandson; it shows her comely, plump, well-conditioned, restful, debonair—just the woman for the strenuous, big Stoneywood's heart to safely trust in.

Soon after his marriage, young Stoneywood had a violent fever; the mother and the cold sister came to his bedside, never once letting on that they saw his wife; and Annie Caw, an old servant, many years after, used to say that "her heart was like to break to see the sweet young leddy stannin' the hale day in silence, pretendin' to look out at the garden, when the big saut draps were rinnin' doon her bonnie cheeks." The old dame returned to Aberdeen at night without one word or look of sympathy. They had a daughter,—still the old lady was unmitigated, but a son made all sweet.

Then came the stirring, fatal '45. Stoneywood, when laid up with a severe burn of the leg, received an express from the Countess of Errol, desiring his immediate attendance at Slains Castle. Lame as he was, he mounted his horse and rode to Slains, where the Prince gave him a commission as lieutenant-colonel; he found Gordon of Glenbucket there, having come from France, where he had lived in exile since the '15, his son with him, and though he was blind he joined the cause, so that there

were then three generations of John Gordons under the Prince's banner, as sings the Jacobite doggerel:—

"Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal throughout thy life,
Wert thou ungracious in the manly fight,
Thy chief degenerate, thou his terror stood,
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.
The loyal Gordons they obey the call,
Resolvèd with their Prince to fight or fall."

Stoneywood, from his great strength and courage, and his entire devotedness to the cause, was a man of mark. Walking down the Broad Street of Aberdeen, he was fired at from a window by one Rigg, a barber. Mr. Moir called up to him to "come down, and he'd have fair play afore the townsmen," an invitation *il Barbiere* declined. Before joining the Prince, Stoneywood, with characteristic good sense and forethought, took a step which, if others had done, the forfeiture and ruin of many families would have been spared; he executed a formal Commission of Factory over his whole lands in favour of his wife. On the utter collapse of the enterprise at Culloden, he made his way from Ruthven near Kingussie, through the wilds of Braemar and reached his own house—then filled with English troops—at midnight. Leaping over the garden-wall, he tapped at his wife's window, the only room left to her, in which slept the children, and her faithful maid, Annie Caw. She was lying awake,—"a' the lave were sleeping,"—heard the tap, and, though in strange disguise, she at once knew the voice and the build to be her husband's. He had been without sleep for four nights; she got him quietly to bed without waking anyone in the room. Think of the faithful young pair, not daring even to speak, for Janet Grant, the wet-nurse, was not to be trusted—a price was on his head!

Stoneywood left late the next evening, intending to cross the Don in his own salmon-boat, but found it drawn up on the other side, by order of Paton of Grandholm, a keen Hanoverian. Stoneywood called to the miller's man to cross with the boat. "And wha are ye?" "I'm James Jamieson o' Little Mill," one of his own farmers. "Jamieson" was a ready joke on his father's name.

Stoneywood made for Buchan, where he lay for months, being hunted day and night. Here he was joined by our redoubtable friend John Gunn, who, having left his father's service some time before, had gone into his old line, and had been tried before the Circuit Court at Aberdeen, and would have fared ill had Stoneywood not got an acquittal. This made John more attached than ever. He said he would stick to his Colonel, and so he and his gipsy wife did. She continued to carry letters

and money between Stoneywood and his wife, by concealing them under the braiding of her abundant black hair. So hot was the pursuit, that Stoneywood had to be conveyed overnight to the house of a solitary cobbler, in the remote muirland. His name was Clarke. Even here he had to make a hole behind the old man's bed, where he hid himself when anyone came to the door. It shows the energy of Stoneywood's character, and his lightheartedness, that he set to work under the old cobbler to learn his craft, and to such good purpose, that his master said,—"Jeems, my man, what for did ye no tell me ye had been bred a sutor?" "And so I was, freend, but to tell ye God's truth, I was an idle loon, gey weel-faured, and ower fond o' the lassies, so I joined the Prince's boys, and ye see what's come o't!" This greatly pleased old Clarke, and they cobbled and cracked away cheerily for many an hour. So much for brains and will. On one occasion, when hard pressed by their pursuers, Mr. Moir turned his cobbling to good account, by reversing his brother Charles's brogues, turning the heel to the toe, a joke requiring dexterity in the walker as well as in the artist. After many months of this risky life—to which that of a partridge with a poaching weaver from West Linton on the prowl, was a species of tranquillity,—our gallant, strong-hearted friend, hearing that the Prince had escaped, left for Norway in a small sloop from the coast of Buchan, along with Glenbucket and Sir Alexander Bannerman.

It was when living in these wilds that a practical joke of John Gunn's was played off, as follows:—

"After the battle of Culloden, James Moir lurked about in the wildest parts of Aberdeenshire to escape imprisonment. One day the Laird of Stoneywood, with a small party of friends and servants, was on the hill of Bennachie engaged boiling a haggis for their dinner, when they were suddenly aware of a party of soldiers coming up the hill directly towards them. Flight was their only resource, but before leaving the fire John Gunn upset the pot, that their dinner might not be available to their enemies. Instead of bursting on the ground, the haggis rolled unbroken down the hill, towards the English soldiers, one of whom, not knowing what it was, caught it on his bayonet, thereby showering its contents over himself and his comrades, on seeing which termination to the adventure, John Gunn exclaimed, 'See there! even the haggis, God bless her, can charge downhill.'"

Sir Walter Scott must have heard the story from the same source as ours, and has used it in "Waverley," as follows, missing of necessity the point of the bayonet and of the joke:—

"The Highlanders displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down the hill.'"

The Duke of Cumberland, on his way north, quartered his men on the Jacobite chiefs. A troop of dragoons was billeted on Stoneywood, where their young English captain fell ill, and was attended during a dangerous illness by the desolate and lovely wife. As soon as he was able, he left with his men for Inverness-shire, expressing his grateful assurance to Mrs. Moir, that to her he owed his life, and that he would never forget her. Some time after, when she was alone, one evening in April, not knowing what to fear or hope about her husband and her prince, a stone, wrapt in white paper, was flung into the darkening room. It was from the young Englishman, and told briefly the final disaster at Culloden, adding, "Stoneywood is safe." He was then passing south with his men. She never saw him or heard of him again, but we daresay he kept his word: that face was not likely to be forgotten.

Lady Clark gives me the following pleasant joke:—When the Laird was lurking about Stoneywood, as a cobbler, a party of dragoons was sent to search the house for him, and were quartered there for a few days. When the troopers were withdrawn, and moving off, the commanding officer dropped behind, and said in a low voice to the "Leddie," "In case of another visit from us, you had better remove the portrait of *the cobbler* from the dining-room!"

Stoneywood, before leaving his native country, thanked, and as he could, rewarded, his faithful and humble shelterers, saying he would not forget them. And neither he did. Five-and-twenty years afterwards, he visited Bartlett's house, where he lay before he took to the cobbler's. He found he had died. He took the widow and five children to Stoneywood, where they were fed and bred, the boys put to trades, and the girls given away when married, by the noble old Jacobite as a father.

As for John Gunn, his master having gone, he took to his ancient courses, was tried, found guilty this time, and closed his life in Virginia. So ends his lesson. A wild fellow with wild blood, a warm heart, and a shrewd head, such a man as Sir Walter would have made an immortal, as good a match and contrast with the princely Stoneywood, as Richie Moniplies with Nigel Oliphant, Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Sancho and the Don, and those other wonderful complementary pairs, who still, and will for ever, to human nature's delectation, walk the earth.

We need not follow our Ulysses through his life in Denmark and Norway. He carried thither, as Mr. James Jamieson, as into the cobbler's hut, his energy and uprightness, his cheery and unforgetting heart, his strong sense and his strong body. He prospered at Gothenburg, and within a year sent for his Penelope. He went at the King's request to Sweden, was naturalized, and had conferred on him a patent of nobility.

Meantime he was arraigned in his own country before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and though he was known by all the country, and had been in most of the actions fought, only two witnesses appeared against him, and their testimony went to prove his having always kept his men from violence and plunder, which drew down from Lord Justice-Clerk Milton the remark, that this was more to the honour of the accused than of the witnesses.

In 1759, Mrs. Moir, out of fifteen children, had only two sons and two daughters surviving. She came across to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh for their education. Her husband, broken in health and longing for home, after some difficulty obtained royal permission to return to Stoneywood, which he did in 1762. He died in 1782, aged seventy-two years, leaving his dear Margaret with her two daughters, all his seven sons having gone before him.

Our beautiful old lady lived into this century, dying in 1805, at the age of ninety-six, having retained her cheerfulness and good health, and a most remarkable degree of comeliness, to the last. Her teeth were still fresh and white, and all there, her lips ruddy, her cheeks suffused with as delicate a tint as when she was the rose and the lily of Ardross, gentle in her address, and with the same contented evenness of mind that had accompanied her through all her trials. We cannot picture her better than in her kinsman's loving, skilful words:—

"Accustomed as I was to pass a few hours of every day of my frequent visits to Aberdeen during a good many of the latter years of the worthy old lady's life, the impression can never become obliterated from my recollection, of the neat, orderly chamber in which, at whatever hour I might come, I was sure to see her countenance brighten up with affection, and welcome me with the never-failing invitation to come and kiss her cheek. And there she sat in her arm-chair by the fire, deliberately knitting a white-thread stocking, which, so far as appeared to me, made wondrous slow progress in its manufacture. Her ancient maid, Miss Annie Caw, who had been seventy years in her service, and shared all the ups and downs, and toils and dangers, of her eventful life, sat in a chair on the opposite side, knitting the counterpart to my grandmother's stock-

ing, and with equal deliberation. Every now and then the maid was summoned from the kitchen to take up the loops which these purblind old ladies were ever and anon letting down. A cat (how much their junior I do not know) lay curled up on an old footstool, and various little rickety *fly*-tables, with mahogany trellis-work around their edge supporting a world of bizarre-looking china-ornaments, stood in different corners of the room. Every article of furniture had its appointed position, as well as the old ladies themselves, who sat knitting away till the arrival of two o'clock, their dinner-hour. The only thing which seemed at all to disturb the habitual placidity of my grandmother, was on being occasionally startled by the noise Miss Caw unwittingly made; for the latter, being as deaf as a post, was quite unconscious of the disturbance she at times occasioned, when, in her vain attempts to rectify some mishap in her knitting, she so thoroughly entangled her work as to be far beyond the power of her paralytic fingers to extricate, she would touch the bell, as she conceived, with a respectful gentleness, but in fact so as to produce a clatter as if the house had caught fire. My grandmother, too blind to perceive the cause of this startling alarm, would gently remonstrate, 'Oh, Annie, Annie, you make such a noise!' to which the ancient virgin, who was somewhat short in temper, seldom hearing what was addressed to her, generally answered quite at cross purposes, and that with a most amusing mixture of respect and testiness, 'Yes, meddam, dis yer leddieship never let down a steek!' My grandmother's memory, although rather confused as to the later events of her life, was quite prompt and tenacious in all the details of her early history, particularly the agitating period of 1745, the circumstances of their long exile, and in fact everything seemed clear and distinct down to her husband's death, which was singularly marked as the precise point beyond which she herself even seemed to have no confidence in the accuracy of her recollection. But as the early portion was far the most interesting, it became the unfailing theme on which she seemed to have as much pleasure in dilating as I had in listening to her tales.

"I found it necessary, however, to be cautious of alluding to the present reigning family, which always discomposed her, as to the last she vehemently protested against their title to the throne. I was in the habit, when dining out, of occasionally paying an afternoon visit to her on my way to dinner, which was after tea with her, when she had entered upon the second chapter of her day's employment. For as regularly as the hour of five came round, the card-table was set out, with all its Japan boxes of cards, counters, and Japan saucers for holding the pool, etc., and

my grandmother and her old maid sat down to encounter each other at piquette, and so deliberate was the game as to occupy a considerable portion of the afternoon, as the war was not carried on without frequent interlocutory skirmishes, which much prolonged the contest. The one combatant being so blind as to be incapable of ever distinguishing diamonds from hearts, or clubs from spades, while her opponent, who saw sharply enough through a pair of spectacles, so balanced on the tip of her nose, as to be a matter of never-ending wonder to me how they kept their place, was so deaf as to have to guess at the purport of whatever was addressed to her, and as they both blundered each in her own way, it gave rise to *contretemps* of never-ending recurrence, as the property of each trick was disputed. 'Oh, Annie, ye are so deaf and so stupid!' 'Yes, meddam, it's a sair pity ye are so blind.' 'Well, well, Annie, I would rather be blind as deaf.' 'Yes, meddam, it's my trick.' But with all her testiness, there never was a more devoted creature to her mistress, and to the Stoneywood family, than that worthy old woman, Miss Caw. She was a meagre, ill-favoured-looking little personage, much bent with old age, dressed in a rusty black silk gown, marvellously short in the skirt, but compensated by a lanky, weasel-shaped waist of disproportionate length, from which was suspended my grandfather's watch, of uncommonly large size, which had been left to her by legacy, and was highly valued, and on the other side her scissors and bunch of keys. These garments were usually surmounted by a small black bonnet, and, trotting about with her high-heeled shoes, which threw the centre of gravity so far forward, her resemblance to a crow, or some curious bird of that class, was irresistibly striking, but having been once considered handsome, she was too jealous of her appearance ever to suffer me to use my pencil on so tempting a subject. She was the sister of a person of some note, Lady Jane Douglas's maid, whose evidence was so influential in the great Douglas Cause, and I think she informed me that her father had once been Provost of Perth, but that their family had after his death got reduced in circumstances. She had passed almost the whole of her life, which was not a short one, in the service of the Stoneywood family. As to my grandmother, she was a perfect picture of an old lady of the last century. Her fair comely countenance was encircled in a pure white close cap with a quilted border, over which was a rich black lace cap in the form in which several of Queen Mary's pictures represent her to have worn, a grey satin gown with a laced stomacher, and deeply frilled hanging sleeves that reached the elbow, and over her arms black lace gloves without fingers, or rather which left the fingers free for the ornament of

rings, about her shoulders a small black lace tippet, with high-heeled shoes, and small square silver buckles; there were also buckles in the stomacher. From her waistband also was suspended a portly watch in a shagreen case, and on the opposite side was a wire-sheath for her knitting. Such was old Lady Stoneywood."

And now we must leave our window and our bright glimpse into the family within, and go our ways. We might have tarried and seen much else, very different, but full of interest; we might have seen by and by the entrance of that noble, homely figure, the greatest, the largest nature in Scottish literature, whose head and face, stoop and smile and *burr* we all know, and who has filled, and will continue to fill, with innocent sunshine the young (ay, and the old) life of mankind. Sir Walter would have soon come in, with that manly, honest limp;—and his earliest and oldest friend would be there with him, he whose words have just painted for us these two old companions in their cordial strife, and whose own evening was as tranquil, as beautiful, and nearly as prolonged, as that of the dear and comely lady of Stoneywood.

As we said before, what material is here for a story! There is the crafty Bailie and the "ower canty" Laird of Ellon; the Sunday tragedy; the young loves and sorrows of James and Margaret; the green purse and its gold pieces shining through, and its "fendy" keeper; the gallant Stoneywood, six foot two, bending in Slains before his Prince; John Gunn with his Cairds, and his dark-eyed, rich-haired wife; the wild havoc of Culloden; the wandering from Speyside to his own Don; the tap at the midnight window, heard by the one unsleeping heart; the brief rapture; the hunted life in Buchan; the cobbler with his 'prentice and their cracks; "*Mons. Jacques Jamieson*," the honoured merchant and Swedish nobleman; the vanishing away of his seven sons into the land o' the leal; Penelope, her Ulysses gone, living on with Annie Caw, waiting sweetly till her time of departure and of reunion came. We are the better of stirring ourselves about these, the unknown and long-time dead; it quickens the capacity of receptive, realizing imagination, which all of us have more or less, and this waxes into something like an immediate and primary power, just as all good poetry makes the reader in a certain sense himself a poet, finding him one in little, and leaving him one in much.

So does any such glimpse into our common life, in its truth and depth and power, quicken us throughout, and make us tell living stories to ourselves; leaves us stronger, sweeter, swifter in mind, readier for all the many things in heaven and on earth we have to do; for we all have wings, though they are often but in bud, or blighted. Sad is it for a man

and for a nation when they are all unused, and therefore shrivel and dwine and die, or leave some sadly ludicrous remembrancer of their absence, as "of one that once had wings."

If we grovel and pick up all our daily food at our feet, and never soar, we may grow fat and huge like the Dodo, which was once a true dove, beautiful, hot-blooded, and strong of wind, as becomes Aphrodite's own, but got itself developed into a big goose of a pigeon, waddling as it went, and proving itself worthy of its extinction and of its name,—the only hint of its ancestry being in its bill.

But even the best wings can't act *in vacuo*; they must have something to energize upon, and all imagination worth the name must act upon some objective truth, must achieve for itself, or through others a realized ideal or an idealized reality. Beauty and truth must embrace each other, and goodness bless them both;

"For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other,—friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never to be sundered without tears"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811–63)

Thackeray was born in Calcutta and educated at Charterhouse, where he showed himself a sensitive boy. In 1829 *he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a friend of Spedding, Fitzgerald, and Tennyson. In* 1832, *he inherited about* £500 *which, however, was soon lost in play and speculation; luckily, or he might never have been driven to write. He first of all took up Art in Paris and in* 1836 *married Miss Shawe, who subsequently went out of her mind. In* 1837 *Thackeray came to London and started writing in "Fraser's Magazine," in which "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" appeared, and other works such as "Barry Lindon" and the "Book of Snobs." But it was not till* 1846 *that he started "Vanity Fair," which made him famous. This great novel was followed by others which he admitted were reflections of the first. As an essayist Thackeray excels, although his work as a novelist eclipses everything else that he wrote.*

who were alive half an hour since, Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children's cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro.* *How lonely it looks now all these people are gone!* My dear good friends, some folks are utterly tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. . . . I resume my original subject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them! and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house, that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbour said to me. They are gone at last; and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me; or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

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waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your

humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.—— No? No movement. No grey shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole *cortège* of ghosts flit away, invisible? Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

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Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous *Faust* of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town!) has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events; the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is

not the words I see; but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merrymaking which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

And, such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold shortcomings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two, half a dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different, in my mind's eye, as —as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume 84 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

Another Finis written. Another mile-stone passed on this journey from birth to the next world! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquess to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up

once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap: head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion: eyes close: soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers? says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with "Pendennis," or the "Newcomes," in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet, soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved "Jacob Faithful": once at Frankfort o. m., the delightful "Vingt ans après" of Monsieur Dumas: once at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling "Woman in White": and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares: no remorse about idleness: no visitors: and the Woman in White or the Chevalier d'Artagnan to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbour who lent me, volume by volume, the "W. in W.") How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake: no love-making: no observations about society: little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other: plenty of fighting: and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before Finis. I don't like your melancholy Finis. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not à la mode le pays de Pole* (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of "Philip," just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the *President*, or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented.

I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck on the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned: though shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance—ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his death-bed. Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavour to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving: for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognizance of our squabbles, and tittle-tattles, and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres*! It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an undertone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), *Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus.*

Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. This is the sin of schoolmasters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not for ever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain,

a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose, and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had *moulded* a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't *fly*, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of "Pendennis," written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same

twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*Bedad, ye may,*" says he, "*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police-court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits and water I know I did: but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather-stocking were to glide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their mustachios? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do, we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half-hour with Jacob Faithful last night, when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the *printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbour Court.*

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have

a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

Roundabout Papers.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–70)

Much of Dickens's youth is narrated in "David Copperfield." He was born at Portsea, where his father held a minor official position and squandered what little money he earned. Charles entered a solicitor's office in Gray's Inn where he learnt shorthand, passing on thence to the Gallery of the House as Parliamentary reporter. He began his writing with "Sketches by Boz," and a few months later started the "Pickwick Papers," which made him instantly immortal. This book appeared in monthly parts in 1837, and was followed, it may be said yearly, by great novels which were the public property of the world. He is, perhaps, the greatest creative genius in prose England has produced.

NIGHT WALKS

SOME years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed, but, it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the

late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent Street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent Road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But, it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half a dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be *magnetically* attracted towards each other: so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternize or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker, and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out—the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of anyone being up—nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and coping, splash from pipes

and water-spouts, and by and by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo Bridge; it being in the houseless mind to have a halfpenny worth of excuse for saying "Good night" to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fire and a good greatcoat and a good woollen neck-shawl, were comfortable things to see in conjunction with the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement on the threshold of the bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murdered man, had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet when those nights were; he was alive, and slept then quietly enough most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of where he was to come. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres, there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black within, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church steeples were shaking the March winds and rain with strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand, I groped my well-known way to the stage and looked over the orchestra—which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone dead like everything else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space, but tiers of winding-sheets. The ground at my feet where, when last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain which threatened to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong serpent of engine-hose, watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire, and ready to fly at it if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse candle, haunted the distant upper gallery and flitted away. Retiring within

scenium, and holding my light above my head towards the rolled-up curtain—green no more, but black as ebony—my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as a diver might, at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their sleep, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys, on the white wall. Not an inappropriate time either, to linger by that wicked little Debtors' Door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has been Death's Door to so many. In the days of the uttering of forged one-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of wretched creatures of both sexes—many quite innocent—swung out of a pitiless and inconsistent world, with the tower of yonder Christian church of Saint Sepulchre monstrously before their eyes! Is there any haunting of the Bank Parlour, by the remorseful souls of old directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of an Old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be an easy next step, so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire. Next, I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people, but it proving as yet too early, crossed London Bridge and got down by the waterside on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the great brewery. There was plenty going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their mangers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in men.

A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-

looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a smell as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting everything; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

From the dead wall associated on those houseless nights with this too common story, I chose next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly, because it lay on my road round to Westminster, partly, because I had a night fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal at night as the sane lie a-dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events and personages and times and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir, I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said

a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and Her Majesty and I dine off peaches and maccaroni in our night-gowns, and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honour to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew everything, when he called Sleep the death of each day's life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.

By this time I had left the Hospital behind me, and was again setting towards the river; and in a short breathing space I was on Westminster Bridge, regaling my houseless eyes with the external walls of the British Parliament—the perfection of a stupendous institution, I know, and the admiration of all surrounding nations and succeeding ages, I do not doubt; but perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work. Turning off into Old Palace Yard, the Courts of Law kept me company for a quarter of an hour; hinting in low whispers what numbers of people they were keeping awake, and how intensely wretched and horrible they were rendering the small hours to unfortunate suitors. Westminster Abbey was fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour; suggesting a wonderful procession of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more amazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going before. And indeed in those houseless night walks—which even included cemeteries where watchmen went round among the graves at stated times, and moved the tell-tale handle of an index which recorded that they had touched it at such an hour—it was a solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to one old great city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there would not be the space of a pin's point in all the streets and ways for the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies of dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, and would stretch away all round it, God knows how far.

When a church clock strikes, on houseless ears in the dead of the night, it may be at first mistaken for company and hailed as such. But, as the spreading circles of vibration, which you may perceive at such a time with great clearness, go opening out, for ever and ever afterwards widening perhaps (as the philosopher has suggested) in eternal space, the mistake is rectified and the sense of loneliness is profounder. Once—it was after leaving the Abbey and turning my face north—I came

to the great steps of St. Martin's Church as the clock was striking Three. Suddenly, a thing that in a moment more I should have trodden upon without seeing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loneliness and houselessness, struck out of it by the bell, the like of which I never heard. We then stood face to face looking at one another, frightened by one another. The creature was like a beetle-browed, hare-lipped youth of twenty, and it had a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together with one of its hands. It shivered from head to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared at me—persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it thought me—it made with its whining mouth as if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog. Intending to give this ugly object money, I put out my hand to stay it—for it recoiled as it whined and snapped—and laid my hand upon its shoulder. Instantly, it twisted out of its garment, like the young man in the New Testament, and left me standing alone with its rags in my hands.

Covent Garden Market, when it was market morning, was wonderful company. The great wagons of cabbages, with growers' men and boys lying asleep under them, and with sharp dogs from market-garden neighbourhoods looking after the whole, were as good as a party. But one of the worst night sights I know in London, is to be found in the children who prowl about this place; who sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at any object they think they can lay their thieving hands on, dive under the carts and barrows, dodge the constables, and are perpetually making a blunt pattering on the pavement of the Piazza with the rain of their naked feet. A painful and unnatural result comes of the comparison one is forced to institute between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the earth, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared for (except inasmuch as ever-hunted) savages.

There was early coffee to be got about Covent Garden Market, and that was more company—warm company, too, which was better Toast of a very substantial quality was likewise procurable: though the towzled-headed man who made it, in an inner chamber within the coffee-room, hadn't got his coat on yet, and was so heavy with sleep that in every interval of toast and coffee he went off anew behind the partition into complicated cross-roads of choke and snore, and lost his way directly. Into one of these establishments (among the earliest) near Bow Street, there came one morning as I sat over my houseless cup, pondering where to go next, a man in a high and long snuff-coloured coat, and shoes, and, to the best of my belief, nothing else but a hat,

who took out of his hat a large cold meat pudding; a meat pudding so large that it was a very tight fit, and brought the lining of the hat out with it. This mysterious man was known by his pudding, for on his entering, the man of sleep brought him a pint of hot tea, a small loaf, and a large knife and fork and plate. Left to himself in his box, he stood the pudding on the bare table, and, instead of cutting it, stabbed it, over-hand, with the knife, like a mortal enemy; then took the knife out, wiped it on his sleeve, tore the pudding asunder with his fingers, and ate it all up. The remembrance of this man with the pudding remains with me as the remembrance of the most spectral person my houselessness encountered. Twice only was I in that establishment, and twice I saw him stalk in (as I should say, just out of bed, and presently going back to bed), take out his pudding, stab his pudding, wipe the dagger, and eat his pudding all up. He was a man whose figure promised cadaverousness, but who had an excessively red face, though shaped like a horse's. On the second occasion of my seeing him, he said huskily to the man of sleep, "Am I red to-night?" "You are," he uncompromisingly answered. "My mother," said the spectre, "was a red-faced woman that liked drink, and I looked at her hard when she laid in her coffin, and I took the complexion." Somehow, the pudding seemed an unwholesome pudding after that, and I put myself in its way no more.

When there was no market, or when I wanted variety, a railway terminus with the morning mails coming in, was remunerative company. But like most of the company to be had in this world, it lasted only a very short time. The station lamps would burst out ablaze, the porters would emerge from places of concealment, the cabs and trucks would rattle to their places (the post-office carts were already in theirs), and, finally, the bell would strike up, and the train would come banging in. But there were few passengers and little luggage, and everything scuttled away with the greatest expedition. The locomotive post-offices, with their great nets—as if they had been dragging the country for bodies—would fly open as to their doors, and would disgorge a smell of lamp, an exhausted clerk, a guard in a red coat, and their bags of letters; the engine would blow and heave and perspire, like an engine wiping its forehead and saying what a run it had had; and within ten minutes the lamps were out, and I was houseless and alone again.

But now, there were driven cattle on the high road near, wanting (as cattle always do) to turn into the midst of stone walls, and squeeze themselves through six inches' width of iron railing, and getting their heads down (also as cattle always do) for tossing-purchase at quite

imaginary dogs, and giving themselves and every devoted creature associated with them a most extraordinary amount of unnecessary trouble. Now, too, the conscious gas began to grow pale with the knowledge that daylight was coming, and straggling workpeople were already in *the streets, and, as waking life had become extinguished with the last* pieman's sparks, so it began to be rekindled with the fires of the first street-corner breakfast-sellers. And so by faster and faster degrees, until the last degrees were very fast, the day came, and I was tired and could sleep. And it is not, as I used to think, going home at such times, the least wonderful thing in London, that in the real desert region of the night, the houseless wanderer is alone there. I knew well enough where to find Vice and Misfortune of all kinds, if I had chosen; but they were put out of sight, and my houselessness had many miles upon miles of streets in which it could, and did, have its own solitary way.

Uncommercial Traveller.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818–94)

Educated at Oriel College, Oxford, Froude came early under Newman's influence. But he turned from this and published the "Nemesis of Faith," which lost him his Fellowship. In 1856 he started his well-known "History of England" from the Protestant angle; and from 1867 onwards wrote "Short Studies." As a historian he was vivid but inaccurate, and made many enemies. These increased when, as Carlyle's literary executor, he gave to the world confidences which made his discretion appear doubtful.

THE BOOK OF JOB

The question will one day be asked, How it has been that, in spite of the high pretensions of us English to a superior reverence for the Bible, we have done so little in comparison with our continental contemporaries towards arriving at a proper understanding of it? Whatever be the nature or the origin of the books of the Old and New Testament (and on this point there is much difference of opinion among the Germans as among ourselves), they are all agreed, orthodox and unorthodox, that at least we should endeavour to understand them; and that no efforts can be too great, either of research or criticism, to discover their history, or elucidate their meaning.

We shall assent, doubtless, eagerly, perhaps noisily and indignantly, to so obvious a truism; but our own efforts in the same direction will not bear us out. The able men in England employ themselves in matters of a more practical character; and while we refuse to avail ourselves of what has been done elsewhere, no book, or books, which we produce on the interpretation of Scripture acquire more than a partial or an ephemeral reputation.

It is, indeed, reasonable that, as long as we are persuaded that our English theory of the Bible, as a whole, is the right one, we should shrink from contact with investigations, which, however ingenious in

themselves, are based on what we know to be a false foundation. But there are some learned Germans whose orthodoxy would pass examination at Exeter Hall; and there are many subjects, such, for instance, as the present, on which all their able men are agreed in conclusions that cannot rationally give offence to anyone. For the Book of Job, analytical criticism has only served to clear up the uncertainties which have hitherto always hung about it. It is now considered to be, beyond all doubt, a genuine Hebrew original, completed by its writer almost in the form in which it now remains to us. The questions on the authenticity of the Prologue and Epilogue, which once were thought important, have given way before a more sound conception of the dramatic unity of the entire poem; and the volumes before us contain merely an inquiry into its meaning, bringing, at the same time, all the resources of modern scholarship and historical and mythological research to bear upon the obscurity of separate passages. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions—many words occurring in it, and many thoughts, not to be found elsewhere in the Bible. How difficult our translators found it may be seen by the number of words which they were obliged to insert in italics, and the doubtful renderings which they have suggested in the margin.

No one will question the general beauty and majesty of our translation; but there are many mythical and physical allusions scattered over the poem, which, in the sixteenth century, there were positively no means of understanding; and perhaps, too, there were mental tendencies in the translators themselves which prevented them from adequately apprehending even the drift and spirit of it. The form of the story was too stringent to allow such tendencies any latitude; but they appear, from time to time, sufficiently to produce serious confusion. With these recent assistances, therefore, we propose to say something of the nature of this extraordinary book—a book of which it is to say little to call it unequalled of its kind, and which will, one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world. How it found its way into the Canon, smiting as it does through and through the most deeply-seated Jewish prejudices, is the chief difficulty about it now; to be explained only by a traditional acceptance among the sacred books, dating back from the old times of the national greatness, when the minds of the people were hewn in a larger type than was to be found among the pharisees of the great synagogue. But its authorship, its date, and its history, are alike a mystery to us; it existed at the time when the Canon

was composed; and this is all that we know beyond what we can gather out of the language and the contents of the poem itself.

The history of religious speculation appears in extreme outline to have been of the following kind. We may conceive mankind to have been originally launched into the universe with no knowledge either of themselves or of the scene in which they were placed; with no actual knowledge, but distinguished from the rest of the creation by a faculty of gaining knowledge; and first unconsciously, and afterwards consciously and laboriously, to have commenced that long series of experience and observation which has accumulated in thousands of years to what we now see around us. Limited on all sides by conditions which they must have felt to be none of their own imposing, and finding everywhere forces working, over which they had no control, the fear which they would naturally entertain of these invisible and mighty agents, assumed, under the direction of an idea which we may perhaps call inborn and inherent in human nature, a more generous character of reverence and awe. The laws of the outer world, as they discovered them, they regarded as the decrees, or as the immediate energies of personal beings; and as knowledge grew up among them, they looked upon it not as knowledge of nature, but of God, or the gods.

Thus paganism, in its very nature, was expansive, self-developing, and, as Mr. Hume observed, tolerant; a new god was welcomed to the Pantheon as a new scientific discovery is welcomed by the Royal Society; and the various nations found no difficulty in interchanging their divinities—a new god either representing a new power not hitherto discovered, or one with which they were already familiar under a new name. With such a power of adaptation and enlargement, if there had been nothing more in it than this, such a system might have gone on accommodating itself to the change of times, and keeping pace with the growth of human character.

In the meantime, the Jews (and perhaps some other nations, but the Jews chiefly and principally) had been moving forward along a road wholly different. Breaking early away from the gods of nature, they advanced along the line of their moral consciousness; and leaving the nations to study physics, philosophy, and art, they confined themselves to man and to human life. Their theology grew up round the knowledge of good and evil, and God, with them, was the supreme Lord of the world, who stood towards man in the relation of a ruler and a judge. Holding such a faith, to them the toleration of paganism was an impossibility; the laws of nature might be many, but the law of conduct was

one; there was one law and one King; and the conditions under which He governed the world, as embodied in the Decalogue or other similar code, were looked upon as iron and inflexible certainties, unalterable revelations of the will of an unalterable Being. So far there was little in common between this process and the other; but it was identical with it in this one important feature, that moral knowledge, like physical, admitted of degrees; and the successive steps of it were only purchasable by experience. The dispensation of the law, in the language of modern theology, was not the dispensation of grace, and the nature of good and evil disclosed itself slowly as men were able to comprehend it. Thus, no system of law or articles of belief were or could be complete and exhaustive for all time. Experience accumulates; new facts are observed, new forces display themselves, and all such formulæ must necessarily be from period to period broken up and moulded afresh. And yet the steps already gained are a treasure so sacred, so liable are they at all times to be attacked by those lower and baser elements in our nature which it is their business to hold in check, that the better part of mankind have at all times practically regarded their creed as a sacred total to which nothing may be added, and from which nothing may be taken away; the suggestion of a new idea is resented as an encroachment, punished as an insidious piece of treason, and resisted by the combined forces of all common practical understandings, which know too well the value of what they have, to risk the venture upon untried change. Periods of religious transition, therefore, when the advance has been a real one, always have been violent, and probably will always continue to be so. They to whom the precious gift of fresh light has been given are called upon to exhibit their credentials as teachers in suffering for it. They, and those who opposed them, have alike a sacred cause; and the fearful spectacle arises of earnest, vehement men, contending against each other as for their own souls, in fiery struggle. Persecutions come, and martyrdoms, and religious wars; and, at last, the old faith, like the phœnix, expires upon its altar, and the new rises out of the ashes.

Such, in briefest outline, has been the history of religions, natural and moral; the first, indeed, being in no proper sense a religion at all, as we understand religion; and only assuming the character of it in the minds of great men whose moral sense *had* raised them beyond their time and country, and who, feeling the necessity of a real creed, with an effort and with indifferent success, endeavoured to express, under the systems which they found, emotions which had nc

Of the transition periods which we have described as taking place under the religion which we call moral, the first known to us is marked at its opening by the appearance of the Book of Job, the first fierce collision of the new fact with the formula which will not stretch to cover it.

The earliest phenomenon likely to be observed connected with the moral government of the world is the general one, that on the whole, as things are constituted, good men prosper and are happy, bad men fail and are miserable. The cause of such a condition is no mystery, and lies very near the surface. As soon as men combine in society, they are forced to obey certain laws under which alone society is possible, and these laws, even in their rudest form, approach the laws of conscience. To a certain extent, every one is obliged to sacrifice his private inclinations; and those who refuse to do so are punished, or are crushed. If society were perfect, the imperfect tendency would carry itself out till the two sets of laws were identical; but perfection so far has been only in Utopia, and as far as we can judge by experience hitherto, they have approximated most nearly in the simplest and most rudimentary forms of life. Under the systems which we call patriarchal, the modern distinctions between sins and crimes had no existence. All gross sins were offences against society, as it then was constituted, and, wherever it was possible, were punished as being so; chicanery and those subtle advantages which the acute and unscrupulous can take over the simple, without open breach of enacted statutes, were only possible under the complications of more artificial polities; and the oppression or injury of man by man was open, violent, obvious, and therefore easily understood. Doubtless, therefore, in such a state of things, it would, on the whole, be true to experience, that, judging merely by outward prosperity or the reverse, good and bad men would be rewarded and punished as such in this actual world; so far, that is, as the administration of such rewards and punishments was left in the power of mankind. But theology could not content itself with general tendencies. Theological propositions then, as much as now, were held to be absolute, universal, admitting of no exceptions, and explaining every phenomenon. Superficial generalizations were construed into immutable decrees; the God of this world was just and righteous, and temporal prosperity or wretchedness were dealt out by him immediately by his own will to his subjects, according to their behaviour. Thus the same disposition towards completeness which was the ruin of paganism, here, too, was found generating the same evils; the half truth rounding itself out with false-

hoods. Not only the consequence of ill actions which followed through themselves, but the accidents, as we call them, of nature, earthquakes, storms, and pestilences, were the ministers of God's justice, and struck sinners only with discriminating accuracy. That the sun should shine alike on the evil and the good was a creed too high for the early divines, or that the victims of a fallen tower were no greater offenders than their neighbours. The conceptions of such men could not pass beyond the outward temporal consequence; and, if God's hand was not there it was nowhere. We might have expected that such a theory of things could not long resist the accumulated contradictions of experience; but the same experience shows also what a marvellous power is in us of thrusting aside phenomena which interfere with our cherished convictions; and when such convictions are consecrated into a creed which it is a sacred duty to believe, experience is but like water dropping upon a rock, which wears it away, indeed, at last, but only in thousands of years. This theory was and is the central idea of the Jewish polity, the obstinate toughness of which has been the perplexity of Gentiles and Christians from the first dawn of its existence; it lingers among ourselves in our Liturgy and in the popular belief; and in spite of the emphatic censure of Him after whose name we call ourselves, is still the instant interpreter for us of any unusual calamity, a potato blight, a famine, or an epidemic: such vitality is there in a moral faith, though now, at any rate, contradicted by the experience of all mankind, and at issue even with Christianity itself.

At what period in the world's history misgivings about it began to show themselves it is now impossible to say; it was at the close, probably, of the patriarchal period, when men who really *thought* must have found it palpably shaking under them. Indications of such misgivings are to be found in the Psalms, those especially passing under the name of Asaph; and all through Ecclesiastes there breathes a spirit of deepest and saddest scepticism. But Asaph thrusts his doubts aside, and forces himself back into his old position; and the scepticism of Ecclesiastes is confessedly that of a man who had gone wandering after enjoyment; searching after pleasures—pleasures of sense and pleasures of intellect—and who, at last, bears reluctant testimony that, by such methods, no pleasures can be found which will endure; that he had squandered the power which might have been used for better things, and had only strength remaining to tell his own sad tale as a warning to mankind. There is nothing in Ecclesiastes like the misgivings of a noble nature. The writer's own personal happiness had been all for which he had

cared; he had failed, as all men gifted as he was gifted are sure to fail, and the lights of heaven had been extinguished by the disappointment with which his own spirit was clouded.

Utterly different from these, both in character and in the lesson which it teaches, is the Book of Job. Of unknown date, as we said, and unknown authorship, the language impregnated with strange idioms and strange allusions, un-Jewish in form, and in fiercest hostility with Judaism, it hovers like a meteor over the old Hebrew literature, in it, but not of it, compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own internal majesty, yet exerting no influence over the minds of the people, never alluded to, and scarcely ever quoted, till at last the light which it had heralded rose up full over the world in Christianity.

The conjectures which have been formed upon the date of it are so various, that they show of themselves on how slight a foundation the best of them must rest. The language is no guide, for although unquestionably of Hebrew origin, it bears no analogy to any of the other books in the Bible; while, of its external history, nothing is known at all, except that it was received into the Canon at the time of the great synagogue. Ewald decides, with some confidence, that it belongs to the great prophetic period, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah.

The more it is studied, the more the conclusion forces itself upon us that, let the writer have lived when he would, in his struggle with the central falsehood of his own people's creed, he must have divorced himself from them outwardly as well as inwardly; that he travelled away into the world, and lived long, perhaps all his matured life, in exile. Everything about the book speaks of a person who had broken free from the narrow littleness of "the peculiar people." The language, as we said, is full of strange words. The hero of the poem is of strange land and parentage, a Gentile certainly, not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places—Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan, speaking of foreign things and foreign people. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem, of Jewish traditions or Jewish certainties. We look to find the three friends vindicate themselves, as they so well might have done, by appeals to the fertile annals of Israel, to the Flood, to the cities of the plain, to the plagues of Egypt, or the thunders of Sinai. But of all this there is not a word;

they are passed by as if they had no existence; and instead of them, when witnesses are required for the power of God, we have strange un-Hebrew stories of the eastern astronomic mythology, the old wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the wounded dragon, "the sweet influences of the seven stars," and the glittering fragments of the sea-snake Rahab trailing across the northern sky. Again, God is not the God of Israel, but the father of mankind; we hear nothing of a chosen people, nothing of a special revelation, nothing of peculiar privileges; and in the court of heaven there is a Satan, not the prince of this world and the enemy of God, but the angel of judgment, the accusing spirit whose mission was to walk to and fro over the earth, and carry up to heaven an account of the sins of mankind. We cannot believe that thoughts of this kind arose out of Jerusalem in the days of Josiah.

No reader can have failed to have been struck with the simplicity of the opening. Still, calm, and most majestic, it tells us everything which is necessary to be known in the fewest possible words. The history of Job was probably a tradition in the East; his name, like that of Priam in Greece, the symbol of fallen greatness, and his misfortunes the problem of philosophers. In keeping with the current belief, he is described as a model of excellence, the most perfect and upright man upon the earth, "and the same was the greatest man in all the east." So far, greatness and goodness had gone hand in hand together, as the popular theory required. The details of his character are brought out in the progress of the poem. He was "the father of the oppressed, and of those who had none to help them." When he sat as a judge in the market-places, "righteousness clothed him" there, and "his justice was a robe and a diadem." He "broke the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" and, humble in the midst of his power, he "did not despise the cause of his manservant, or his maidservant, when they contended with him," knowing (and amidst those old people where the multitude of mankind were regarded as the born slaves of the powerful, to be carved into eunuchs or polluted into concubines at their master's pleasure, it was no easy matter to know it) knowing "that He who had made him had made them," and *one* "had fashioned them both in the womb." Above all, he was the friend of the poor, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him," and he "made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Setting these characteristics of his daily life by the side of his unaffected piety, as it is described in the first chapter, we have a picture of the best man who could then be conceived; not a hard ascetic, living in haughty

or cowardly isolation, but a warm figure of flesh and blood, a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom, that no room might be left for any possible Calvinistic falsehood, God Himself bears the emphatic testimony, "that there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil." If such a person as this, therefore, could be made miserable, necessarily the current belief of the Jews was false to the root; and tradition furnished the fact that he had been visited by every worst calamity. How was it then to be accounted for? Out of a thousand possible explanations, the poet introduces a single one. He admits us behind the veil which covers the ways of Providence, and we hear the accusing angel charging Job with an interested piety, and of being obedient because it was his policy. "Job does not serve God for nought," he says; "strip him of his splendour, and see if he will care for God then. Humble him into poverty and wretchedness, so only we shall know what is in his heart." The cause thus introduced is itself a rebuke to the belief which, with its "rewards and punishments," immediately fostered selfishness; and the poem opens with a double action, on one side to try the question whether it is possible for man to love God disinterestedly—the issue of which trial is not foreseen or even foretold, and we watch the progress of it with an anxious and fearful interest—on the other side, to bring out in contrast to the truth which we already know, the cruel falsehood of the popular faith, to show how, instead of leading men to mercy and affection, it hardens their heart, narrows their sympathies, and enhances the trials of the sufferer, by refinements which even Satan had not anticipated. The combination of evils, as blow falls on blow, suddenly, swiftly, and terribly, has all the appearance of a purposed visitation (as indeed it was); if ever outward incidents might with justice be interpreted as the immediate action of Providence, those which fell on Job might be so interpreted. The world turns disdainfully from the fallen in the world's way; but far worse than this, his chosen friends, wise, good, pious men, as wisdom and piety were then, without one glimpse of the true cause of his sufferings, see in them a judgment upon his secret sins. He becomes to them an illustration, and even (such are the paralogisms of men of this description) a proof of their theory "that the prosperity of the wicked is but for a while"; and instead of the comfort and help which they might have brought him, and which in the end they were made to bring him, he is to them no more than a text for the enunciation of solemn falsehood. And even worse again, the sufferer himself had been educated in the same creed; he, too, had been

taught to see the hand of God in the outward dispensation; and feeling from the bottom of his heart, that he, in his own case, was a sure contradiction of what he had learnt to believe, he himself finds his very faith in God shaken from its foundation. The worst evils which Satan had devised were distanced far by those which had been created by human folly.

The creed in which Job had believed was tried and found wanting, and, as it ever will be when the facts of experience come in contact with the inadequate formula, the true is found so mingled with the false, that they can hardly be disentangled, and are in danger of being swept away together.

A studied respect is shown, however, to this orthodoxy, even while it is arraigned for judgment. It may be doubtful whether the writer purposely intended it. He probably cared only to tell the real truth; to say for it the best which could be said and to produce as its defenders the best and wisest men whom in his experience he had known to believe and defend it. At any rate, he represents the three friends, not as a weaker person would have represented them, as foolish, obstinate bigots, but as wise, humane, and almost great men, who, at the outset, at least, are animated only by the kindest feelings, and speak what they have to say with the most earnest conviction that it is true. Job is vehement, desperate, reckless. His language is the wild, natural outpouring of suffering. The friends, true to the eternal nature of man, are grave, solemn, and indignant, preaching their half truth, and mistaken only in supposing that it is the whole; speaking, as all such persons would speak, and still do speak, in defending what they consider sacred truth, against the assaults of folly and scepticism. How beautiful is their first introduction:—

"Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil which was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and knew him not, they lifted up their voices and wept, and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sate down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

What a picture is there! What majestic tenderness! His wife had scoffed at his faith, bidding him leave "God and die." His acquaintance had turned from him. He "had called his servant, and he had given him no answer." Even the children in their unconscious cruelty had

gathered round and mocked him, as he lay among the ashes. But "his friends sprinkle dust towards heaven, and sit silently by him, and weep for him seven days and seven nights upon the ground." That is, they were true-hearted, truly loving, devout, religious men, and yet they with their religion, were to become the instruments of the most poignant sufferings, and the sharpest temptations, which he had to endure. So it was, and is, and will be,—of such materials is this human life of ours composed.

And now, remembering the double action of the drama, the actual trial of Job, the result of which is uncertain, and the delusion of these men which is, at the outset, certain, let us go rapidly through the dialogue. Satan's share in the temptation had already been overcome. Lying sick in the loathsome disease which had been sent upon him, his wife, in Satan's own words, had tempted Job, to say, "Farewell to God," think no more of God or goodness, since this was all which came of it; and Job had told her, that she spoke as one of the foolish women. He "had received good at the hand of the Lord, and should he not receive evil?" But now, when real love and real affection appear, his heart melts in him; he loses his forced self-composure, and bursts into a passionate regret that he had ever been born. In the agony of his sufferings, hope of better things had died away. He does not complain of injustice; as yet, and before his friends have stung and wounded him, he makes no questioning of Providence,—but why was life given to him at all, if only for this? And sick in mind and sick in body, but one wish remains to him, that death will come quickly and end all. It is a cry from the very depths of a single and simple heart. But for such simplicity and singleness his friends could not give him credit; possessed beforehand with their idea, they see in his misery only a fatal witness against him; such calamities could not have befallen a man, the justice of God would not have permitted it, unless they had been deserved. Job had sinned and he had suffered, and this wild passion was but impenitence and rebellion.

Being as certain that they were right in this opinion as they were that God Himself existed, that they should speak what they felt was only natural and necessary; and their language at the outset is all which would be dictated by the tenderest sympathy. Eliphaz opens, the oldest and most important of the three, in a soft, subdued, suggestive strain, contriving in every way to spare the feelings of the sufferer, to the extreme, to which his real love will allow him. All is general, impersonal, indirect, the rule of the world, the order of Providence.

He does not accuse Job, but he describes his calamities, and leaves him to gather for himself the occasion which had produced them, and then passes off, as if further to soften the blow, to the mysterious vision in which the infirmity of mortal nature had been revealed to him, the universal weakness which involved both the certainty that Job had shared in it, and the excuse for him, if he would confess and humble himself· the blessed virtue of repentance follows, and the promise that all shall be well.

words?" he says, "and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind?" It was but poor friendship and narrow wisdom. He had looked to them for pity, for comfort, and love. He had longed for it as the parched caravans in the desert for the water-streams, and "his brethren had dealt deceitfully with him," as the brooks, which in the cool winter roll in a full turbid stream; "what time it waxes warm they vanish, when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The caravans of Tema looked for them, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped. They came thither and there was nothing." If for once these poor men could have trusted their hearts, if for once they could have believed that there might be "more things in heaven and earth" than were dreamt of in their philosophy—but this is the one thing which they could not do, which the theologian proper never has done or will do. And thus whatever of calmness or endurance, Job alone, on his ash-heap, might have conquered for himself, is all scattered away; and as the strong gusts of passion sweep to and fro across his heart, he pours himself out in wild fitful music, so beautiful because so true, not answering them or their speeches, but now flinging them from him in scorn, now appealing to their mercy, or turning indignantly to God; now praying for death; now in perplexity doubting whether, in some mystic way which he cannot understand, he may not, perhaps after all, really have sinned, and praying to be shown it; and, then, staggering further into the darkness, and breaking out into upbraidings of the Power which has become so dreadful an enigma to him. So the poem runs on to the end of the first answer to Zophar.

But now with admirable fitness, as the contest goes forward, the relative position of the speakers begins to change. Hitherto Job only had been passionate; and his friends temperate and collected. Now, however, shocked at his obstinacy, and disappointed wholly in the result of their homilies, they stray still further from the truth in an endeavour to strengthen their position, and, as a natural consequence, visibly grow angry. To them Job's vehement and desperate speeches are damning evidence of the truth of their suspicion. Impiety is added to his first sin, and they begin to see in him a rebel against God. At first they had been contented to speak generally; and much which they had urged was partially true; now they step forward to a direct application, and formally and personally accuse himself. Here their ground is positively false; and with delicate art it is they who are now growing passionate, and wounded self-love begins to show behind their zeal for God; while

in contrast to them, as there is less and less truth in what they say, Job grows more and more collected.

The friends, as before, repeat one another with but little difference; the sameness being of course intentional, as showing that they were not speaking for themselves, but as representatives of a prevailing opinion. Eliphaz, again, gives the note which the others follow. Hear this Calvinist of the old world. "Thy own mouth condemneth thee, and thine own lips testify against thee. What is man that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints. Yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight; how much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water?" Strange, that after all these thousands of years, we should still persist in this degrading confession, as a thing which it is impious to deny, and impious to attempt to render otherwise, when scripture itself, in language so emphatic, declares that it is a lie. Job *is* innocent, perfect, righteous. God Himself bears witness to it. It is Job who is found at last to have spoken truth, and the friends to have sinned in denying it. And he holds fast by his innocency, and with a generous confidence puts away the misgivings which had begun to cling to him. God may appear on earth for him; or if that be too bold a hope, and death finds him as he is—what is death, then? God will clear his memory in the place where he lived; his injuries will be righted over his grave; while for himself, like a sudden gleam of sunlight between clouds, a clear, bright hope beams up, that he too, then, in another life, if not in this, when his skin is wasted off his bones, and the worms have done their work on the prison of his spirit, he, too, at last may then see God; may see Him, and have his pleadings heard

With such a hope, or even the shadow of one, he turns back to the world again to look at it. Facts against which he had before closed his eyes he allows and confronts, and he sees that his own little experience is but the reflection of a law. You tell me, he seems to say, that the good are rewarded, and that the wicked are punished, that God is just, and that this is always so. Perhaps it is, or will be, but not in the way which you imagine. You have known me, you have known what my life has been; you see what I am, and it is no difficulty to you. You prefer believing that I, whom you call your friend, am a deceiver or a pretender, to admitting the possibility of the falsehood of your hypothesis. You will not listen to my assurance, and you are angry with me because I will not lie against my own soul, and acknowledge sins which I have not committed. You appeal to the course of the world in proof of your

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same moral condition, we are made to say that we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and to have left undone those things which we ought to have done. An earthly father to whom his children were day after day to make this acknowledgment would be apt to inquire whether they were trying to do better, whether at any rate they were endeavouring to learn; and if he were told that although they had made some faint attempts to understand the negative part of their duty, yet that of the positive part, of those things which they ought to do, they had no notions at all, and had no idea that they were under obligation to form any, he would come to rather strange conclusions about them. But really and truly, what practical notions of duty have we beyond that of abstaining from committing sins? Not to commit sin, we suppose, covers but a small part of what is expected of us. Through the entire tissue of our employments there runs a good and a bad. Bishop Butler tells us, for instance, that even of our time there is a portion which is ours, and a portion which is our neighbour's; and if we spend more of it on personal interests than our own share, we are stealing. This sounds strange doctrine; we prefer rather making vague acknowledgments, and shrink from pursuing them into detail. We say vaguely, that in all we do we should consecrate ourselves to God, and our own lips condemn us; for which among us cares to learn the way to do it. But we know also, that unless men may feel a cheerful conviction that they can do right if they try, that they can purify themselves, can live noble and worthy lives, unless this is set before them as *the* thing which they are to do, and *can* succeed in doing, they will not waste their energies on what they know beforehand will end in failure, and if they may not live for God they will live for themselves

In the midst of this loud talk of progress, therefore, in which so many of us at present are agreed to believe, which is, indeed, the common meeting-point of all the thousand sects into which we are split, it is with saddened feelings that we see so little of it in so large a matter. Progress there is in knowledge; and science has enabled the number of human beings capable of existing upon this earth to be indefinitely multiplied. But this is but a small triumph if the ratio of the good and bad, the wise and the foolish, the full and the hungry remains unaffected. And we cheat ourselves with words when we conclude out of our material splendour an advance of the race. One fruit only our mother earth offers up with pride to her maker—her human children made noble by their life upon her; and how wildly on such matters we now are wandering let this one instance serve to show. At the moment at which we

write, a series of letters are appearing in *The Times* newspaper, letters evidently of a man of ability, and endorsed in large type by the authorities of Printing House Square, advocating the establishment of a free Greek state with its centre at Constantinople, on the ground that the Greek character has at last achieved the qualities essential for the formation of a great people, and that endued as it is with the practical commercial spirit, and taking everywhere rational views of life, there is no fear of a repetition from it of the follies of the age of Pericles. We should rather think there was not: and yet the writer speaks without any appearance of irony, and is saying what he obviously means.

In two things there is progress—progress in knowledge of the outward world, and progress in material wealth. This last, for the present, creates, perhaps, more evils than it relieves; but suppose this difficulty solved, suppose the wealth distributed, and every peasant living like a peer—what then? If this is all, one noble soul outweighs the whole of it. Let us follow knowledge to the outer circle of the universe, the eye will not be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Let us build our streets of gold, and they will hide as many aching hearts as hovels of straw. The well-being of mankind is not advanced a single step. Knowledge is power, and wealth is power; and harnessed, as in Plato's fable, to the chariot of the soul, and guided by wisdom, they may bear it through the circle of the stars. But left to their own guidance, or reined by a fool's hand, they may bring the poor fool to Phaeton's end, and set a world on fire. One real service, and perhaps only one, knowledge alone and by itself will do for us—it can explode existing superstitions. Everything has its appointed time, superstition like the rest; and theologies, that they may not overlive the period in which they can be of advantage to mankind, are condemned, by the conditions of their being, to weave a body for themselves out of the ideas of the age of their birth; ideas which, by the advance of knowledge, are seen to be imperfect or false. We cannot any longer be told that there must be four inspired gospels—neither more nor less—because there are four winds and four elements. The chemists now count some sixty elements, ultimately, as some of them think, reducible into one; and the gospel, like the wind, may blow from every point under heaven. But effectual to destroy old superstitions, whether it is equally successful in preventing others from growing in their place, is less certain and obvious. In these days of table-turnings, mesmerisms, spirit-rappings, odyle fluids, and millenarian pamphlets selling 80,000 copies among our best-educated classes, we must be allowed to doubt.

Our one efficient political science hinges on self-interest, and the uniform action of *motives* among the masses of mankind—of selfish motives reducible to system. Such philosophies and such sciences would but poorly explain the *rise* of Christianity, of Mahometanism, or of the Reformation. They belong to ages of comparative poverty of heart, when the desires of men are limited to material things; when men are contented to labour, and eat the fruit of their labour, and then lie down and die. While such symptoms remain among us, our faith in progress may remain unshaken; but it will be a faith which, as of old, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900)

A somewhat delicate and reserved boy, Ruskin's education was irregular, but he learnt painting from Copley Fielding. He subsequently entered Christ Church, Oxford, and won the Newdigate Prize. He settled at Herne Hill and set out upon his defence of Turner, producing "Modern Painters" in May, 1843. *He greatly increased his reputation when, at the age of thirty, in* 1849, *he published "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." In* 1848 *he married, but his wife left him in* 1854 *and married John Everett Millais. "The Stones of Venice" appeared in* 1851, *and later on "A Joy for Ever." He studied political economy, but it was not until* 1860 *that he propounded a new economic policy in essays which appeared under the title of "Unto This Last" and "Sesame and Lilies." Ruskin became Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, where he lectured to immense audiences and began "Fors Clavigera", in* 1871.

He launched a Guild and Museum, but had to cease work owing to a brain storm in 1878, *which attacked him at intervals throughout the rest of his life. His "Præterita," which are confessions, are perfect in their grace and pathos.*

PREFACE TO "THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVES"

TWENTY years ago there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic, in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandle, and including the lower moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which "giveth rain from heaven"; no pastures ever lightened in spring-time with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness —fain-hidden—yet full-confessed. The place remains, or, until a few months ago, remained, nearly unchanged in its larger features; but,

with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning—not in Pisan Maremma,—not by Campagna tomb,—not by the sand-isles of the Torcellan shore,—as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene: nor is any blasphemy or impiety—any frantic saying or godless thought—more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes; they having neither energy to cart it away, nor decency enough to dig it into the ground, thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool, behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria; and bricklayers' refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond; and there, circled and coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half a dozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled of angels, from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters.

When I last left them, I walked up slowly through the back streets of Croydon, from the old church to the hospital, and, just on the left, before coming up to the crossing of the High Street, there was a new public-house built. And the front of it was built in so wise manner, that a recess of two feet was left below its front windows, between them and the street-pavement—a recess too narrow for any possible use (for even

if it had been occupied by a seat, as in old time it might have been, everybody walking along the street would have fallen over the legs of the reposing wayfarers). But, by way of making this two feet depth of freehold land more expressive of the dignity of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquors, it was fenced from the pavement by an imposing iron railing, having four or five spearheads to the yard of it, and six feet high; containing as much iron and iron-work, indeed, as could well be put into the space; and by this stately arrangement, the little piece of dead ground within, between wall and street, became a protective receptacle of refuse; cigar ends, and oyster shells, and the like, such as an open-handed English street-populace habitually scatters from its presence, and was thus left, unsweepable by any ordinary methods. Now the iron bars which, uselessly (or in great degree worse than uselessly), enclosed this bit of ground and made it pestilent, represented a quantity of work which would have cleansed the Carshalton pools three times over;—of work, partly cramped and deadly, in the mine; partly fierce[1] and exhaustive, at the furnace; partly foolish and sedentary, of ill-taught students making bad designs: work from the beginning to the last fruits of it, and in all the branches of it, venomous, deathful, and miserable. Now, how did it come to pass that this work was done instead of the other; that the strength and life of the English operative were spent in defiling ground, instead of redeeming it; and in producing an entirely (in that place) valueless piece of metal, which can neither be eaten nor breathed, instead of medicinal fresh air and pure water?

There is but one reason for it, and at present a conclusive one—that the capitalist can charge percentage on the work in the one case, and cannot in the other. If, having certain funds for supporting labour at my disposal, I pay men merely to keep my ground in order, my money is, in that function, spent once for all; but if I pay them to dig iron out of

[1] "A fearful occurrence took place a few days since, near Wolverhampton. Thomas Snape, aged nineteen, was on duty as the 'keeper' of a blast furnace at Deepfield, assisted by John Gardner, aged eighteen, and Joseph Swift, aged thirty-seven. The furnace contained four tons of molten iron, and an equal amount of cinders, and ought to have been run out at 7.30 p.m. But Snape and his mates, engaged in talking and drinking, neglected their duty, and, in the meantime, the iron rose in the furnace until it reached a pipe wherein water was contained. Just as the men had stripped, and were proceeding to tap the furnace, the water in the pipe, converted into steam, burst down its front and let loose on them the molten metal, which instantaneously consumed Gardner; Snape, terribly burnt, and mad with pain, leaped into the canal and then ran home and fell dead on the threshold; Swift survived to reach the hospital, where he died too."

my ground, and work it, and sell it, I can charge rent for the ground, and percentage both on the manufacture and the sale, and make my capital profitable in these three bye-ways. The greater part of the profitable investment of capital, in the present day, is in operations of this kind, in which the public is persuaded to buy something of no use to it, on production, or sale, of which, the capitalist may charge percentage; the said public remaining all the while under the persuasion that the percentages thus obtained are real national gains, whereas they are merely filchings out of partially light pockets to swell heavy ones.

Thus, the Croydon publican buys the iron railing to make himself more conspicuous to drunkards. The public-house-keeper on the other side of the way presently buys another railing, to out-rail him with. Both are, as to their *relative* attractiveness to customers of taste, just where they were before; but they have lost the price of the railings; which they must either themselves finally lose, or make their aforesaid customers of taste pay, by raising the price of the beer, or adulterating it. Either the publicans, or their customers, are thus poorer by precisely what the capitalist has gained; and the value of the work itself, meantime, has been lost to the nation; the iron bars in that form and place being wholly useless. It is this mode of taxation of the poor by the rich which is referred to in comparing the modern acquisitive power of capital with that of the lance and sword; the only difference being that the levy of blackmail in old times was by force, and is now by cozening. The old rider and reiver frankly quartered himself on the publican for the night; the modern one merely makes his lance into an iron spike, and persuades his host to buy it. One comes as an open robber, the other as a cheating pedlar; but the result, to the injured person's pocket, is absolutely the same. Of course many useful industries mingle with, and disguise the useless ones; and, in the habits of energy aroused by the struggle, there is a certain direct good. It is far better to spend four thousand pounds in making a good gun, and then to blow it to pieces, than to pass life in idleness. Only do not let it be called "political economy."

There is also a confused notion in the minds of many persons, that the gathering of the property of the poor into the hands of the rich does no ultimate harm; since, in whosesoever hands it may be, it must be spent at last, and thus, they think, return to the poor again. This fallacy has been again and again exposed; but grant the plea true, and the same apology may, of course, be made for blackmail, or any other form of robbery. It might be (though practically it never

is) as advantageous for the nation that the robber should have the spending of the money he extorts, as that the person robbed should have spent it. But this is no excuse for the theft. If I were to put a turnpike on the road where it passes my own gate, and endeavour to exact a shilling from every passenger, the public would soon do away with my gate, without listening to any plea on my part that "it was as advantageous to them, in the end, that I should spend their shillings, as that they themselves should." But if, instead of out-facing them with a turnpike, I can only persuade them to come in and buy stones, or old iron, or any other useless thing, out of my ground, I may rob them to the same extent, and be, moreover, thanked as a public benefactor, and promoter of commercial prosperity. And this main question for the poor of England—for the poor of all countries—is wholly omitted in every common treatise on the subject of wealth.

Even by the labourers themselves, the operation of capital is regarded only in its effect on their immediate interests; never in the far more terrific power of its appointment of the kind and the object of labour. It matters little, ultimately, how much a labourer is paid for making anything; but it matters fearfully what the thing is which he is compelled to make. If his labour is so ordered as to produce food and fresh air, and fresh water—no matter that his wages are low—the food and fresh air and water will be at last there; and he will at last get them. But if he is paid to destroy food and fresh air, or to produce iron bars instead of them, the food and air will finally *not* be there, and he will *not* get them, to his great and final inconvenience. So that, conclusively, in political as in household economy, the great question is, not so much what money you have in your pocket, as what you will buy with it, and do with it.

I have been long accustomed, as all men engaged in work of investigation must be, to hear my statements laughed at for years, before they are examined or believed; and I am generally content to wait the public's time. But it has not been without displeased surprise that I have found myself totally unable, as yet, by any repetition or illustration to force this plain thought into my readers' heads—that the wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance, not in ciphers; and that the real good of all work and of all commerce depends on the final worth of the thing you make, or get by it. This is a practical enough statement, one would think: but the English public has been so possessed by its modern school of economists with the notion that Business is always good, whether it be busy in mischief or in benefit; and that buying and selling are always

salutary, whatever the intrinsic worth of what you buy or sell,—that it seems impossible to gain so much as a patient hearing for any inquiry respecting the substantial result of our eager modern labours. I have never felt more checked by the sense of this impossibility than in arranging the heads of the following three lectures, which, though delivered at considerable intervals of time, and in different places, were not prepared without reference to each other. Their connexion would, however, have been made far more distinct, if I had not been prevented, by what I feel to be another great difficulty in addressing English audiences, from enforcing, with any decision, the common, and to me the most important, part of their subjects. I chiefly desired (as I have just said) to question my hearers—operatives, merchants, and soldiers—as to the ultimate meaning of the *business* they had in hand; and to know from them what they expected or intended their manufacture to come to, their selling to come to, and their killing to come to. That appeared the first point needing determination before I could speak to them with any real utility or effect. "You craftsmen—salesmen—swordsmen—do but tell me clearly what you want; then, if I can say anything to help you, I will; and if not, I will account to you as I best may for my inability." But in order to put this question into any terms, one had first of all to face the

English company as believing in an Eternal life, and endeavour to draw any conclusions, from this assumed belief, as to their present business, they will forthwith tell you that "what you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical." If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as unbelievers in Eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that unbelief,—they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you. And the more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this intangible or intractable part of the subject. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of red clay into a level line, as in a brick-field; or whether, out of every separately Christian-named portion of the ruinous heap, there went out, into the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released. It made all the difference, in speaking of the possible range of commerce, whether one assumed that all bargains related only to visible property—or whether property, for the present

invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchasable on other terms. It made all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it, whether one could confidently say to them, "My friends, you have only to die, and all will be right"; or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that gave than to him that took it. And therefore the deliberate reader will find, throughout these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to; hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers' temper. For I do not now speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytizing temper, as desiring to persuade anyone of what, in such matters, I thought myself; but, whomsoever I venture to address, I take for the time his creed as I find it; and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of. Thus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing English people that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do; trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all; trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of; but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief. To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice; from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body than raiment; and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without accusation of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written "After all these things do the Gentiles seek."

It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of these religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed; or who, at least, are inaccessible to appeals founded on it. And as, with the so-called Christian, I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life, with the so-called Infidel, I desired to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death. The dilemma is inevitable. Men must either hereafter live, or

hereafter die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unconfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for death; and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself prepared for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable; and will have all things in order, for his sleep, or in readiness, for his awakening.

Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble judgment, if he determine to put them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but, as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at Court: nor has the Church's most ardent "desire to part, and be with Christ," ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons, and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character, or energy of hand. The shortness of life is not, to any rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him; nor does the anticipation of death to-morrow suggest, to anyone but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to-day. To teach that there is no device in the grave may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dullness; but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising: nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrongdoing in a moment redeemed; and that the sigh of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain,—than it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, apprehension, that "what a man soweth that shall he also reap"—or others reap,—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walks no more in darkness, but lies down therein.

But to men whose feebleness of sight, or bitterness of soul, or the offence given by the conduct of those who claim higher hope, may have rendered this painful creed the only possible one, there is an appeal to be made, more secure in its ground than any which can be addressed to happier persons. I would fain, if I might offencelessly, have spoken to

invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchasable on other terms. It made all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it, whether one could confidently say to them, "My friends, you have only to die, and all will be right"; or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that gave than to him that took it. And therefore the deliberate reader will find, throughout these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to; hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers' temper. For I do not now speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytizing temper, as desiring to persuade anyone of what, in such matters, I thought myself; but, whomsoever I venture to address, I take for the time his creed as I find it; and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of. Thus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing English people that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do; trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all; trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of; but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief. To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice; from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body than raiment; and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without accusation of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written "After all these things do the Gentiles seek."

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and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest: No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you:—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thornset stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of grey honour and sweet rest.[1] Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain;—these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences innumerable, of living things,—these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine: serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.

[1] μελιτόεσσα, ἀέθλων γ᾽ ἕνεκεν.

them as if none others heard; and have said thus: Hear me, you dying men, who will soon be deaf for ever. For these others, at your right hand and your left, who look forward to a state of infinite existence, in which all their errors will be overruled, and all their faults forgiven; for these, who, stained and blackened in the battle smoke of mortality, have but to dip themselves for an instant in the font of death, and to rise renewed of plumage, as a dove that is covered with silver, and her feathers like gold; for these, indeed, it may be permissible to waste their numbered moments, through faith in a future of innumerable hours; to these, in their weakness, it may be conceded that they should tamper with sin which can only bring forth fruit of righteousness, and profit by the iniquity which, one day, will be remembered no more. In them, it may be no sign of hardness of heart to neglect the poor, over whom they know their Master is watching; and to leave those to perish temporarily, who cannot perish eternally. But, for you, there is no such hope, and therefore no such excuse. This fate, which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance; you may crush them, before the moth, and they will never rise to rebuke you;—their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing;—they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you;—and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance—only the question murmured above your grave: "Who shall repay him what he hath done?" Is it therefore easier for you in your heart to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain? Will you be readier to the injustice which can never be redressed; and niggardly of mercy which you *can* bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever? I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would do this, well understood. And for yourselves, it seems to me, the question becomes not less grave, in these curt limits. If your life were but a fever fit—the madness of a night, whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours,—what toys you snatched at, or let fall,—what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless phrenzy. Is the earth only an hospital? Play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straw into what crowns please you; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that clutching at the black motes in the air with your dying hands;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be no dream, and the world no hospital; if all the peace

you not. You have commanded a regiment—indeed an army, and "drank delight of battle with your peers"; you have ruled provinces, and done justice and judgment, like a noble Englishman as you are, old friend, among thousands who never knew before what justice and judgment were.

And therefore I like to think of you. I try to picture your feelings to myself. I spell over with my boy Mayne Reid's amusing books, or the "Old Forest Ranger," or Williams's old "Tiger Book," with Howitt's plates; and as I read and imagine, feel, with Sir Hugh Evans, "a great disposition to cry."

For there were times, full many a year ago, when my brains were full of bison and grizzly bear, mustang and big-horn, Blackfoot and Pawnee, and hopes of wild adventure in the Far West, which I shall never see; for ere I was three-and-twenty, I discovered, plainly enough, that my lot was to stay at home and earn my bread in a very quiet way; that England was to be henceforth my prison or my palace, as I should choose to make it: and I have made it, by Heaven's help, the latter.

I will confess to you, though, that in those first heats of youth, this little England—or rather, this little patch of moor in which I have struck roots as firm as the wild fir-trees do—looked at moments rather like a prison than a palace; that my foolish young heart would sigh, "Oh! that I had wings"—not as a dove, to fly home to its nest and cradle there—but as an eagle, to swoop away over land and sea, in a rampant and self-glorifying fashion, on which I now look back as altogether unwholesome and undesirable. But the thirst for adventure and excitement was strong in me, as perhaps it ought to be in all at twenty-one.

It is not learnt in a day, the golden lesson of the Old Collect, to "love the thing which is commanded, and desire that which is promised." Not in a day: but in fifteen years one can spell out a little of its worth; and when one finds one's self on the wrong side of forty, and the first gray hairs begin to show on the temples, and one can no longer jump as high as one's third button—scarcely, alas! to any button at all, and what with innumerable sprains, bruises, soakings, and chillings, one's lower limbs feel in a cold thaw much like an old post-horse's, why, one makes a virtue of necessity: and if one still lusts after sights, takes the nearest, and looks for wonders, not in the Himalayas or Lake Ngami, but in the turf on the lawn and the brook in the park; and with good Alphonse Karr enjoys the macro-microcosm in one *Tour autour de mon jardin*.

For there it is, friend, the whole infinite miracle of nature in every tuft of grass, if we have only eyes to see it, and can disabuse our minds

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819–75)

After leaving Magdalene College, Cambridge (where he took a classical degree), Kingsley became curate and eventually rector at Eversley, in Hampshire, where he spent the rest of his life. His brilliant novels, which dealt with social questions in a singularly original manner, were enormously influential. "Westward Ho!" has, perhaps, best survived the test of time, although "Hypatia" is a close second. In 1873 Kingsley was appointed canon at Westminster and chaplain to the Queen. He died two years afterwards.

MY WINTER-GARDEN

So, my friend: you ask me to tell you how I contrive to support this monotonous country life; how, fond as I am of excitement, adventure, society, scenery, art, literature, I go cheerfully through the daily routine of a commonplace country profession, never requiring a six-weeks' holiday; not caring to see the Continent, hardly even to spend a day in London; having never yet actually got to Paris.

You wonder why I do not grow dull as those round me, whose talk is of bullocks—as indeed mine is, often enough; why I am not by this time "all over blue mould"; why I have not been tempted to bury myself in my study, and live a life of dreams among old books.

I will tell you. I am a minute philosopher: though one, thank Heaven, of a different stamp from him whom the great Bishop Berkeley silenced—alas! only for a while. I am possibly, after all, a man of small mind, content with small pleasures. So much the better for me. Meanwhile, I can understand your surprise, though you cannot understand my content. You have played a greater game than mine; have lived a life, perhaps more fit for an Englishman; certainly more in accordance with the taste of our common fathers, the Vikings, and their patron Odin "the goer," father of all them that go ahead. You have gone ahead, and over many lands; and I reverence you for it, though I envy

you not. You have commanded a regiment—indeed an army, and "drank delight of battle with your peers"; you have ruled provinces, and done justice and judgment, like a noble Englishman as you are, old friend, among thousands who never knew before what justice and judgment were.

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of that tyrannous phantom of size. Only recollect that great and small are but relative terms; that in truth nothing is great or small, save in proportion to the quantity of creative thought which has been exercised in making it; that the fly who basks upon one of the trilithons of Stonehenge, is in truth infinitely greater than all Stonehenge together, though he may measure the tenth of an inch, and the stone on which he sits five-and-twenty feet. You differ from me? Be it so. Even if you prove me wrong I will believe myself in the right: I cannot afford to do otherwise. If you rob me of my faith in "minute philosophy," you rob me of a continual source of content, surprise, delight.

So go your way and I mine, each working with all his might, and playing with all his might, in his own place and way. Remember only, that though I never can come round to your sphere, you must some day come round to me, when wounds, or weariness, or merely, as I hope, a healthy old age, shall shut you out for once and for all from burra shikar, whether human or quadruped. And with this growing sense of the pettiness of human struggles will grow on you a respect for simple labours, a thankfulness for simple pleasures, a sympathy with simple people, and possibly, my trusty friend, with me and my little tours about that moorland which I call my winter-garden.

I call the said garden mine, not because I own it in any legal sense (for only in a few acres have I a life interest), but in that higher sense in which ten thousand people can own the same thing, and yet no man's right interfere with another's. To whom does the Apollo Belvedere belong, but to all who have eyes to see its beauty? So does my winter-garden; and therefore to me among the rest.

Besides (which is a gain to a poor man) my pleasure in it is a very cheap one. So are all those of a minute philosopher, except his microscope. But my winter-garden, which is far larger, at all events, than that famous one at Chatsworth, costs me not one penny in keeping. Poor, did I call myself? Is it not true wealth to have all I want [illegible] paying for it? Is it not true wealth, royal wealth, to have some [illegible] gentlemen and noblemen, nay, even royal personages, planting

doings of our little country neighbourhood I find tragedy and comedy, too fantastic, sometimes too sad, to be written down. In the words of those whose talk is of bullocks, I find the materials of all possible metaphysic, and long weekly that I had time to work them out. In fifteen miles of moorland I find the materials of all possible physical science, and long that I had time to work out one smallest segment of that great sphere. How can I be richer, if I have lying at my feet all day a thousand times more wealth than I can use?

Some people—most people—in these run-about railway days, would complain of such a life, in such a "narrow sphere," so they call it, as monotonous. Very likely it is so. But is it to be complained of on that account? Is monotony in itself an evil? Which is better, to know many places ill, or to know one place well? I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of new geologic wonders. Fifteen years have I been puzzling at the same questions and have only guessed at a few of the answers. What sawed out the edges of the moors into long narrow banks of gravel? What cut them off all flat atop? What makes *Erica Tetralix* grow in one soil, and the bracken in another? How did three species of Club-moss—one of them quite an Alpine one—get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of gravel? Why did that one patch of *Carex arenaria* settle in the only square yard for miles and miles which bore sufficient resemblance to its native sandhill by the seashore, to make it comfortable? Why did *Myosurus minimus*, which I had hunted for in vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for at least two hundred years a farmyard gateway? Why does it generally rain here from the south-west, not when the barometer falls, but when it begins to rise again? Why—why is everything, which lies under my feet all day long? I don't know; and you can't tell me. And till I have found out, I cannot complain of monotony, with still undiscovered puzzles waiting to be explained, and so to create novelty at every turn.

Besides, monotony is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous: but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous: but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. "Those who travel by land or sea" are to be objects of our pity and our prayers; and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves

curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed, invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only The Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds' reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife or one's children? Is a hermit-crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? No; George Riddler was a true philosopher.

"Let vules go sarching vur and nigh,
We bides at Whum, my dog and I;"

and become there, not only wiser, but more charitable; for the oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.

Possibly, after all, the grapes are sour; and were one rich, one would do even as the rich are wont to do: but still, I am a minute philosopher. And therefore, this afternoon, after I have done the same work, visited the same people, and said the same words to them, which I have done for years past, and shall, I trust, for many a year to come, I shall go wandering out into the same winter-garden on the same old mare; and think the same thoughts, and see the same fir-trees, and meet perhaps the same good fellows hunting of their fox, as I have done with full content this many a year; and rejoice, as I said before, in my own boundless wealth, who have the whole universe to look at, without being charged one penny for the show.

As I have said, the grapes may be sour, and I enjoy the want of luxuries only because I cannot get them; but if my self-deception be useful to me, leave it alone.

No one is less inclined to depreciate that magnificent winter-garden at the Crystal Palace: yet let me, if I choose, prefer my own; I argue

that, in the first place, it is far larger. You may drive, I hear, through the grand one at Chatsworth for a quarter of a mile. You may ride through mine for fifteen miles on end. I prefer, too, to any glass roof which Sir Joseph Paxton ever planned, that dome above my head some three miles high, of soft dappled grey and yellow cloud, through the vast lattice-work [illegible] on yellow [illegible] gleaming [illegible] winter-garden can compare for them with mine? True, I have but four kinds—Scotch fir, holly, furze, and the heath; and by way of relief to them, only brows of brown fern, sheets of yellow bog-grass, and here and there a leafless birch, whose purple tresses are even more lovely to my eye than those fragrant green ones which she puts on in spring. Well: in painting as in music, what effects are more grand than those produced by the scientific combination, in endless new variety, of a few simple elements? Enough for me is the one purple birch; the bright hollies round its stem sparkling with scarlet beads; the furze-patch, rich with its lacework of interwoven light and shade, tipped here and there with a golden bud; the deep soft heather carpet, which invites you to lie down and dream for hours; and behind all, the wall of red fir-stems, and the dark fir-roof with its jagged edges a mile long, against the soft grey sky.

An ugly, straight-edged monotonous fir-plantation? Well, I like it, outside and inside. I need no saw-edge of mountain peaks to stir up my imagination with the sense of the sublime, while I can watch the saw-edge of those fir peaks against the red sunset. They are my Alps; little ones it may be: but after all, as I asked before, what is size? A phantom of our brain; an optical delusion. Grandeur, if you will consider wisely, consists in form, and not in size: and to the eye of the philosopher, the curve drawn on a paper two inches long, is just as magnificent, just as symbolic of divine mysteries and melodies, as when embodied in the span of some cathedral roof. Have you eyes to see? Then lie down on the grass, and look near enough to see something more of what is to be seen; and you will find tropic jungles in every square foot of turf; mountain cliffs and debacles at the mouth of every rabbit burrow: dark strids, tremendous cataracts, "deep glooms and sudden glories," in every foot-broad rill which wanders through the turf. All is there for you to see, if you will but rid yourself of "that idol of space"; and Nature, as every one will tell you who has seen dissected an insect under the microscope, is as grand and graceful in her smallest as in her hugest forms.

The March breeze is chilly: but I can be always warm if I like in my winter-garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir-stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral, wherein if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols; but endless vistas of smooth red green-veined shafts holding up the warm dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom, paved with rich brown fir-needle—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Willement can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation,—while for incense I have the fresh healthy turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odour which fills a Roman Catholic cathedral. There is not a breath of air within: but the breeze sighs over the roof above in a soft whisper. I shut my eyes and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away. I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore, and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell even you of that, old friend.

The breeze is gone a while; and I am in perfect silence—a silence which may be heard. Not a sound; and not a moving object; absolutely none. The absence of animal life is solemn, startling. That ring-dove, who was cooing half a mile away, has hushed his moan; that flock of long-tailed titmice, which were twinging and pecking about the fir-cones a few minutes since, are gone: and now there is not even a gnat to quiver in the slant sun-rays. Did a spider run over these dead leaves, I almost fancy I could hear his footfall. The creaking of the saddle, the soft step of the mare upon the fir-needles, jar my ears. I seem alone in a dead world. A dead world: and yet so full of life, if I had eyes to see! Above my head every fir-needle is breathing—breathing for ever; currents unnumbered circulate in every bough, quickened by some undiscovered miracle; around me every fir-stem is distilling strange juices, which no laboratory of man can make; and where my dull eyes see only death, the eye of God sees boundless life and motion, health and use.

Stay. There was a sound at last; a light footfall.

A hare races towards us through the ferns, her great bright eyes full of terror, her ears aloft to catch some sound behind. She sees us, turns short, and vanishes into the gloom. The mare pricks up her ears too, listens, and looks: but not the way the hare has gone. There is some-

thing more coming; I can trust the finer sense of the horse, to which (and no wonder) the Middle Ages attributed the power of seeing ghosts and fairies impalpable to man's gross eyes. Besides, that hare was not travelling in search of food. She was not loping along, looking around her right and left; but galloping steadily. She has been frightened; she has been put up: but what has put her up? And there, far away among the fir-stems, rings the shriek of a startled blackbird. What has put him up?

That, old mare, at sight whereof your wise eyes widen till they are ready to burst, and your ears are first shot forward towards your nose, and then laid back with vicious intent. Stand still, old woman! Do you think still, after fifteen winters, that you can catch a fox?

A fox it is indeed; a great dog-fox, as red as the fir-stems between which he glides. And yet his legs are black with fresh peat-stains. He *is a hunted fox: but he has not been up long.*

The mare stands like a statue: but I can feel her trembling between my knees. Positively he does not see us. He sits down in the middle of a ride, turns his great ears right and left, and then scratches one of them with his hind foot, seemingly to make it hear the better. Now he is up again and on.

Beneath yon firs, some hundred yards away, standeth, or rather lieth, for it is on dead flat ground, the famous castle of Malepartus, which beheld the base murder of Lampe the hare, and many a seely soul beside. I know it well; a patch of sand-heaps, mingled with great holes, amid the twining fir-roots; ancient home of the last of the wild beasts. And thither, unto Malepartus safe and strong, trots Reinecke, where he hopes to be snug among the labyrinthine windings, and innumerable starting-holes, as the old apologue has it, of his ballium, covert-way, and donjon keep. Full blown in self-satisfaction he trots, lifting his toes delicately, and carrying his brush aloft, as full of cunning and conceit as that world-famous ancestor of his, whose deeds of unchivalry were the delight, if not the model, of knight and kaiser, lady and burger, in the Middle Ages

Suddenly he halts at the great gate of Malepartus; examines it with his nose; goes on to a postern; examines that also, and then another, and another; while I perceive afar, projecting from every cave's mouth, the red and green end of a new fir-faggot. Ah, Reinecke! fallen is thy conceit, and fallen thy tail therewith. Thou hast worse foes to deal with than Bruin the bear, or Isegrim the wolf, or any foolish brute whom thy great ancestor outwitted. Man the many-counselled has been beforehand with thee; and the earths are stopped.

One moment he sits down to meditate, and scratches those trusty counsellors, his ears, as if he would tear them off, "revolving swift thoughts in a crafty mind."

He has settled it now. He is up and off—and at what a pace! Out of the way, Fauns and Hamadryads, if any be left in the forest. What a pace! And with what a grace beside!

I am rising fast to Pistol's vein. Shall I ejaculate? Shall I notify? Shall I waken the echoes? Shall I break the grand silence by that scream which the vulgar call view-halloo?

It is needless; for louder and louder every moment swells up a sound which makes my heart leap into my mouth, and my mare into the air.

And now appear, dim at first and distant, but brightening and nearing fast, many a right good fellow and many a right good horse. I know three out of four of them, their private histories, the private histories of their horses: and could tell you many a good story of them: but shall not, being an English gentleman, and not an American littérateur. They may not all be very clever, or very learned, or very anything except gallant men; but they are all good enough company for me, or anyone; and each has his own *specialité*, for which I like him. That huntsman I have known for fifteen years, and sat many an hour beside his father's death-bed. I am godfather to that whip's child. I have seen the servants of the hunt, as I have the hounds, grow up round me for two generations, and I feel for them as old friends; and like to look into their brave, honest, weather-beaten faces. That red coat there, I knew him when he was a schoolboy; and now he is a captain in the Guards, and won his Victoria Cross at Inkermann: that bright green coat is the best farmer, as well as the hardest rider, for many a mile round; one who plays, as he works, with all his might, and might have been a beau sabreur and colonel of dragoons. So might that black coat, who now brews good beer, and stands up for the poor at the Board of Guardians, and rides, like the green coat, as well as he works. That other black coat is a county banker; but he knows more of the fox than the fox knows of himself, and where the hounds are, there will he be this day. That red coat has hunted kangaroo in Australia: that one, as clever and good as he is brave and simple, has stood by Napier's side in many an Indian fight: that one won his Victoria Cross at Delhi, and was cut up at Lucknow, with more than twenty wounds: that one has—but what matter to you who each man is? Enough that each can tell one a good story, welcome one cheerfully, and give one out here, in the wild forest, the wholesome feeling of being at home among friends.

There is music, again, if you will listen, in the soft tread of these hundred horse-hoofs upon the spongy vegetable soil. They are trotting now in "common time." You may hear the whole Croats' March (the finest trotting march in the world) played by those iron heels; the time, as it does in the Croats' March, breaking now and then, plunging, jingling, struggling through heavy ground, bursting for a moment into a jubilant canter as it reaches a sound spot.

The hounds feather a moment round Malepartus, puzzled by the windings of Reinecke's footsteps. You can hear the flap and snort of the dogs' nostrils as they canter round; and one likes it. It is exciting: but why—who can tell?

I cap them on to the spot at which Reinecke disappeared. Old Virginal's stern flourishes; instantly her pace quickens. One whimper, and she is away full-mouthed through the wood, and the pack after her: but not I.

I am not going with them. My hunting days are over. Let it suffice that I have, in the days of my vanity, "drank delight of battle with my peers, far on the ringing plains" of many a county, grass and forest, down and vale. No, my gallant friends. You know that I could ride, if I chose; and I am vain enough to be glad that you know it. But useless are your coaxings, solicitations, wavings of honest right hands. "Life," as my friend Tom Brown says, "is not all beer and skittles"; it is past two now, and I have four old women to read to at three, and an old man to bury at four; and I think, on the whole, that you will respect me the more for going home and doing my duty. That I should like to see this fox fairly killed, or even fairly lost, I deny not. That I should like it as much as I can like any earthly and outward thing, I deny not. But sugar to one's bread and butter is not good; and if my winter-garden represent the bread and butter, then will fox hunting stand to it in the relation of superfluous and unwholesome sugar: so farewell; and long may your noble sport prosper—"the image of war with only half its danger," to train you and your sons after, into gallant soldiers—full of

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

So homeward I go through a labyrinth of fir-stems and, what is worse, fir-stumps, which need both my eyes and my horse's at every moment; and woe to the "anchorite," as old Bunbury names him, who carries his nose in the air, and his fore-feet well under him. Woe to the self-willed or hard-hided horse who cannot take the slightest hint

your own way here, mare. I will positively have *nothing* to do with it. I disclaim all responsibility. There are the reins on your neck; do what you will, only do something—and if you can, get forward, and not back.

There is daylight at last, and fresh air.

I pass through a gateway, out upon a village green, planted with rows of oaks, surrounded by trim sunny cottages, a pleasant oasis in the middle of the wilderness. Across the village cricket-ground—we are great cricketers in these parts, and long may the good old game live among us; and then up another hollow lane, which leads between damp shaughs and copses toward the further moor.

Curious things to a minute philosopher are these same hollow lanes. They set him on archæological questions, more than he can solve; and I meditate as I go, how many centuries it took to saw through the warm sandbanks this dyke ten feet deep, up which he trots, with the oak boughs meeting over his head. Was it ever worth men's while to dig out the soil? Surely not. The old method must have been, to remove the softer upper spit, till they got to tolerably hard ground; and then, Macadam's metal being as yet unknown, the rains and the wheels of generations sawed it gradually deeper and deeper, till this road-ditch was formed. But it must have taken centuries to do it. Many of these hollow lanes, especially those on flat ground, must be as old or older than the Conquest. In Devonshire I am sure that they are.

So I go slowly up the hill, till the valley lies beneath me like a long green garden between its two banks of brown moor; and on through a cheerful little green, with red brick cottages scattered all round, each with its large neat garden, and beehives, and pigs and geese, and turf-stack, and clipt yews and hollies before the door, and rosy dark-eyed children, and all the simple healthy comforts of a wild "heth-cropper's" home. When he can, the good man of the house works at farm labour, or cuts his own turf; and when work is scarce, he cuts copses and makes heath-brooms, and does a little poaching. True, he seldom goes to church, save to be christened, married, or buried: but he equally seldom gets drunk. For church and public stand together two miles off, so that social wants sometimes bring their own compensations with them, and there are two sides to every question.

Hark! A faint, dreary hollo off the moor above. And then another and another. My friends may trust it; for the clod of these parts delights in the chase like any bare-legged Paddy, and casts away flail and fork wildly, to run, shout, assist, and interfere in all possible ways, out of pure love. The descendant of many generations of broom-squires and

deer-stealers, the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the king's deer are to be shot in the winter turnip-fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably once in his life, "hits the keeper into the river," and reconsiders himself for a while after over a crank in Winchester Gaol. Well, he has his faults; and I have mine. But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless; quite as good as I: civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; and a far shrewder fellow too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood, from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South-Saxon of the Chalk-downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy, and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth; but when he grows old, a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince. Sixteen years have I lived with him hail-fellow-well-met, and never yet had a rude word or action from him.

With him I have cast in my lot, to live and die, and be buried by his side; and to him I go home contented, to look after his petty interests, cares, sorrows—Petty, truly—seeing that they include the whole primal mysteries of life—Food, raiment, and work to earn them withal; love and marriage, birth and death, right doing and wrong doing, "*Schicksal und eigene Schuld*"; and all those commonplaces of humanity which in the eyes of a minute philosopher are most divine, because they are most commonplace—catholic as the sunshine and the rain which come down from the Heavenly Father, alike upon the evil and the good. As for doing fine things, my friend, with you, I have learnt to believe that I am not set to do fine things, simply because I am not able to do them; and as for seeing fine things, with you, I have learnt to see the sight—as well as to try to do the duty—which lies nearest me; and to comfort myself with the fancy that if I make good use of my eyes and brain in this life, I shall see—if it be of any use to me—all the fine things, or perhaps finer still, in the life to come. But if not—what matter? In any life, in any state, however simple or humble, there will be always sufficient to occupy a Minute Philosopher; and if a man be busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity?

GEORGE ELIOT (1819–80)

Mary Ann Evans, who wrote under the pen-name of George Eliot, was the daughter of a Warwickshire land-agent, and her novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Middlemarch" give vivid pictures of English rural life and character in the first half of the nineteenth century. The passage that follows is taken from the introduction to one of her lesser novels, "Felix Holt." It describes coaching at the time when the railway was first beginning to threaten the supremacy of the Mail—a generation later than De Quincey's sketch and a few years later than Mr. Pickwick.

THE MAIL COACH

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago the glory had not yet departed from the old coach-roads: the great roadside inns were still brilliant with well-polished tankards, the smiling glances of pretty barmaids, and the repartees of jocose ostlers; the mail still announced itself by the merry notes of the horn; the hedge-cutter or the rick-thatcher might still know the exact hour by the unfailing yet otherwise meteoric apparition of the pea-green Tally-ho or the yellow Independent, and elderly gentlemen in pony-chaises, quartering nervously to make way for the rolling swinging swiftness, had not ceased to remark that times were finely changed since they used to see the pack-horses and hear the tinkling of their bells on this very highway.

In those days there were pocket boroughs, a Birmingham unrepresented in Parliament and compelled to make strong representations out of it, unrepealed corn-laws, three-and-sixpenny letters, a brawny and many-breeding pauperism, and other departed evils; but there were some pleasant things too, which have also departed. *Non omnia grandior ætas quæ fugiamus habet,* says the wise goddess: you have not the best of it in all things, O youngsters! the elderly man has his enviable memories, and not the least of them is the memory of a long journey in mid-spring

or autumn on the outside of a stage-coach. Posterity may be shot, like a bullet through a tube, by atmospheric pressure from Winchester to Newcastle: that is a fine result to have among our hopes; but the old-fashioned way of getting from one end of our country to the other is the better thing to have in the memory. The tube-journey can never lend much to picture and narrative; it is as barren as an exclamatory O! Whereas the happy outside passenger seated on the box from the dawn to the gloaming gathered enough stories of English life, enough of English labours in town and country, enough aspects of earth and sky, to make episodes for a modern Odyssey. Suppose only that his journey took him through that central plain, watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent. As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows marking the watercourses, or burnished the golden corn-ricks clustered near the long roofs of some midland homestead, he saw the full-uddered cows driven from their pasture to the early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head-servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep-dog following with a heedless unofficial air as of a beadle in undress. The shepherd with a slow and slouching walk, timed by the walk of grazing beasts, moved aside, as if unwillingly, throwing out a monosyllabic hint to his cattle; his glance, accustomed to rest on things very near the earth, seemed to lift itself with difficulty to the coachman. Mail or stage-coach for him belonged to that mysterious distant system of things called "Gover'ment," which, whatever it might be, was no business of his, any more than the most outlying nebula or the coal-sacks of the southern hemisphere: his solar system was the parish; the master's temper and the casualties of lambing-time were his region of storms. He cut his bread and bacon with his pocket-knife, and felt no bitterness except in the matter of pauper labourers and the bad-luck that sent contrarious seasons and the sheep-rot. He and his cows were soon left behind, and the homestead too, with its pond overhung by elder-trees, its untidy kitchen garden and cone-shaped yew-tree arbour. But everywhere the bushy hedgerows wasted the land with their straggling beauty, shrouded the grassy borders of the pastures with catkined hazels, and tossed their long blackberry branches on the cornfields. Perhaps they were white with May, or starred with pale pink dogroses; perhaps the urchins were already nutting amongst them, or gathering the plenteous crabs. It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty—of the purple-blossomed ruby-berried nightshade, of the wild convolvulus climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength till it made a great curtain

of pale-green hearts and white trumpets, of the many-tubed honeysuckle which, in its most delicate fragrance, has a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep-crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost. Such hedgerows were often as tall as the labourers' cottages dotted along the lanes, or clustered into a small hamlet, their little dingy windows telling, like thick-filmed eyes, of nothing but the darkness within. The passenger on the coach-box, bowled along above such a hamlet, saw chiefly the roofs of it; probably it turned its back on the road, and seemed to lie away from everything but its own patch of earth and sky, away from the parish church by long fields and green lanes, away from all intercourse except that of tramps. If its face could be seen, it was most likely dirty; but the dirt was Protestant dirt, and the big, bold, gin-breathing tramps were Protestant tramps. There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence: the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read, and by the absence of handlooms and mines to be the pioneers of Dissent: they were kept safely in the *via media* of indifference, and could have registered themselves in the census by a big black mark as members of the Church of England.

But there were trim cheerful villages too, with a neat or handsome parsonage and grey church set in the midst, there was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright transparent windows showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front all double daisies or dark wallflowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with brass buttons. The land around was rich and marly, great cornstacks stood in the rick-yards—for the rick-burners had not found their way hither; the homesteads were those of rich farmers who paid no rent, or had the rare advantage of a lease, and could afford to keep their corn till prices had risen. The coach would be sure to overtake some of them on their way to their outlying fields or to the market-town, sitting heavily on their well-groomed horses, or weighing down one side of an

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of pale-green hearts and white trumpets, of the many-tubed honeysuckle which, in its most delicate fragrance, has a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep-crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost. Such hedgerows were often as tall as the labourers' cottages dotted along the lanes, or clustered into a small hamlet, their little dingy windows telling, like thick-filmed eyes, of nothing but the darkness within. The passenger on the coach-box, bowled along above such a hamlet, saw chiefly the roofs of it; probably it turned its back on the road, and seemed to lie away from everything but its own patch of earth and sky, away from the parish church by long fields and green lanes, away from all intercourse except that of tramps. If its face could be seen, it was most likely dirty; but the dirt was Protestant dirt, and the big, bold, gin-breathing tramps were Protestant tramps. There was no sign of superstition near, no crucifix or image to indicate a misguided reverence: the inhabitants were probably so free from superstition that they were in much less awe of the parson than of the overseer. Yet they were saved from the excesses of Protestantism by not knowing how to read, and by the absence of handlooms and mines to be the pioneers of Dissent: they were kept safely in the *via media* of indifference, and could have registered themselves in the census by a big black mark as members of the Church of England.

But there were trim cheerful villages too, with a neat or handsome parsonage and grey church set in the midst; there was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine, the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright transparent windows showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front all double daisies or dark wallflowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with brass buttons The land around was rich and marly, great cornstacks stood in the rick-yards—for the rick-burners had not found their way hither; the homesteads were those of rich farmers who paid no rent, or had the rare advantage of a lease, and could afford to keep their corn till prices had risen. The coach would be sure to overtake some of them on their way to their outlying fields or to the market-town, sitting heavily on their well-groomed horses, or weighing down one side of an

olive-green gig. They probably thought of the coach with some contempt, as an accommodation for people who had not their own gigs, or who, wanting to travel to London and such distant places, belonged to the trading and less solid part of the nation. The passenger on the box could see that this was the district of protuberant optimists, sure that old England was the best of all possible countries, and that if there were any facts which had not fallen under their own observation, they were facts not worth observing; the district of clean little market-towns without manufactures, of fat livings, an aristocratic clergy, and low poor-rates. But as the day wore on the scene would change; the land would begin to be blackened with coal-pits, the rattle of handlooms to be heard in hamlets and villages. Here were powerful men walking queerly with knees bent outward from squatting in the mine, going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannel and sleep through the daylight, then rise and spend much of their high wages at the ale-house with their fellows of the Benefit Club; here the pale eager faces of handloom-weavers, men and women, haggard from sitting up late at night to finish the week's work, hardly begun till the Wednesday. Everywhere the cottages and the small children were dirty, for the languid mothers gave their strength to the loom; pious Dissenting women, perhaps, who took life patiently, and thought that salvation depended chiefly on predestination, and not at all on cleanliness. The gables of Dissenting chapels now made a visible sign of religion, and of a meeting-place to counterbalance the ale-house, even in the hamlets; but if a couple of old termagants were seen tearing each other's caps, it was a safe conclusion that, if they had not received the sacraments of the Church, they had not at least given into schismatic rites, and were free from the errors of Voluntaryism. The breath of the manufacturing town, which made a cloudy day and a red gloom by night on the horizon, diffused itself over all the surrounding country, filling the air with eager unrest. Here was a population not convinced that old England was as good as possible; here were multitudinous men and women aware that their religion was not exactly the religion of their rulers, who might therefore be better than they were, and who, if better, might alter many things which now made the world perhaps more painful than it need be, and certainly more sinful. Yet there were the grey steeples too, and the churchyards, with their grassy mounds and venerable headstones, sleeping in the sunlight; there were broad fields and homesteads, and fine old woods covering a rising ground, or stretching far by the roadside, allowing only peeps at the park and mansion which they shut in from the working-day world.

In these midland districts the traveller passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another: after looking down [illegible]

pavement of a manufacturing town, the scene of riots and trades-union meetings, it would take him another ten minutes into a rural region, where the neighbourhood of the town was only felt in the advantages of a near market for corn, cheese, and hay, and where men with a considerable banking account were accustomed to say that "they never meddled with politics themselves." The busy scenes of the shuttle and the wheel, of the roasting furnace, of the shaft and the pulley, seemed to make but crowded nests in the midst of the large-spaced, slow-moving life of homesteads and far-away cottages and oak-sheltered parks. Looking at the dwellings scattered amongst the woody flats and the ploughed uplands, under the low grey sky which overhung them with an unchanging stillness as if Time itself were pausing, it was easy for the traveller to conceive that town and country had no pulse in common, except where the handlooms made a far-reaching straggling fringe about the great centres of manufacture; that till the agitation about the Catholics in '29, rural Englishmen had hardly known more of Catholics than of the fossil mammals; and that their notion of Reform was a confused combination of rick-burners, trades-unions, Nottingham riots, and in general whatever required the calling-out of the yeomanry. It was still easier to see that, for the most part, they resisted the rotation of crops and stood by their fallows: and the coachman would perhaps tell how in one parish an innovating farmer, who talked of Sir Humphrey Davy, had been fairly driven out by popular dislike, as if he had been a confounded Radical; and how, the parson having one Sunday preached from the words, "Break up your fallow ground," the people thought he had made the text out of his own head, otherwise it would never have come "so pat" on a matter of business; but when they found it in the Bible at home, some said it was an argument for fallows (else why should the Bible mention fallows?), but a few of the weaker sort were shaken, and thought it was an argument that fallows should be done away with, else the Bible would have said "Let your fallows lie"; and the next morning the parson had a stroke of apoplexy, which, as coincident with a dispute about fallows, so set the parish against the innovating farmer and the rotation of crops, that he could stand his ground no longer, and transferred his lease.

The coachman was an excellent travelling companion and commentator on the landscape: he could tell the names of sites and persons,

and explain the meaning of groups, as well as the shade of Virgil in a more memorable journey; he had as many stories about parishes, and the men and women in them, as the Wanderer in the "Excursion," only his style was different. His view of life had originally been genial, and such as became a man who was well warmed within and without, and held a position of easy, undisputed authority; but the recent initiation of Railways had embittered him; he now, as in a perpetual vision, saw the ruined country strewn with shattered limbs, and regarded Mr. Huskisson's death as a proof of God's anger against Stephenson. "Why, every inn on the road would be shut up!" and at that word the coachman looked before him with the blank gaze of one who had driven his coach to the outermost edge of the universe, and saw his leaders plunging into the abyss. Still he would soon relapse from the high prophetic strain to the familiar one of narrative. He knew whose the land was wherever he drove; what noblemen had half-ruined themselves by gambling; who made handsome returns of rent; and who was at daggers-drawn with his eldest son. He perhaps remembered the fathers of actual baronets, and knew stories of their extravagant or stingy housekeeping; whom they had married, whom they had horsewhipped, whether they were particular about preserving their game and whether they had had much to do with canal companies. About any actual landed proprietor he could also tell whether he was a Reformer or an anti-Reformer. That was a distinction which had "turned up" in latter times, and along with it the paradox, very puzzling to the coachman's mind, that there were men of old family and large estate who voted for the Bill. He did not grapple with the paradox; he let it pass, with all the discreetness of an experienced theologian or learned scholiast, preferring to point his whip at some object which could raise no questions.

No such paradox troubled our coachman when, leaving the town of Treby Magna behind him, he drove between the hedges for a mile or so, crossed the queer long bridge over the river Lapp, and then put his horses to a swift gallop up the hill by the low-nestled village of Little Treby, till they were on the fine level road, skirted on one side by grand larches, oaks, and wych-elms, which sometimes opened so far as to let the traveller see that there was a park behind them.

Felix Holt.

HERBERT SPENCER (1820–1903)

The son of a Derby schoolmaster, he was himself practically self-taught, and at the age of seventeen became an engineer in the railway works. After some ten years he gave this up and turned to literature, becoming sub-editor of the "Economist" and a regular contributor to the "Westminster Review." In these organs he developed the social and ethical views expounded in his first important work, "Social Statics." His "System of Synthetic Philosophy" proposed to trace how the law of evolution was gradually realized in life, mind, society, and morality. His development and application of the theory of evolution have profoundly influenced contemporary speculation, and the recent developments of psychology and ethics; and he must also be regarded as one of the few modern authors who have carried out the attempt to give a systematic account of the universe in its totality.

MANNERS AND FASHION

Whoever has studied the physiognomy of political meetings cannot fail to have remarked a connexion between democratic opinions and peculiarities of costume. At a Chartist demonstration, a lecture on Socialism, or a soirée of the Friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. One gentleman on the platform divides his hair down the centre, instead of on one side; another brushes it back off the forehead, in the fashion known as "bringing out the intellect"; a third has so long forsworn the scissors that his locks sweep his shoulders. A considerable sprinkling of moustaches may be observed; here and there an imperial, and occasionally some courageous breaker of conventions exhibits a full-grown beard. This nonconformity in hair is countenanced by various nonconformities in dress, shown by others of the assemblage. Bare necks, shirt-collars *à la* Byron, waistcoats cut Quaker fashion, wonderfully shaggy greatcoats, numerous oddities in

form and colour, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. Even those exhibiting no conspicuous peculiarity, frequently indicate by something in the pattern or make-up of their clothes, that they pay small regard to what their tailors tell them about the prevailing taste. And when the gathering breaks up, the varieties of head-gear displayed—the number of caps, and the abundance of felt hats—suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded, the black cylinders which tyrannize over us would soon be deposed.

The foreign correspondence of our daily Press shows that this relationship between political discontent and the disregard of customs exists on the Continent also. Red republicanism has always been distinguished by its hirsuteness. The authorities of Prussia, Austria, and Italy, alike recognize certain forms of hat as indicative of disaffection, and fulminate against them accordingly. In some places the wearer of a blouse runs a risk of being classed among the *suspects*; and in others, he who would avoid the bureau of police must beware how he goes out in any but the ordinary colours. Thus, democracy abroad, as at home, tends towards personal singularity. Nor is this association of characteristics peculiar to modern times, or to reformers of the State. It has always existed; and it has been manifested as much in religious agitations as in political ones. Along with dissent from the chief established opinions and arrangements, there has ever been some dissent from the customary social practices. The Puritans, disapproving of the long curls of the Cavaliers, as of their principles, cut their own hair short, and so gained the name of "Roundheads." The marked religious nonconformity of the Quakers was accompanied by an equally-marked nonconformity of manners—in attire, in speech, in salutation. The early Moravians not only believed differently, but at the same time dressed differently, and lived differently, from their fellow Christians. That the association between political independence and independence of personal conduct, is not a phenomenon of to-day only, we may see alike in the appearance of Franklin at the French Court in plain clothes, and in the white hats worn by the last generation of Radicals. Originality of nature is sure to show itself in more ways than one. The mention of George Fox's suit of leather, or Pestalozzi's school name, "Harry Oddity," will at once suggest the remembrance that men who have in great things diverged from the beaten track, have frequently done so in small things likewise.

If it be a fact that men of revolutionary aims in politics or religion, are commonly revolutionists in custom also, it is not less a fact that those whose office it is to uphold established arrangements in State and Church,

are also those who most adhere to the social forms and observances bequeathed to us by past generations. Practices elsewhere extinct still linger about the headquarters of government. The monarch still gives assent to Acts of Parliament in the old French of the Normans; and Norman French terms are still used in law. Wigs, such as those we see depicted in old portraits, may yet be found on the heads of judges and barristers. The Beefeaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry VIIth's body-guard. The University dress of the present year varies but little from that worn soon after the Reformation. The claret-coloured coat, knee-breeches, lace shirt frills, ruffles, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, which once formed the usual attire of a gentleman, still survive as the court-dress. And it need scarcely be said that at *levées* and drawing-rooms, the ceremonies are prescribed with an exactness, and enforced with a rigour, not elsewhere to be found.

Can we consider these two series of coincidences as accidental and unmeaning? Must we not rather conclude that some necessary relationship obtains between them? Are there not such things as a constitutional conservatism, and a constitutional tendency to change? Is there not a class which clings to the old in all things; and another class so in love with progress as often to mistake novelty for improvement? Do we not find some men ready to bow to established authority of whatever kind; while others demand of every such authority its reason, and reject it if it fails to justify itself? And must not the minds thus contrasted tend to become respectively conformist and nonconformist, not only in politics and religion, but in other things? Submission, whether to a government, to the dogmas of ecclesiastics, or to that code of behaviour which society at large has set up, is essentially of the same nature; and the sentiment which induces resistance to the despotism of rulers, civil or spiritual, likewise induces resistance to the despotism of the world's opinion. Look at them fundamentally, and all enactments, alike of the legislature, the consistory, and the saloon—all regulations, formal or virtual, have a common character: they are all limitations of men's freedom.

That the earliest social aggregations were ruled solely by the will of the strong man, few dispute. That from the strong man proceeded not only Monarchy, but the conception of a God, few admit. much as Carlyle and many others have said in evidence of it. If, however, those who are unable to believe this, will lay aside the ideas of God and man in which they have been educated, and study the aboriginal ideas of them, they will at least see some probability in the hypothesis. Let

them remember that before experience had yet taught men to distinguish between the possible and the impossible; and while they were ready on the slightest suggestion to ascribe unknown powers to any object and make a fetish of it; their conceptions of humanity and its capacities were necessarily vague, and without specific limits. The man who by unusual strength, or cunning, achieved something that others had failed to achieve, or something which they did not understand, was considered by them as differing from themselves; and, as we see in the belief of some Polynesians that only their chiefs have souls, or in that of the ancient Peruvians that their nobles were divine by birth, the ascribed difference was apt to be not one of degree only, but one of kind.

All government, then, being originally that of the strong man who has become a fetish by some manifestation of superiority, there arises, at his death—his supposed departure on a long projected expedition, in which he is accompanied by the slaves and concubines sacrificed at his tomb—there arises, then, the incipient division of religious from political control, of civil rule from spiritual. His son becomes deputed chief during his absence; his authority is cited as that by which his son acts; his vengeance is invoked on all who disobey his son; and his commands, as previously known or as asserted by his son, become the germ of a moral code: a fact we shall the more clearly perceive if we remember, that early moral codes inculcate mainly the virtues of the warrior, and the duty of exterminating some neighbouring tribe whose existence is an offence to the Deity. From this point onwards, these two kinds of authority, at first complicated together as those of principal and agent, become slowly more and more distinct. As experience accumulates, and ideas of causation grow more precise, kings lose their supernatural attributes; and, instead of God-king, become God-descended king, God-appointed king, the Lord's anointed, the vicegerent of Heaven, ruler reigning by Divine right. The old theory, however, long clings to men in feeling, after it has disappeared in name; and "such divinity doth hedge a king," that even now, many, on first seeing one, feel a secret surprise at finding him an ordinary sample of humanity. The sacredness attaching to royalty attaches afterwards to its appended institutions—to legislatures, to laws. Legal and illegal are synonymous with right and wrong; the authority of Parliament is held unlimited; and a lingering faith in governmental power continually generates unfounded hopes from its enactments. Political scepticism, however, having destroyed the divine *prestige* of royalty, goes on ever increasing, and promises ultimately to reduce the State to a purely secular institution, whose

regulations are limited in their sphere, and have no other authority than the general will. Meanwhile, the religious control has been little by little separating itself from the civil, both in its essence and in its forms. While from the God-king of the savage have arisen in one direction, secular rulers who, age by age, have been losing the sacred attributes men ascribed to them; there has arisen in another direction, the conception of a deity, who, at first human in all things, has been gradually losing human materiality, human form, human passions, human modes of action; until now, anthropomorphism has become a reproach. Along with this wide divergence in men's ideas of the divine and civil ruler has been taking place a corresponding divergence in the codes of conduct respectively proceeding from them. While the king was a deputy-god—a governor such as the Jews looked for in the Messiah—a governor considered, as the Czar still is, "our God upon earth"—it, of course, followed that his commands were the supreme rules.

But as men ceased to believe in his supernatural origin and nature, his commands ceased to be the highest; and there arose a distinction between the regulations made by him, and the regulations handed down from the old god-kings, who were rendered ever more sacred by time and the accumulation of myths. Hence came respectively, Law and Morality: the one growing ever more concrete, the other more abstract; the authority of the one ever on the decrease, that of the other ever on the increase; originally the same, but now placed daily in more marked antagonism. Simultaneously there has been going on a separation of the institutions administering these two codes of conduct. While they were yet one, of course, Church and State were one: the king was arch-priest, not nominally, but really—alike the giver of new commands and the chief interpreter of the old commands; and the deputy-priests coming out of his family were thus simply expounders of the dictates of their ancestry: at first as recollected, and afterwards as ascertained by professed interviews with them. This union—which still existed practically during the Middle Ages, when the authority of kings was mixed up with the authority of the Pope, when there were bishop-rulers having all the powers of feudal lords, and when priests punished by penances—has been, step by step, becoming less close. Though monarchs are still "defenders of the faith," and ecclesiastical chiefs, they are but nominally such. Though bishops still have civil power, it is not what they once had. Protestantism shook loose the bonds of union; Dissent has long been busy in organizing a mechanism for the exercise of religious control, wholly independent of law. Thus alike in authority, in essence, and

in form, political and spiritual rule have been ever more widely diverging from the same root. That increasing division of labour which marks the progress of society in other things, marks it also in this separation of government into civil and religious; and if we observe how the morality which forms the substance of religions in general, is beginning to be purified from the associated creeds, we may anticipate that this division will be ultimately carried much further.

Passing now to the third species of control—that of Manners—we shall find that this, too, while it had a common genesis with the others, has gradually come to have a distinct sphere and a special embodiment. Among early aggregations of men before yet social observances existed, the sole forms of courtesy known were the signs of submission to the strong man; as the sole law was his will, and the sole religion the awe of his supposed supernaturalness. Originally, ceremonies were modes of behaviour to the god-king. Our commonest titles have been derived from his names. And all salutations were primarily worship paid to him. Let us trace out these truths in detail beginning with titles.

The fact already noticed, that the names of early kings among divers races are formed by the addition of certain syllables to the names of their gods—which certain syllables, like our *Mac* and *Fitz*, probably mean "son of," or "descended from"—at once gives meaning to the term *Father* as a divine title. And when we read, in Selden, that "the composition out of these names of Deities was not only proper to Kings: their Grandees and more honorable Subjects" (no doubt members of the royal race) "had sometimes the like"; we see how the term *Father*, properly used by these also, and by their multiplying descendants, came to be a title used by the people in general. And it is significant as bearing on this point, that among the most barbarous nation in Europe, where belief in the divine nature of the ruler still lingers, *Father* in this higher sense is still a regal distinction. When, again, we remember how the divinity at first ascribed to kings was not a complimentary fiction, but a supposed fact; and how, further, under the Fetish-philosophy the celestial bodies are believed to be personages who once lived among men; we see that the appellations of Oriental rulers, "Brother to the Sun," etc., were probably once expressive of genuine belief; and have simply, like many other things, continued in use after all meaning has gone out of them.

But it is in the titles of the Middle Ages, and in the growth of our modern ones out of them, that the process is most clearly seen. *Herr*, *Don*, *Signior*, *Seigneur*, *Senhor*, were all originally names of rulers—of feudal lords. By the complimentary use of these names to all who

could, on any pretence, be supposed to merit them, and by successive degradations of them from each step in the descent to a still lower one, they have come to be common forms of address. At first the phrase in which a serf accosted his despotic chief, *mein herr* is now familiarly applied in Germany to ordinary people. The Spanish title *Don*, once proper to noblemen and gentlemen only, is now accorded to all classes. So, too, is it with *Signior* in Italy. *Seigneur* and *Monseigneur*, by contraction in *Sieur* and *Monsieur*, have produced the term of respect claimed by every Frenchman. And whether *Sire* be or be not a like contraction of *Signior*, it is clear that, as it was borne by sundry of the ancient feudal lords of France, who, as Selden says, "affected rather to bee stiled by the name of *Sire* than Baron, as *Le Sire de Montmorencie, Le Sire de Beaulieu*, and the like," and as it has been commonly used to monarchs, our word *Sir*, which is derived from it, originally meant lord or king.

Further to illustrate this gradual depreciation of titles, and to confirm the inference drawn, it may be well to notice in passing, that the oldest of them have, as might be expected, been depreciated to the greatest extent. Thus, *Master*—a word proved by its derivation and by the similarity of the connate words in other languages (Fr., *maître* for *maister*; Russ., *master*; Dan., *meester*; Ger., *meister*) to have been one of the earliest in use for expressing lordship—has now become applicable to children only, and, under the modification of "Mister," to persons next above the labourer. Again, knighthood, the oldest kind of dignity, is also the lowest; and Knight Bachelor, which is the lowest order of knighthood, is more ancient than any other of the orders. Similarly, too, with the peerage: Baron is alike the earliest and the least elevated of its divisions. This continual degradation of all names of honour has, from time to time, made it requisite to introduce new ones, having that distinguishing effect which the originals had lost by generality of use; just as our habit of misapplying superlatives has, by gradually destroying their force, entailed the need for fresh ones.

Similarly have originated all forms of respect depending upon inclinations of the body. Entire prostration is the aboriginal sign of submission. The passage of Scripture, "Thou hast put all under his feet," and that [illegible]

quered. And when we bear in mind that there are existing savages who signify submission by placing the neck under the foot of the person

in form, political and spiritual rule have been ever more widely diverging from the same root. That increasing division of labour which marks the progress of society in other things, marks it also in this separation of government into civil and religious; and if we observe how the morality which forms the substance of religions in general, is beginning to be purified from the associated creeds, we may anticipate that this division will be ultimately carried much further.

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submitted to, it becomes obvious that all prostration, especially when accompanied by kissing the foot, expressed a willingness to be trodden upon—was an attempt to mitigate wrath by saying, in signs, "Tread on me if you will." Remembering, further, that kissing the foot, as of the Pope and of a saint's statue, still continues in Europe to be a mark of extreme reverence; that prostration to feudal lords was once general; and that its disappearance must have taken place, not abruptly, but by gradual modification into something else; we have ground for deriving from these deepest of humiliations all inclinations of respect: especially as the transition is traceable. The reverence of a Russian serf, who bends his head to the ground, and the salaam of the Hindoo, are abridged prostrations; a bow is a short salaam; a nod is a short bow. Should any hesitate to admit this conclusion, then perhaps, on being reminded that the lowest of these obeisances are common where the submission is most abject; that among ourselves the profundity of the bow marks the amount of respect; and lastly, that the bow is even now used devotionally in our churches—by Catholics to their altars, and by Protestants at the name of Christ—they will see sufficient evidence for thinking that this salutation also was originally worship.

Consider, again, the uncovering of the head. Almost everywhere this has been a sign of reverence, alike in temples and before potentates; and it yet preserves among us some of its original meaning. Whether it rains, hails, or shines, you must keep your head bare while speaking to the monarch; and on no plea may you remain covered in a place of worship. As usual, however, this ceremony, at first a submission to gods and kings, has become in process of time a common civility. Once an acknowledgment of another's unlimited supremacy, the removal of the hat is now a salute accorded to very ordinary persons; and that uncovering, originally reserved for entrance into "the house of God," good manners now dictates on entrance into the house of a common labourer.

Standing, too, as a mark of respect, has undergone like extensions in its application. Shown, by the practice in our churches, to be intermediate between the humiliation signified by kneeling and the self-respect which sitting implies, and used at courts as a form of homage when more active demonstrations of it have been made, this posture is now employed in daily life to show consideration; as seen alike in the attitude of a servant before a master, and in that rising which politeness prescribes on the entrance of a visitor.

Without enlarging, however, on these and many minor facts, we venture to think that the evidence already assigned is sufficient to justify

our position. Had the proofs been few, or of one kind, little faith could have been placed in the inference. But numerous as they are, alike in the case of titles, in that of complimentary phrases, and in that of salutes —similar and simultaneous, too, as the process of depreciation has been in all of these; the evidences become strong by mutual confirmation. And when we recollect, also, that not only have the results of this process been visible in various nations and in all times, but that they are occurring among ourselves at the present moment, and that the causes assigned for previous depreciations may be seen daily working out other ones—when we recollect this, it becomes scarcely possible to doubt that the process has been as alleged; and that our ordinary words, acts, and phrases of civility were originally acknowledgments of submission to another's omnipotence.

Thus the general doctrine that all kinds of government exercised over men were at first one government—that the political, the religious, and the ceremonial forms of control are divergent branches of a general and once indivisible control—begins to look tenable. When, with the above facts fresh in mind, we read primitive records, and find that "there were giants in those days"—when we remember that in Eastern traditions Nimrod, among others, figures in all the characters of giant, king, and divinity—when we turn to the sculptures exhumed by Mr. Layard, and contemplating in them the effigies of kings driving over enemies, trampling on prisoners, and adored by prostrate slaves, then observe how their actions correspond to the primitive names for the divinity, "the strong," "the destroyer," "the powerful one"—when we find that the earliest temples were also the residences of the kings—and when, lastly, we discover that among races of men still living, there are current superstitions analogous to those which old records and old buildings indicate; we begin to realize the probability of the hypothesis that has been set forth. Going back, in imagination, to the remote era when men's theories of things were yet unformed; and conceiving to ourselves the conquering chief as dimly figured in ancient myths, and poems, and ruins, we may see that all rules of conduct whatever spring from his will Alike legislator and judge, all quarrels among his subjects are decided by him; and his words become the Law. Awe of him is the incipient Religion; and his maxims furnish its first precepts. Submission is made to him in the forms he prescribes; and these give birth to Manners From the first, time develops political allegiance and the administration of justice; from the second, the worship of a being whose personality becomes ever more vague, and the inculcation of precepts ever more

abstract; from the third, forms of honour and the rules of etiquette. In conformity with the law of evolution of all organized bodies, that general functions are gradually separated into the special functions constituting them, there have grown up in the social organism for the better performance of the governmental office, an apparatus of law-courts, judges, and barristers; a national church, with its bishops and priests; and a system of caste, titles, and ceremonies, administered by society at large. By the first overt aggressions are cognized and punished; by the second, the disposition to commit such aggressions is in some degree checked; by the third, those minor breaches of good conduct, which the others do not notice, are denounced and chastised. Law and Religion control behaviour in its essentials: Manners control it in its details. For regulating those daily actions which are too numerous and too unimportant to be officially directed, there comes into play this subtler set of restraints. And when we consider what these restraints are—when we analyse the words, and phrases, and salutes employed, we see that in origin as in effect, the system is a setting up of temporary governments between all men who come in contact, for the purpose of better managing the intercourse between them.

From the proposition, that these several kinds of government are essentially one, both in genesis and function, may be deduced several important corollaries, directly bearing on our special topic.

Let us first notice, that there is not only a common origin and office for all forms of rule, but a common necessity for them. The aboriginal man, coming fresh from the killing of bears and from lying in ambush for his enemy, has, by the necessities of his condition, a nature requiring to be curbed in its every impulse. Alike in war and in the chase, his daily discipline has been that of sacrificing other creatures to his own needs and passions. His character, bequeathed to him by ancestors who led similar lives, is moulded by this discipline—is fitted to this existence. The unlimited selfishness, the love of inflicting pain, the blood-thirstiness, thus kept active, he brings with him into the social state. These dispositions put him in constant danger of conflict with his equally savage neighbour. In small things as in great, in words as in deeds, he is aggressive; and is hourly liable to the aggressions of others like natured. Only, therefore, by the most rigorous control exercised over all actions, can the primitive unions of men be maintained. There must be a ruler strong, remorseless, and of indomitable will; there must be a creed terrible in its threats to the disobedient; and there must be the most servile submission of all inferiors to superiors. The law must be cruel: the

religion must be stern; the ceremonies must be strict. The co-ordinate necessity for these several kinds of restraint might be largely illustrated from history were there space.

As might be expected, we find that, having a common origin and like general functions, these several controlling agencies act during each era with similar degrees of vigour. In India, and indeed, throughout the East, there exists a like connexion between the pitiless tyranny of rulers, the dread terrors of immemorial creeds, and the rigid restraint of unchangeable customs: the caste regulations continue still unalterable; the fashions of clothes and furniture have remained the same for ages; suttees are so ancient as to be mentioned by Strabo and Diodorus Siculus; justice is still administered at the palace-gates as of old; in short, "every usage is a precept of religion and a maxim of jurisprudence." A similar relationship of phenomena was exhibited in Europe during the Middle Ages. While all its governments were autocratic, while feudalism held sway, while the Church was unshorn of its power, while the criminal code was full of horrors and the hell of the popular creed full of terrors, the rules of behaviour were both more numerous and more carefully conformed to than now. Differences of dress marked divisions of rank. Men were limited by law to a certain width of shoe-toes, and no one below a specified degree might wear a cloak less than so many inches long. The symbols on banners and shields were carefully attended to. Heraldry was an important branch of knowledge. Precedence was strictly insisted on. And those various salutes of which we now use the abridgments were gone through in full. Even during our own last century, with its corrupt House of Commons and little-curbed monarchs, we may mark a correspondence of social formalities. Gentlemen were still distinguished from lower classes by dress; people sacrificed themselves to inconvenient requirements—as powder, hooped petticoats, and towering head-dresses; and children addressed their parents as *Sir* and *Madam*.

But perhaps it is in that class of social observances comprehended under the term Fashion, which we must here discuss parenthetically, that this process of corruption is seen with the greatest distinctness. As contrasted with Manners, which dictate our minor acts in relation to other persons, Fashion dictates our minor acts in relation to ourselves. While the one prescribes that part of our deportment which directly affects our neighbours; the other prescribes that part of our deportment which is primarily personal, and in which our neighbours are concerned only as spectators. Thus distinguished as they are, however, the two have a common source. For while, as we have shown, Manners originate

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To these several corollaries—that the various orders of control exercised over men have a common origin and a common function, are called out by co-ordinate necessities and coexist in like stringency, decline together and corrupt together—it now only remains to add that they become needless together. Consequent as all kinds of government are upon the unfitness of the aboriginal man for social life; and diminishing in coerciveness as they all do in proportion as this unfitness diminishes; they must one and all come to an end as humanity acquires complete adaptation to its new conditions. That discipline of circumstances which has already wrought out such great changes in us, must go on eventually to work out yet greater ones. That daily curbing of the lower nature and culture of the higher, which out of cannibals and devil-worshippers has evolved philanthropists, lovers of peace, and haters of superstition, cannot fail to evolve out of these, men as much superior to them as they are to their progenitors. The causes that have produced past modifications are still in action; must continue in action as long as there exists any incongruity between man's desires and the requirements of the social state; and must eventually make him organically fit for the social state. As it is now needless to forbid man-eating and Fetishism, so will it ultimately become needless to forbid murder, theft, and the minor offences of our criminal code. When human nature has grown into conformity with the moral law, there will need no judges

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Thus, then, may be recognized the meaning, the naturalness, the necessity of those various eccentricities of reformers which we set out by describing. They are not accidental; they are not mere personal caprices, as people are apt to suppose. On the contrary, they are inevitable results of the law of relationship above illustrated. That community of genesis, function, and decay which all forms of restraint exhibit, is simply the obverse of the fact at first pointed out, that they have in two sentiments of human nature a common preserver and a common destroyer. Awe of power originates and cherishes them all: love of freedom undermines and periodically weakens them all. The one defends despotism and asserts the supremacy of laws, adheres to old creeds and supports ecclesiastical authority, pays respect to titles and conserves forms; the other, putting rectitude above legality, achieves periodical instalments of political liberty, inaugurates Protestantism and works out its consequences, ignores the senseless dictates of Fashion and emancipates men from dead customs. To the true reformer no institution is sacred, no belief above criticism. Everything shall conform itself to equity and reason; nothing shall be saved by its prestige. Conceding to each man liberty to pursue his own ends and satisfy his own tastes, he demands for himself like liberty; and consents to no restrictions on this, save those which other men's equal claims involve. No matter whether it be an ordinance of one man, or an ordinance of all men, if it trenches on his legitimate sphere of action, he denies its validity. The tyranny that would impose on him a particular style of dress and a set mode of behaviour, he resists equally with the tyranny that would limit his buyings and sellings, or dictate his creed. Whether the regulation be formally made by a legislature, or informally made by society at large—whether the penalty for disobedience be imprisonment, or frowns and social ostracism, he sees to be a question of no moment. He will utter his belief notwithstanding the threatened punishment; he will break conventions spite of the petty persecutions that will be visited on him. Show him that his actions are inimical to his fellow-men, and he will pause. Prove that he is disregarding their legitimate claims—that he is doing what in the nature of things must produce unhappiness; and he will alter his course. But until you do this—until you demonstrate that is

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tially displeasurable to those around, with the actions that are but *incidentally* displeasurable to them. He whose skin is so unclean as to offend the nostrils of his neighbours, or he who talks so loudly as to disturb a whole room, may be justly complained of, and rightly excluded by society from its assemblies. But he who presents himself in a surtout in place of a dress-coat, or in brown trousers instead of black, gives offence not to men's senses, or their innate tastes, but merely to their prejudices, their bigotry of convention. It cannot be said that his costume is less elegant or less intrinsically appropriate than the one prescribed; seeing that a few hours earlier in the day it is admired. It is the implied rebellion, therefore, that annoys. How little the cause of quarrel has to do with the dress itself, is seen in the fact that a century ago black clothes would have been thought preposterous for hours of recreation, and that a few years hence some now forbidden style may be nearer the requirements of Fashion than the present one. Thus the reformer explains that it is not against the natural restraints, but against the artificial ones, that he protests; and that manifestly the fire of sneers and angry glances which he has to bear, is poured upon him because he will not bow down to the idol which society has set up.

The most plausible objection raised against resistance to conventions, is grounded on its impolicy, considered even from the progressist's point of view. It is urged by many of the more liberal and intelligent—usually those who have themselves shown some independence of behaviour in earlier days—that to rebel in these small matters is to destroy your own power of helping on reform in greater matters. "If you show yourself eccentric in matters of dress, the world," they say, "will not listen to you. You will be considered as crotchety, and impracticable. The opinions you express on important subjects, which might have been treated with respect had you conformed on minor points, will now inevitably be put down among your singularities; and thus by dissenting in trifles, you disable yourself from spreading dissent in essentials."

Only noting, as we pass, that this is one of those anticipations which bring about their own fulfilment—that it is because most who disapprove these conventions do not show their disapproval, that the few who do show it look eccentric—and that did all act out their convictions, no such inference as the above would be drawn, and no such evil would result;—noting this as we pass, we go on to reply that these social restraints, and forms, and requirements, are not small evils, but among the greatest. Estimate their sum total, and we doubt whether they would not exceed most others. Could we add up the trouble... st...

the jealousies, vexations, misunderstandings, the loss of time and the loss of pleasure, which these conventions entail—could we clearly realize the extent to which we are all daily hampered by them, daily enslaved by them; we should perhaps come to the conclusion that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy is worse than any other tyranny we suffer under. Let us look at a few of its hurtful results; beginning with those of minor importance.

It produces extravagance. The desire to be *comme il faut* which underlies all conformities, whether of manners, dress, or styles of entertainment, is the desire which makes many a spendthrift and many a bankrupt. To "keep up appearances," to have a house in an approved quarter furnished in the latest taste, to give expensive dinners and crowded soirées, is an ambition forming the natural outcome of the conformist spirit. It is needless to enlarge on these follies: they have been satirized by hosts of writers, and in every drawing-room. All that here concerns us, is to point out that the respect for social observances, which men think so praiseworthy, has the same root with this effort to be fashionable in mode of living; and that, other things equal, the last cannot be diminished without the first being diminished also. If, now, we consider all that this extravagance entails—if we count up the robbed tradesmen, the stinted governesses, the ill-educated children, the fleeced relatives, who have to suffer from it—if we mark the anxiety and the many moral delinquencies which its perpetrators involve themselves in; we shall see that this regard for conventions is not quite so innocent as it looks.

Let it be further observed, that the existing formalities of social intercourse drive away many who most need its refining influence; and drive them into injurious habits and associations. Not a few men, and not the least sensible men either, give up in disgust this going out to stately dinners and stiff evening parties; and instead, seek society in clubs, and cigar-divans, and taverns. "I'm sick of this standing about in drawing-rooms talking nonsense, and trying to look happy," will answer one of them when taxed with his desertion. "Why should I any longer waste time and money, and temper? Once I was ready enough to rush home from the office to dress; I sported embroidered shirts, submitted to tight boots, and cared nothing for tailors' and haberdashers' bills. I know better now. My patience lasted a good while; for though I found each night pass stupidly, I always hoped the next would make amends. But I'm undeceived. Cab-hire and kid gloves cost more than any evening party pays for; or rather—it is worth the cost of them to avoid the party. No, no; I'll no more of it. Why should I pay five shillings a time for the

privilege of being bored?" If, now, we consider that this very common mood tends towards billiard-rooms, towards long sittings over cigars and brandy-and-water, towards Evans's and the Coal Hole, towards every place where amusement may be had; it becomes a question whether these precise observances which hamper our set meetings, have not to answer for much of the prevalent dissoluteness. Men must have excitements of some kind or other; and if debarred from higher ones will fall back upon lower. It is not that those who thus take to irregular habits are essentially those of low tastes. Often it is quite the reverse. Among half a dozen intimate friends, abandoning formalities and sitting at ease round the fire, none will enter with greater enjoyment into the highest kind of social intercourse—the genuine communion of thought and feeling; and if the circle includes women of intelligence and refinement, so much the greater is their pleasure. It is because they will no longer be choked with the mere dry husks of conversation which society offers them, that they fly its assemblies, and seek those with whom they have discourse that is at least real, though unpolished.

Then consider what a blighting effect these multitudinous preparations and ceremonies have upon the pleasures they profess to subserve. Who, on calling to mind the occasions of his highest social enjoyments, does not find them to have been wholly informal, perhaps impromptu? How delightful a picnic of friends, who forget all observances save those dictated by good nature! How pleasant the little unpretended gatherings of book-societies, and the like; or those purely accidental meetings of a few people well known to each other! Then, indeed, we may see that "a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Cheeks flush and eyes sparkle. The witty grow brilliant, and even the dull are excited into saying good things. There is an overflow of topics; and the right words to put it in, spring up unsought. Grave alternates with gay: now serious converse, and now jokes, anecdotes, and playful raillery. Every one's best nature is shown; every one's best feelings are in pleasurable activity; and, for the time, life seems well worth having. Go now and dress for some half-past eight dinner, or some ten o'clock "at home"; and present yourself in spotless attire, with every hair arranged to perfection. How great the difference! The enjoyment seems in the inverse ratio of the preparation. These figures, got up with such finish and precision, appear but half alive. They have frozen each other by their primness; and your faculties feel the numbing effects of the atmosphere the moment you enter it. All those thoughts, so nimble and so apt awhile since, have disappeared—have suddenly acquired a preter-

natural power of eluding you. If you venture a remark to your neighbour, there comes a trite rejoinder, and there it ends. No subject you can hit upon outlives half a dozen sentences. Nothing that is said excites any real interest in you; and you feel that all you say is listened to with apathy. By some strange magic, things that usually give pleasure seem to have lost all charm. You have a taste for art. Weary of frivolous talk, you turn to the table, and find that the book of engravings and the portfolio of photographs are as flat as the conversation. You are fond of music. Yet the singing, good as it is, you hear with utter indifference; and say "Thank you" with a sense of being a profound hypocrite. Wholly at ease though you could be, for your own part, you find that your sympathies will not let you. You see young gentlemen feeling whether their ties are properly adjusted, looking vacantly round, and considering what they shall do next. You see ladies sitting disconsolately, waiting for some one to speak to them, and wishing they had the wherewith to occupy their fingers. You see the hostess standing about the doorway, keeping a factitious smile on her face, and racking her brain to find the requisite nothings with which to greet her guests as they enter. You see numberless traits of weariness and embarrassment; and, if you have any fellow-feeling, these cannot fail to produce a sense of discomfort. What, now, is the secret of this perpetual miscarriage and disappointment? Does not the fault lie with all these needless adjuncts—these elaborate dressings, these set forms, these expensive preparations, these many devices and arrangements that imply trouble and raise expectation? Who that has lived thirty years in the world has not discovered that Pleasure is coy; and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares? An air from a street-piano, heard while at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians. A single good picture seen in a dealer's window, may give keener enjoyment than a whole exhibition gone through with catalogue and pencil. By the time we have got ready our elaborate apparatus by which to secure happiness, the happiness is gone. It is too subtle to be contained in these receivers, garnished with compliments, and fenced round with etiquette. The more we multiply and complicate appliances, the more certain are we to drive it away. The reason is patent enough. These higher emotions to which social intercourse ministers, are of extremely complex nature; they consequently depend for their production upon very numerous conditions; the more numerous the conditions, the greater the liability that one or other of them will be disturbed, and the emotions consequently prevented. It takes a con-

siderable misfortune to destroy appetite; but cordial sympathy with those around may be extinguished by a look or a word. Hence it follows, that the more multiplied the *unnecessary* requirements with which social intercourse is surrounded, the less likely are its pleasures to be achieved. It is difficult enough to fulfil continuously all the *essentials* to a pleasurable communion with others; how much more difficult, then, must it be continuously to fulfil a host of *non-essentials* also! It is, indeed, impossible. The attempt inevitably ends in the sacrifice of the first to the last—the essentials to the non-essentials. What chance is there of getting any genuine response from the lady who is thinking of your stupidity in taking her in to dinner on the wrong arm? How are you likely to have agreeable converse with the gentleman who is fuming internally because he is not placed next to the hostess? Formalities, familiar as they may become, necessarily occupy attention—necessarily multiply the occasion for mistake, misunderstanding, and jealousy, on the part of one or other—necessarily distract all minds from the thoughts and feelings that should occupy them—necessarily, therefore, subvert those conditions under which only any sterling intercourse is to be had.

But it is not only in these details that the self-defeating action of our arrangements is traceable: it is traceable in the very substance and nature of them. Our social intercourse, as commonly managed, is a mere semblance of the reality sought. What is it that we want? Some sympathetic converse with our fellow-creatures: some converse that shall not be mere dead words, but the vehicle of living thoughts and feelings—converse in which the eyes and the face shall speak and the tones of the voice be full of meaning—converse which shall make us feel no longer alone, but shall draw us closer to another, and double our own emotions by adding another's to them. Who is there that has not, from time to time, felt how cold and flat is all this talk about politics and science, and the new books and the new men, and how a genuine utterance of fellow-feeling outweighs the whole of it? Mark the words of Bacon:—"For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." If this be true, then it is only after acquaintance has grown into intimacy, and intimacy has ripened into friendship, that the real communion which men need becomes possible. A rationally-formed circle must consist almost wholly of those on terms of familiarity and regard, with but one or two strangers. What folly, then, underlies the whole system of our grand dinners, our "at homes," our evening parties—assemblages made up of many who never met before, many others who just bow to each other, many others who

of the divine Spirit blow and reanimate them. *Did not the voice mean that?* What remained but to obey?

In his journeyings through France it is hardly possible that St. Francis should not have heard of the *poor men of Lyons* whose peculiar tenets at this time were arousing very general attention. It is not improbable that he may have fallen in with one of those translations of the New Testament into the vernacular executed by Stephen de Esma at the expense of Peter Waldo, and through his means widely circulated among all classes. Be it as it may, the words addressed by our Lord to the Seventy, when he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of heaven, seemed to St. Francis to be written in letters of flame. They haunted him waking and sleeping. "The lust of gain in the spirit of Cain!" what had it done for the world or the Church but saturate the one and the other with sordid greed?

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Knocking at his heart—not merely buzzing in his brain—the words kept smiting him, "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat!" Once men had changed the face of the world with no other equipment. Faith then had removed mountains. Why not again? He threw away his staff and shoes; he went forth with literally a single garment; he was girt with a common rope round his loins. He no more doubted of his mission, he no more feared for the morrow than he feared for the young ravens that he loved and spake to in an ecstasy of joy.

Henceforth there was "not a bird upon the tree but half forgave his being human"; the flowers of the field looked out at him with special greetings, the wolf of the mountains met him with no fierce glare in his eye. Great men smiled at the craze of the monomaniac. Old men shook their grey heads and remembered that they themselves had been young and foolish. Practical men could not waste their words upon the folly of the thing. Rich men, serenely confident of their position, affirmed that they knew of only one who could overcome the world—to wit, the veritable hero, he who holds the purse-strings. St. Francis did not speak to these. "Oh, ye miserable, helpless, and despairing; ye who find yourself so unutterably forlorn—so very, very far astray; ye lost souls whom Satan has bound through the long weary years; ye of the broken hearts, bowed down and crushed; ye with your wasted bodies loathsome to every sense, to whom life is torture and whom death will not deliver; ye whose very nearness by the wayside

makes the traveller as he passes shudder with uncontrollable horror lest your breath should light upon his garments, look! I am poor as you—I am one of yourselves. Christ, the very Christ of God, has sent me with a message to you. Listen!"

St. Francis was hardly twenty-eight years old when he set out for Rome, to lay himself at the feet of the great Pope Innocent the Third, and to ask from him some formal recognition. The pontiff, so the story goes, was walking in the garden of the Lateran when the momentous meeting took place. Startled by the sudden apparition of an emaciated young man, bareheaded, shoeless, half-clad, but—for all his gentleness—a beggar who would take no denial, Innocent hesitated. It was but for a brief hour, the next he was won.

Francis returned to Assisi with the Papal sanction for what was, probably, a draught of his afterwards famous "Rule." He was met by the whole city, who received him with a frenzy of excitement. By this time his enthusiasm had kindled that of eleven other young men, all now aglow with the same divine fire. A twelfth soon was added—he, moreover, a layman of gentle blood and of knightly rank. All these had surrendered their claim to everything in the shape of property, and had resolved to follow their great leader's example by stripping themselves of all worldly possessions, and suffering the loss of all things. They were beggars—literally barefooted beggars. The love of money was the root of all evil. They would not touch the accursed thing lest they should be defiled—no, not with the tips of their fingers. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Beggars they were, but they were brethren—*Fratres (Frères)*. We in England have got to call them *Friars*. Francis was never known in his lifetime as anything higher than *Brother Francis*, and his community he insisted should be called the community of the lesser brethren —*Fratres Minores*—for none could or should be *less* than they. Abbots and Priors, he would have none of them. "He that will be chief among you," he said, in Christ's own words, "let him be your servant." The highest official among the *Minorites* was the *Minister*, the elect of all, the servant of all, and if not humble enough to serve, not fit to rule.

People talk of "Monks and Friars" as if these were convertible terms. The truth is that the difference between the Monks and the Friars was almost one of kind. The Monk was supposed never to leave his cloister. The Friar in St. Francis's first intention had no cloister to leave. Even when he had where to lay his head, his lifework was not to save his own soul, but first and foremost to save the

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bodies and souls of others. The Monk had nothing to do with ministering to others. At best his business was to be the salt of the earth, and it behoved him to be much more upon his guard that the salt should not lose his savour, than that the earth should be sweetened. The Friar was an itinerant evangelist, always on the move. He was preacher of righteousness. He lifted up his voice against sin and wrong. "Save yourselves from this untoward generation!" he cried; "save yourselves from the wrath to come." The Monk, as has been said, was an aristocrat. The Friar belonged to the great unwashed!

Without the loss of a day the new apostles of poverty, of pity, of an all-embracing love, went forth by two and two to build up the ruined Church of God. Theology they were, from anything that appears, sublimely ignorant of. Except that they were masters of every phrase and word in the Gospels, their stock in trade was scarcely more than that of an average candidate for Anglican orders; but to each and all of them Christ was simply *everything*. If ever men have preached Christ, these men did; Christ, nothing but Christ, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. They had no system, they had no views, they combated no opinions, they took no side. Let the dialecticians dispute about this nice distinction or that. There *could* be no doubt that Christ had died and risen, and was alive for evermore. There was no place for controversy or opinions when here was a mere simple, indisputable, but most awful fact. Did you want to wrangle about the aspect of the fact, the evidence, the what not? St. Francis had no mission to argue with you. "The pearl of great price—will you have it or not? Whether or not, there are millions sighing for it, crying for it, dying for it. To the poor at any rate the Gospel shall be preached now as of old."

To the poor, by the poor. Those masses, those dreadful masses, crawling, sweltering in the foul hovels, in many a southern town, with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering *cretins* with ghastly wens; lepers by the hundred, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven forth to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls, there stretching out their bony hands to clutch the frightened alms-giver's dole, or, failing that, to pick up shreds of offal from the heaps of garbage—to these St. Francis came.

More wonderful still!—to these outcasts came those other twelve, so utterly had their leader's sublime self-surrender communicated itself to his converts. "We are come," they said, "to live among you and

be your servants, and wash your sores, and make your lot less hard than it is. We only want to do as Christ bids us to. We are beggars too, and we too have not where to lay our heads. Christ sent us to you. Yes. Christ the crucified, whose we are, and whose you are. Be not wroth with us, we will help you if we can."

As they spoke, so they lived. They *were* less than the least, as St. Francis told them they must strive to be. Incredulous cynicism was put to silence. It was wonderful, it was inexplicable, it was disgusting, it was anything you please; but where there were outcasts, lepers, pariahs there, there were these penniless Minorites tending the miserable sufferers with a cheerful look, and not seldom with a merry laugh. As one reads the stories of those earlier Franciscans, one is reminded every now and then of the extravagancies of the Salvation Army.

The heroic example set by these men at first startled, and then fascinated the upper classes. While labouring to save the lowest, they took captive the highest. The Brotherhood grew in numbers day by day; as it grew, new problems presented themselves. How to dispose of all the wealth renounced, how to employ the energies of all the crowds of brethren. Hardest of all, what to do with the earnest, highly-trained, and sometimes erudite convert who could not divest himself of the treasures of learning which he had amassed. "Must I part with my books?" said the scholar, with a sinking heart. "Carry nothing with you for your journey!" was the inexorable answer. "Not a Breviary? Not even the Psalms of David?" "Get them into your heart of hearts, and provide yourself with a treasure in the heavens. Who ever heard of Christ reading books, save when He opened the book in the synagogue, and *then closed* it and went forth to teach the world for ever?"

In 1215 the new Order held its first Chapter at the Church of the Portiuncula. The numbers of the Brotherhood and the area over which their labours extended had increased so vastly that it was already found necessary to nominate Provincial Ministers in France, Germany, and Spain.

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While these things were going on in Italy, another notable performer was vexing his righteous soul in Spain. St. Dominic was a very different man from the gentle and romantic young Italian Of high birth, which among the Castilians has always counted for a great deal, he had passed his boyhood among ecclesiastics and academics. He was twelve years older than St. Francis. He studied theology for ten years at the University of Palencia, and before the twelfth century closed he was

an Augustinian Canon. In 1203, while St. Francis was still poring over his father's ledgers, Dominic was associated with the Bishop of Osma in negotiating a marriage for Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castille. For the next ten years he was more or less concerned with the hideous atrocities of the Albigensian War. During that dark period of his career he was brought every day face to face with heresy and schism. From infancy he must have heard those around him talk with a savage intolerance of the Moors of the South and the stubborn Jews of Toledo nearer home. Now his eyes were open to the perils that beset the Church from sectaries who from within were for casting off her divine authority. Wretches who questioned the very creeds and rejected the Sacraments, yet perversely insisted that they were Christian men and women, with a clearer insight into Gospel mysteries than Bishops and Cardinals or the Holy Father himself. Here was heresy rampant, and immortal souls all astray, beguiled by evil men and deceivers, "whose word doth eat as doth a canker." Dominic "saw that there was no man, and marvelled that there was no intercessor."

It was not ungodliness that Dominic, in the first instance, determined to war with, but ignorance and error. *These* were to him the monster evils, whose natural fruit was moral corruption. Get rid of them and the depraved heart might be dealt with by and by. Dominic stood forth as the determined champion of orthodoxy. "Preach the word in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort"—that was his panacea. His success at first was but small. Preachers with the divine fervour, with the gift of utterance, with the power to drive truth home—are rare. They are not to be had for the asking; they are not to be trained in a day. Years passed, but little was achieved.

Dominic was patient. He had, indeed, founded a small religious community of sixteen brethren at St. Ronain, near Toulouse—one of these, we are told, was an Englishman—whose aim and object were to produce an effect through the agency of the pulpit, to confute the heretics and instruct the unlearned. The Order, if it deserved the name, was established on the old lines. A monastery was founded, a local habitation secured. The maintenance of the brotherhood was provided for by a sufficient endowment; the petty cares and anxieties of life were in the main guarded against; but when Innocent the Third gave his formal sanction to the new community, it was given to Dominic and his associates, on the 8th of October, 1215, as to a house of *Augustinian Canons*, who received permission to enjoy in their corporate capacity the endowments which had been bestowed upon them.

Thus far we have heard little or nothing of poverty among the more highly educated *Friars Preachers*, as they got to be called. That seems to have been quite an afterthought. So far as Dominic may be said to have accepted the Voluntary Principle and, renouncing all endowments, to have thrown himself and his followers for support upon the alms of the faithful, so far he was a disciple of St. Francis. The Champion of Orthodoxy was a convert to the Apostle of Poverty.

In 1219 the Franciscans held their second general Chapter. It was evident that they were taking the world by storm; evident, too, that their astonishing success was due less to their preaching than to their self-denying lives. It was abundantly plain that this vast army of fervent missionaries could live from day to day and work wonders in evangelizing the masses without owning a rood of land, or having anything to depend upon but the perennial stream of bounty which flowed from the gratitude of the converts. If the Preaching Friars were to succeed at such a time as this, they could only hope to do so by exhibiting as sublime a faith as the Minorites displayed to the world. Accordingly, in the very year after the second Chapter of the Franciscans was held at Assisi, a general Chapter of the Dominicans was held at Bologna, and there the profession of poverty was formally adopted, and the renunciation of all means of support, except such as might be offered from day to day, was insisted on. Henceforth the two Orders were to labour side by side in magnificent rivalry—mendicants who went forth like Gideon's host with empty pitchers to fight the battles of the Lord, and whose desires, as far as the good things of this world went, were summed up in the simple petition, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

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Thus far the Friars had scarcely been heard of in England. Dominicans—trained men of education, addressing themselves mainly to the educated classes, and sure of being understood wherever Latin, the universal medium of communication among scholars, was in daily and hourly use—the Dominicans could have little or no difficulty in getting an audience such as they were qualified to address. It was otherwise with the Franciscans. If the world were to be divided between these two great bands, obviously the Minorites' sphere of labour must be mainly among the lowest, that of the Preaching Friars among the cultured classes.

When the Minorites preached among Italians or Frenchmen they were received with tumultuous welcome. They spoke the language of the people; and in the vulgar speech of the people—rugged, plastic,

an Augustinian Canon. In 1203, while St. Francis was still poring over his father's ledgers, Dominic was associated with the Bishop of Osma in negotiating a marriage for Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castille. For the next ten years he was more or less concerned with the hideous atrocities of the Albigensian War. During that dark period of his career he was brought every day face to face with heresy and schism. From infancy he must have heard those around him talk with a savage intolerance of the Moors of the South and the stubborn Jews of Toledo nearer home. Now his eyes were open to the perils that beset the Church from sectaries who from within were for casting off her divine authority. Wretches who questioned the very creeds and rejected the Sacraments, yet perversely insisted that they were Christian men and women, with a clearer insight into Gospel mysteries than Bishops and Cardinals or the Holy Father himself. Here was heresy rampant, and immortal souls all astray, beguiled by evil men and deceivers, "whose word doth eat as doth a canker." Dominic "saw that there was no man, and marvelled that there was no intercessor."

It was not ungodliness that Dominic, in the first instance, determined to war with, but ignorance and error. *These* were to him the monster evils, whose natural fruit was moral corruption. Get rid of them and the depraved heart might be dealt with by and by. Dominic stood forth as the determined champion of orthodoxy. "Preach the word in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort"—that was his panacea. His success at first was but small. Preachers with the divine fervour, with the gift of utterance, with the power to drive truth home—are rare. They are not to be had for the asking; they are not to be trained in a day. Years passed, but little was achieved.

Thus far we have heard little or nothing of poverty among the more highly educated *Friars Preachers*, as they got to be called. That seems to have been quite an afterthought. So far as Dominic may be said to have accepted the Voluntary Principle and, renouncing all endowments, to have thrown himself and his followers for support upon the alms of the faithful, so far he was a disciple of St. Francis. The Champion of Orthodoxy was a convert to the Apostle of Poverty.

In 1219 the Franciscans held their second general Chapter. It was evident that they were taking the world by storm; evident, too, that their astonishing success was due less to their preaching than to their self-denying lives. It was abundantly plain that this vast army of fervent missionaries could live from day to day and work wonders in evangelizing the masses without owning a rood of land, or having anything to depend upon but the perennial stream of bounty which flowed from the gratitude of the converts. If the Preaching Friars were to succeed at such a time as this, they could only hope to do so by exhibiting as sublime a faith as the Minorites displayed to the world. Accordingly, in the very year after the second Chapter of the Franciscans was held at Assisi, a general Chapter of the Dominicans was held at Bologna, and there the profession of poverty was formally adopted, and the renunciation of all means of support, except such as might be offered from day to day, was insisted on. Henceforth the two Orders were to labour side by side in magnificent rivalry—mendicants who went forth like Gideon's host with empty pitchers to fight the battles of the Lord, and whose desires, as far as the good things of this world went, were summed up in the simple petition, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

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When the Minorites preached among Italians or Frenchmen they were received with tumultuous welcome. They spoke the language of the people; and in the vulgar speech of the people—rugged, plastic,

and reckless of grammar—the message came as glad tidings of great joy. When they tried the same method in Germany, we are told, they signally failed. The gift of tongues, alas! had ceased. That, at any rate, was denied, even to such faith as theirs. They were met with ridicule. The rabble of Cologne or Bremen, hoarsely grumbling out their grating gutturals, were not to be moved by the most impassioned pleading of angels in human form, soft though their voices might be, and musical their tones. "Ach Himmel! was sagt er?" growled one. And peradventure some well-meaning interpreter replied: "Zu suchen und selig zu machen." When the Italian tried to repeat the words his utterance, not his faith, collapsed! The German-speaking people must wait till a door should be opened. Must England wait too? Yes! For the Franciscan missionaries England too must wait a little while.

But England was exactly the land for the Dominicans to turn to. For eight years England had lain under the terrible interdict; for most of the time only a single bishop had remained in England. John had small need to tax the people: he lived upon the plunder of bishops and abbots. The churches were desolate; the worship of God in large districts almost came to an end. Only the Cistercian monasteries, and in them only for a time, and to a very limited extent, were the rites of religion continued. It is hardly conceivable that the places of those clergy who died during the eight years of the interdict were supplied by fresh ordinations; and some excuse may have been found for the outrageous demands of the Pope to present to English benefices in the fact that many cures must have been vacant, and the supply of qualified Englishmen to succeed them had fallen short.

It was during the year after the Chapter of the Dominicans held at Bologna held in 1220, that the first brethren of the Order arrived in England. They were under the direction of one Gilbert de Fraxineto, who was accompanied by twelve associates. They landed early in August, probably at Dover. They were at once received with cordiality by Archbishop Langton, who put their powers to the test by commanding one of their number to preach before him. The Primate took them into his favour, and sent them on their way. On the 10th of August they were preaching in London, and on the 15th they appeared in Oxford, and were welcomed as the bringers-in of new things. Their success was unequivocal. We hardly hear of their arrival before we learn that they were well established in their school and surrounded by eager disciples.

The Dominicans had been settled in Oxford just two years when

the first band of Franciscan brethren landed in England, on the 11th of September, 1224. They landed penniless; their passage over had been paid by the monks of Fécamp; they numbered in all nine persons, five were laymen, four were clerics. Of the latter three were Englishmen, the fourth was an Italian, Agnellus of Pisa by name. Agnellus had been some time previously destined by St. Francis as the first *Minister for the province of England, not improbably because he had some* familiarity with our language. He was about thirty years of age, and as yet only in deacon's orders. Indeed, of the whole company *only one was a priest*, a man of middle age who had made his mark and was famous as a preacher of rare gifts and deep earnestness. He was a Norfolk man born, Richard of Ingworth by name, and presumably a priest of the diocese of Norwich. Of the five laymen one was a Lombard, who may have had some kinsfolk and friends in London, where *he was allowed as warden for some years, and one, Lawrence of Beauvais,* was a personal and intimate friend of St. Francis, who on his death-bed gave him the habit which he himself had worn.

The whole party were hospitably entertained for two days at the Priory of the Holy Trinity at Canterbury. Then Brother Richard Ingworth, with another Richard—a Devonshire youth conspicuous for his ascetic fervour and devotion, but only old enough to be admitted to minor orders—set out for London, accompanied by the Lombard and another foreigner, leaving behind him Agnellus and the rest, among them William of Esseby, the third Englishman, enthusiastic and ardent as the others, but a mere youth and as yet a novice. He, too, I conjecture to have been a Norfolk or Suffolk man, whose birthplace, *Ashby*, in the East Anglian dialect, would be pronounced nearly as it is written in Eccleston's manuscript. It was arranged that Richard Ingworth should lose no time in trying to secure some place where they might all lay their heads, and from whence as a centre they might begin the great work they had in hand. The Canterbury party were received into the Priest's House and allowed to remain for a while. Soon they received permission to sleep in a building used as a school during the daytime, and while the boys were being taught the poor friars huddled together in a small room adjoining, where they were confined as if they had been prisoners. When the scholars went home the friars crept out, lit a fire and sat round it, boiled their porridge, and mixed their small beer, sour and thick as we are told it was, with water to make it go further, and each contributed some word of edification to the general stock, brought forward some homely illustration which

might serve to brighten the next sermon when it should be preached, or told a pleasant tale, thought out during the day—a story with a moral. Of the five left behind at Canterbury it is to be observed that no one of them was qualified as yet to preach in the vernacular. William of Esseby was too young for the pulpit, though he became a very effective preacher in a few years. He was, however, doing good service as interpreter, and doubtless as teacher of English to the rest.

While Agnellus and his brethren were waiting patiently at Canterbury, Ingworth and young Richard of Devon with the two Italians had made their way to London and had been received with enthusiasm. Their first entertainers were the Dominican friars who, though they had been only two years before them, yet had already got for themselves a house, in which they were able to entertain the new-comers for a fortnight. At the end of that time they hired a plot of ground in Cornhill of John Travers, the Sheriff of London, and there they built for themselves a house, such as it was. Their cells were constructed like sheep-cotes, mere wattles with mouldy hay or straw between them. Their fare was of the meanest, but they gained in estimation every day. In their humble quarters at Cornhill they remained preaching, visiting, nursing, begging their bread, but always gay and busy, till the summer of 1225, when a certain John Iwyn—again a name suspiciously like the phonetic representative of the common Norfolk name of *Ewing*—a mercer and citizen, offered them a more spacious and comfortable dwelling in the parish of St. Nicholas. As their brethren at Canterbury had done, so did they; they refused all houses and lands, and the house was made over to the corporation of London for their use. Not long after the worthy citizen assumed the Franciscan habit and renounced the world, to embrace poverty.

In the autumn of 1225 Ingworth and the younger Richard left London, Agnellus taking their place. He had not been idle at Canterbury, and his success in making converts had been remarkable. At Canterbury and London the Minorites had secured for themselves a firm footing. The Universities were next invaded. The two Richards reached Oxford about October, 1225, and as before were received with great cordiality by the Dominicans, and hospitably entertained for eight days. Before a week was out they had got the loan of a house or hall in the parish of St. Ebbs, and had started lectures and secured a large following. Here young Esseby joined them, sent on it seems by Agnellus from London to assist in the work; a year or so older than when he first landed, and having shown in that time unmistakable signs of great

capacity and entire devotion to the work. Esseby was quite able to stand alone.

In no part of England were the Franciscans received with more enthusiasm than in Norfolk. They appear to have established themselves at Lynn, Yarmouth, and Norwich in 1226. Clergy and laity, rich and poor, united in offering them a ready homage. To this day a certain grudging provincialism is observable in the East Anglian character. A Norfolk man distrusts the settler from "the Shires," who comes in with new-fangled reforms. To this day the home of wisdom is supposed to be in the East. When it was understood that the virtual leader of this astonishing religious revival was a Norfolk man, the joy and pride of Norfolk knew no bounds. Nothing was too much to do for their own hero. But when it became known that Ingworth had been welcomed with open arms by Robert Grosseteste, the foremost scholar in Oxford—he a Suffolk man—and that Grosseteste's friend, Roger de Weseham, was their warm supporter, son of a Norfolk yeoman, whose brethren were to be seen any day in Lynn market—the ovation that the Franciscans met with was unparalleled. There was a general rush by some of the best men of the county into the Order.

St. Francis died at Assisi, on October 4, 1226. With his death troubles began. Brother Elias, who was chosen to succeed him as Minister-General of the Order, had little of the great founder's spirit, and none of his genius. There was unseemly strife and rivalry, and on the Continent it would appear that the Minorites made but little way. Not so was it in England; there the supply of brethren animated by genuine enthusiasm and burning zeal for the cause they had espoused was unexampled. Perhaps there more than anywhere else such labourers were needed, perhaps too they had a fairer field. Certainly there they were truer to their first principles than elsewhere.

Outside the city walls at Lynn and York and Bristol; in a filthy swamp at Norwich, through which the drainage of the city sluggishly trickled into the river, never a foot lower than its banks; in a mere barn-like structure, with walls of mud, at Shrewsbury, in the "Stinking Alley" in London, the Minorites took up their abode, and there they lived on charity, doing for the lowest the most menial offices, speaking to the poorest words of hope, preaching to learned and simple such sermons—short, homely, fervent, and emotional—as the world had not heard for many a day. How could such evangelists fail to win their way? Before Henry III's reign was half over the predominance of

the Franciscans over Oxford was almost supreme. At Cambridge their influence was less dominant only because at Cambridge there was no commanding genius like Robert Grosseteste to favour and support them.

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To write the history of the Mendicant Orders in England would be a task beyond my capacity, but no man can hope to understand the successes or the failures of any great party in Church or State until he has arrived at some comprehension, not only of the objects which it set itself to achieve, but of its *modus operandi* at the outset of its career.

The Friars were a great party in the Church, organized with a definite object, and pledged to carry out that object in simple reliance upon what we now call the *Voluntary Principle.* St. Francis saw, and saw much more clearly than even we of the nineteenth century see it, that the Parochial system is admirable, is a perfect system for the village, that it is unsuited for the town, that in the towns the attempt to work it has ended in a miserable and scandalous failure. The Friars came as helpers of the poor town clergy, just when those clergy had begun to give up their task as hopeless. They came as missionaries to those whom the town clergy had got to regard as mere *pariahs.* They came to strengthen the weak hands, and to labour in a new field. *St. Francis was the John Wesley of the thirteenth century, whom the Church did not cast out.*

Rome has never been afraid of fanaticism. She has always known how to utilize her enthusiasts fired by a new idea. The Church of England has never known how to deal with a man of genius. From Wicklif to Frederick Robertson, from Bishop Peacock to Dr. Rowland Williams, the clergyman who has been in danger of impressing his personality upon Anglicanism, where he has not been the object of relentless persecution, has at least been regarded with timid suspicion, has been shunned by the prudent men of low degree, and by those of high degree has been—forgotten. In the Church of England there has never been a time when the enthusiast has not been treated as a very *unsafe* man. Rome has found a place for the dreamiest mystic or the noisiest ranter—found a place and found a sphere of useful labour. We, with our insular prejudices, have been sticklers for the narrowest uniformity, and yet we have accepted, as a useful addition to the Creed of Christendom, one article which we have only not formulated because, perhaps, it came to us from a Roman Bishop, the great sage Talleyrand —*Surtout pas trop de zèle!*

The Friars were the Evangelizers of the towns in England for 300 years. When the spoliation of the religious houses was decided upon, the Friars were the first upon whom the blow fell—the first and the last. But when their property came to be looked into, there was nothing to rob but the churches in which they worshipped, the libraries in which they studied, and the houses in which they passed their lives. Rob the county hospitals to-morrow through the length and breadth of the land, or make a general scramble for the possessions of the Wesleyan body, and how many broad acres would go to the hammer?

Voluntaryism leaves little for the spoiler.

The Rule of St. Francis was a glorious ideal; when it came to be carried into practice by creatures of flesh and blood, it proved to be something to dream of, not to live. And yet, even as it was, its effects upon the Church, nay, upon the whole civilized world, was enormous. If, one after another, the Mendicant Orders declined, if their zeal grew cold, their simplicity of life faded, and their discipline relaxed; if they became corrupted by that very world which they promised to purify and deliver from the dominion of Mammon—this is only what has happened again and again, what must happen as long as men are men. In every age the prophet has always asked for the unattainable, always pointed to a higher level than human nature could breathe in, always insisted on a measure of self-renunciation which saints in their prayers send forth the soul's lame hands to clutch—in their ecstasy of aspiration hope that they may some day arrive at. But, alas! they reach it—never. And yet the saint and the prophet do not live in vain. They send a thrill of noble emotion through the heart of their generation, and the divine tremor does not soon subside, they gather round them the pure and generous—the lofty souls which are not all of the earth earthy. In such, at any rate, a fire is kindled by the spark that has fallen from the altar. By and by it is the fuel that fails; then the old fire, after smouldering for a while, goes out, and by no stirring of the dead embers can you make them flame again. You may cry as loudly as you will, "Pull down the chimney that will not draw, and set up another in its place!" That you may do if you please; another fire you may have, but the new will not be as the old

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THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–95)

Huxley was the seventh child of a seventh child. His education was slight and irregular, but from a very early age he read books on geology and logic. When seventeen he came under the influence of Carlyle. Having turned to medicine, he took his M.B. examination at London, and won a gold medal for anatomy and physiology. In 1845 he went to sea as a naval surgeon, and while cruising round the coasts of Australia investigated the surface life of the tropical seas, making such valuable observations that in 1850 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. When only twenty-six, he was appointed to the council of that society. The appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species" proved a turning-point in his career; he became an ardent supporter of Darwin and in 1863 published "Man's Place in Nature," which by placing Man under the general scheme of evolution roused the wrath of all but the keenest evolutionists.

ON SCIENCE AND ART IN RELATION TO EDUCATION

I REMEMBER, some few years ago, hearing of the head master of a large school who had expressed great dissatisfaction with the adoption of the teaching of physical science—and that after experiment. But the experiment consisted in this—in asking one of the junior masters in the school to get up science, in order to teach it; and the young gentleman went away for a year and got up science and taught it. Well, I have no doubt that the result was as disappointing as the head master said it was, and I have no doubt that it ought to have been as disappointing, and far more disappointing too; for, if this kind of instruction is to be of any good at all, if it is not to be less than no good, if it is to take the place of that which is already of some good, then there are several points which must be attended to.

And the first of these is the proper selection of topics, the second is practical teaching, the third is practical teachers, and the fourth is

sufficiency of time. If these four points are not carefully attended to by anybody who undertakes the teaching of physical science in schools, my advice to him is, to let it alone. I will not dwell at any length upon the first point, because there is a general consensus of opinion as to the nature of the topics which should be chosen. The second point—practical teaching—is one of great importance, because it requires more capital to set it agoing, demands more time, and, last, but by no means least, it requires much more personal exertion and trouble on the part of those professing to teach, than is the case with other kinds of instruction.

When I accepted the invitation to be here this evening, your secretary was good enough to send me the addresses which have been given by distinguished persons who have previously occupied this chair. I don't know whether he had a malicious desire to alarm me; but, however that may be, I read the addresses, and derived the greatest pleasure and profit from some of them, and from none more than from the one given by the great historian, Mr. Freeman, which delighted me most of all; and, if I had not been ashamed of plagiarizing, and if I had not been sure of being found out, I should have been glad to have copied very much of what Mr. Freeman said, simply putting in the word science for history. There was one notable passage,—"The difference between good and bad teaching mainly consists in this, whether the words used are really clothed with a meaning or not." And Mr. Freeman gives a remarkable example of this. He says, when a little girl was asked *where Turkey was, she answered that it was in the yard with the other* fowls, and that showed she had a definite idea connected with the word Turkey, and was, so far, worthy of praise. I quite agree with that commendation; but what a curious thing it is that one should now find it necessary to urge that this is the be-all and end-all of scientific instruction—the *sine qua non*, the absolutely necessary condition,—and yet that it was insisted upon more than two hundred years ago by one of the greatest men science ever possessed in this country, William Harvey. Harvey wrote, or at least published, only two small books, one of which *is the well-known treatise on the circulation of the blood. The other*, the "Exercitationes de Generatione," is less known, but not less remarkable. And not the least valuable part of it is the preface, in which there occurs this passage: "Those who, reading the words of authors, do not form sensible images of the things referred to, obtain no true ideas, but conceive false imaginations and inane phantasms." You see, William Harvey's words are just the same in substance as those of Mr. Freeman.

only they happen to be rather more than two centuries older. So that what I am now saying has its application elsewhere than in science; but assuredly in science the condition of knowing, of your own knowledge, things which you talk about, is absolutely imperative.

I remember, in my youth, there were detestable books which ought to have been burned by the hands of the common hangman, for they contained questions and answers to be learned by heart, of this sort, "What is a horse? The horse is termed *Equus caballus*; belongs to the class Mammalia; order, Pachydermata; family, Solidungula." Was any human being wiser for learning that magic formula? Was he not more foolish, inasmuch as he was deluded into taking words for knowledge? It is that kind of teaching that one wants to get rid of, and banished out of science. Make it as little as you like, but, unless that which is taught is based on actual observation and familiarity with facts, it is better left alone.

There are a great many people who imagine that elementary teaching might be properly carried out by teachers provided with only elementary knowledge. Let me assure you that that is the profoundest mistake in the world. There is nothing so difficult to do as to write a good elementary book, and there is nobody so hard to teach properly and well as people who know nothing about a subject, and I will tell you why. If I address an audience of persons who are occupied in the same line of work as myself, I can assume that they know a vast deal, and that they can find out the blunders I make. If they don't, it is their fault and not mine; but when I appear before a body of people who know nothing about the matter, who take for gospel whatever I say, surely it becomes needful that I consider what I say, make sure that it will bear examination, and that I do not impose upon the credulity of those who have faith in me. In the second place, it involves that difficult process of knowing what you know so well that you can talk about it as you can talk about your ordinary business. A man can always talk about his own business. He can always make it plain; but, if his knowledge is hearsay, he is afraid to go beyond what he has recollected, and put it before those that are ignorant in such a shape that they shall comprehend it. That is why, to be a good elementary teacher, to teach the elements of any subject, requires most careful consideration, if you are a master of the subject; and, if you are not a master of it, it is needful you should familiarize yourself with so much as you are called upon to teach—soak yourself in it, so to speak—until you know it as part of your daily life and daily knowledge, and then you will be able to teach anybody.

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science, whatever his desire might be, to get instruction which would enable him to be a good teacher of elementary things. All that is being rapidly altered, and I hope it will soon become a thing of the past.

The last point I have referred to is the question of the sufficiency of time. And here comes the rub. The teaching of science needs time, as any other subject; but it needs more time proportionally than other subjects, for the amount of work obviously done, if the teaching is to be, as I have said, practical. Work done in a laboratory involves a good deal of expenditure of time without always an obvious result, because we do not see anything of that quiet process of soaking the facts into the mind, which takes place through the organs of the senses. On this ground there must be ample time given to science teaching. What that amount of time should be is a point which I need not discuss now; in fact, it is a point which cannot be settled until one has made up one's mind about various other questions.

All, then, that I have to ask for, on behalf of the scientific people, if I may venture to speak for more than myself, is that you should put scientific teaching into what statesmen call the condition of "the most favoured nation"; that is to say, that it shall have as large a share of the time given to education as any other principal subject. You may say that that is a very vague statement, because the value of the allotment of time, under those circumstances, depends upon the number of principal subjects. It is x the time, and an unknown quantity of principal subjects dividing that, and science taking shares with the rest. That shows that we cannot deal with this question fully until we have made up our minds as to what the principal subjects of education ought to be.

I know quite well that launching myself into this discussion is a very dangerous operation; that it is a very large subject, and one which is difficult to deal with, however much I may trespass upon your patience in the time allotted to me. But the discussion is so fundamental, it is so completely impossible to make up one's mind on these matters until one has settled the question, that I will even venture to make the experiment. A great lawyer-statesman and philosopher of a former age—I mean Francis Bacon—said that truth came out of error much more rapidly than it came out of confusion. There is a wonderf

that saying. Next to being right in this world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, because you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing about between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere; but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again. So I will not trouble myself as to whether I may be right or wrong in what I am about to say, but at any rate I hope to be clear and definite; and then you will be able to judge for yourselves whether, in following out the train of thought I have to introduce, you knock your heads against facts or not.

I take it that the whole object of education is, in the first place, to train the faculties of the young in such a manner as to give their possessors the best chance of being happy and useful in their generation; and, in the second place, to furnish them with the most important portions of that immense capitalized experience of the human race which we call knowledge of various kinds. I am using the term knowledge in its widest possible sense; and the question is, what subjects to select by training and discipline, in which the object I have just defined may be best attained.

I must call your attention further to this fact, that all the subjects of our thoughts—all feelings and propositions (leaving aside our sensations as the mere materials and occasions of thinking and feeling), all our mental furniture—may be classified under one of two heads—as either within the province of the intellect, something that can be put into propositions and affirmed or denied; or as within the province of feeling, or that which, before the name was defiled, was called the æsthetic side of our nature, and which can neither be proved nor disproved, but only felt and known.

According to the classification which I have put before you, then, the subjects of all knowledge are divisible into the two groups, matters of science and matters of art; for all things with which the reasoning faculty alone is occupied, come under the province of science; and in the broadest sense, and not in the narrow and technical sense in which we are now accustomed to use the word art, all things feelable, all things which stir our emotions, come under the term of art, in the sense of the subject-matter of the æsthetic faculty. So that we are shut up to this—that the business of education is, in the first place, to provide the young with the means and the habit of observation; and secondly, to supply the subject-matter of knowledge either in the shape of science or of art, or of both combined.

Now, it is a very remarkable fact—but it is true of most things in this world—that there is hardly anything one-sided, or of one nature; and it is not immediately obvious what of the things that interest us may be regarded as pure science, and what may be regarded as pure art. It may be that there are some peculiarly constituted persons who, before they have advanced far into the depths of geometry, find artistic beauty about it; but, taking the generality of mankind, I think it may be said that, when they begin to learn mathematics, their whole souls are absorbed in tracing the connexion between the premises and the conclusion, and that to them geometry is pure science. So I think it may be said that mechanics and osteology are pure science. On the other hand, melody in music is pure art. You cannot reason about it; there is no proposition involved in it. So, again, in the pictorial art, an arabesque, or a "harmony in grey," touches none but the æsthetic faculty. But a great mathematician, and even many persons who are not great mathematicians, will tell you that they derive immense pleasure from geometrical reasonings. Everybody knows mathematicians speak of solutions and problems as "elegant," and they tell you that a certain mass of mystic symbols is "beautiful, quite lovely." Well, you do not see it. They do see it, because the intellectual process, the process of comprehending the reasons symbolized by these figures and these signs, confers upon them a sort of pleasure, such as an artist has in visual symmetry. Take a science of which I may speak with more confidence, and which is the most attractive of those I am concerned with. It is what we call morphology, which consists in tracing out the unity in variety of the infinitely diversified structures of animals and plants. I cannot give you any example of a thorough æsthetic pleasure more intensely real than a pleasure of this kind—the pleasure which arises in one's mind when a whole mass of different structures run into one harmony as the expression of a central law. That is where the province of art overlays and embraces the province of intellect. And, if I may venture to express an opinion on such a subject, the great majority of forms of art are not in the sense what I just now defined them to be—pure art; but they derive much of their quality from simultaneous and even unconscious excitement of the intellect.

When I was a boy, I was very fond of music, and I am so now; and it so happened that I had the opportunity of hearing much good music. Among other things, I had abundant opportunities of hearing that great old master, Sebastian Bach. I remember perfectly well—though I knew nothing about music then, and, I may add, know nothing what-

ever about it now—the intense satisfaction and delight which I had in listening, by the hour together, to Bach's fugues. It is a pleasure which remains with me, I am glad to think; but, of late years, I have tried to find out the why and wherefore, and it has often occurred to me that the pleasure derived from musical compositions of this kind is essentially of the same nature as that which is derived from pursuits which are commonly regarded as purely intellectual. I mean, that the source of pleasure is exactly the same as in most of my problems in morphology—that you have the theme in one of the old master's works followed out in all its endless variations, always appearing and always reminding you of unity in variety. So in painting; what is called "truth to nature" is the intellectual element coming in, and truth to nature depends entirely upon the intellectual culture of the person to whom art is addressed. If you are in Australia, you may get credit for being a good artist—I mean among the natives—if you can draw a kangaroo after a fashion. But, among men of higher civilization, the intellectual knowledge we possess brings its criticism into our appreciation of works of art, and we are obliged to satisfy it, as well as the mere sense of beauty in colour and in outline. And so, the higher the culture and information of those whom art addresses, the more exact and precise must be what we call its "truth to nature."

If we turn to literature, the same thing is true, and you find works of literature which may be said to be pure art. A little song of Shakespeare or of Goethe is pure art; it is exquisitely beautiful, although its intellectual content may be nothing. A series of pictures is made to pass before your mind by the meaning of words, and the effect is a melody of ideas. Nevertheless, the great mass of the literature we esteem is valued, not merely because of having artistic form, but because of its intellectual content; and the value is the higher the more precise, distinct, and true is that intellectual content. And, if you will let me for a moment speak of the very highest forms of literature, do we not regard them as highest simply because the more we know the truer they seem, and the more competent we are to appreciate beauty the more beautiful they are? No man ever understands Shakespeare until he is old, though the youngest may admire him, the reason being that he satisfies the artistic instinct of the youngest and harmonizes with the ripest and richest experience of the oldest.

I have said this much to draw your attention to what, to my mind, lies at the root of all this matter, and at the understanding of one another by the men of science on the one hand, and the men of literature, and

history, and art, on the other. It is not a question whether one order of study or another should predominate. It is a question of what topics of education you shall select which will combine all the needful elements in such due proportion as to give the greatest amount of food, support, and encouragement to those faculties which enable us to appreciate truth, and to profit by those sources of innocent happiness which are open to us, and, at the same time, to avoid that which is bad, and coarse, and ugly, and keep clear of the multitude of pitfalls and dangers which beset those who break through the natural or moral laws.

I address myself, in this spirit, to the consideration of the question of the value of purely literary education. Is it good and sufficient, or is it insufficient and bad? Well, here I venture to say that there are literary educations and literary educations. If I am to understand by that term the education that was current in the great majority of middle-class schools, and upper schools too, in this country when I was a boy, and which consisted absolutely and almost entirely in keeping boys for eight or ten years at learning the rules of Latin and Greek grammar, construing certain Latin and Greek authors, and possibly making verses which, had they been English verses, would have been condemned as abominable doggerel,—if that is what you mean by liberal education, then I say it is scandalously insufficient and almost worthless. My reason for saying so is not from the point of view of science at all, but from the point of view of literature. I say the thing professes to be literary education that is not a literary education at all. It was not literature at all that was taught, but science in a very bad form. It is quite obvious that grammar is science and not literature. The analysis of a text by the help of the rules of grammar is just as much a scientific operation as the analysis of a chemical compound by the help of the rules of chemical analysis. There is nothing that appeals to the æsthetic faculty in that operation; and I ask multitudes of men of my own age, who went through this process, whether they ever had a conception of art or literature until they obtained it for themselves after leaving school? Then you may say, "If that is so, if the education was scientific, why cannot you be satisfied with it?" I say, because although it is a scientific training, it is of the most inadequate and inappropriate kind. If there is any good at all in scientific education it is that men should be trained, as I said before, to know things for themselves at first hand, and that they should understand every step of the reason of that which they do.

I desire to speak with the utmost respect of that science—philology—of which grammar is a part and parcel; yet everybody knows that grammar

as it is usually learned at school, affords no scientific training. It is taught just as you would teach the rules of chess or draughts. On the other hand, if I am to understand by a literary education the study of the literatures of either ancient or modern nations—but especially those of antiquity, and especially that of ancient Greece; if this literature is studied, not merely from the point of view of philological science, and its practical application to the interpretation of texts, but as an exemplification of and commentary upon the principles of art; if you look upon the literature of a people as a chapter in the development of the human mind, if you work out this in a broad spirit, and with such collateral references to morals and politics, and physical geography, and the like as are needful to make you comprehend what the meaning of ancient literature and civilization is,—then, assuredly, it affords a splendid and noble education. But I still think it is susceptible of improvement, and that no man will ever comprehend the real secret of the difference between the ancient world and our present time, unless he has learned to see the difference which the late development of physical science has made between the thought of this day and the thought of that, and he will never see that difference, unless he has some practical insight into some branches of physical science; and you must remember that a literary education such as that which I have just referred to, is out of the reach of those whose school life is cut short at sixteen or seventeen.

But, you will say, all this is fault-finding; let us hear what you have in the way of positive suggestion. Then I am bound to tell you that, if I could make a clean sweep of everything—I am very glad I cannot because I might, and probably should, make mistakes,—but if I could make a clean sweep of everything and start afresh, I should, in the first place, secure that training of the young in reading and writing, and in the habit of attention and observation, both to that which is told them, and that which they see, which everybody agrees to. But in addition to that, I should make it absolutely necessary for everybody, for a longer or shorter period, to learn to draw. Now, you may say, there are some people who cannot draw, however much they may be taught. I deny that *in toto,* because I never yet met with anybody who could not learn to write. Writing is a form of drawing; therefore if you give the same attention and trouble to drawing as you do to writing, depend upon it, there is nobody who cannot be made to draw, more or less well. Do not misapprehend me. I do not say for one moment you would make an artistic draughtsman. Artists are not made; they grow. You may improve the natural faculty in that direction, but you

cannot make it; but you can teach simple drawing, and you will find it an implement of learning of extreme value. I do not think its value can be exaggerated, because it gives you the means of training the young in attention and accuracy, which are the two things in which all mankind are more deficient than in any other mental quality whatever. The whole of my life has been spent in trying to give my proper attention to things and to be accurate, and I have not succeeded as well as I could wish; and other people, I am afraid, are not much more fortunate. You cannot begin this habit too early, and I consider there is nothing of so great a value as the habit of drawing, to secure those two desirable ends.

Then we come to the subject-matter, whether scientific or æsthetic, of education, and I should naturally have no question at all about teaching the elements of physical science of the kind I have sketched, in a practical manner; but among scientific topics, using the word scientific in the broadest sense, I would also include the elements of the theory of morals and of that of political and social life, which, strangely enough, it never seems to occur to anybody to teach a child. I would have the history of our own country, and of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon it, with incidental geography, not as a mere chronicle of reigns and battles, but as a chapter in the development of the race, and the history of civilization.

Then with respect to æsthetic knowledge and discipline, we have happily in the English language one of the most magnificent storehouses of artistic beauty and of models of literary excellence which exist in the world at the present time. I have said before, and I repeat it here, that if a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say, if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and, what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision, with force, and with art Finally, I would add instruction in either music or painting, or, if the child should be so unhappy, as sometimes happens, as to have no faculty for either of those, and no possibility of doing anything in any artistic sense with them, then I would see what could be done with literature alone; but I would provide, in the fullest sense, for the development of the æsthetic

side of the mind. In my judgment, those are all the essentials of education for an English child. With that outfit, such as it might be made in the time given to education which is within the reach of nine-tenths of the population—with that outfit, an Englishman, within the limits of English life, is fitted to go anywhere, to occupy the highest positions, to fill the highest offices of the State, and to become distinguished in practical pursuits, in science, or in art. For, if he have the opportunity to learn all those things, and have his mind disciplined in the various directions the teaching of those topics would have necessitated, then, assuredly, he will be able to pick up, on his road through life, all the rest of the intellectual baggage he wants.

If the educational time at our disposition were sufficient, there are one or two things I would add to those I have just now called the essentials; and perhaps you will be surprised to hear, though I hope you will not, that I should add, not more science, but one, or, if possible, two languages. The knowledge of some other language than one's own is, in fact, of singular intellectual value. Many of the faults and mistakes of the ancient philosophers are traceable to the fact that they knew no language but their own, and were often led into confusing the symbol with the thought which it embodied. I think it is Locke who says that one-half of the mistakes of philosophers have arisen from questions about words; and one of the safest ways of delivering yourself from the bondage of words is, to know how ideas look in words to which you are not accustomed. That is one reason for the study of language; another reason is, that it opens new fields in art and in science. Another is the practical value of such knowledge; and yet another is this, that if your languages are properly chosen, from the time of learning the additional languages you will know your own language better than ever you did. So, I say, if the time given to education permits, add Latin and German. Latin, because it is the key to nearly one-half of English and to all the Romance languages; and German, because it is the key to almost all the remainder of English, and helps you to understand a race from whom most of us have sprung, and who have a character and a literature of a fateful force in the history of the world, such as probably has been allotted to those of no other people, except the Jews, the Greeks, and ourselves. Beyond these, the essential and the eminently desirable elements of all education, let each man take up his special line—the historian devote himself to his history, the man of science to his science, the man of letters to his culture of that kind, and the artist to his special pursuit.

Address delivered in 1882.

LESLIE STEPHEN (1832–1904)

After leaving Eton, he became fellow and tutor at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He relinquished holy orders to become the editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," and, later, conjointly with Sidney Lee, of the first 26 volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography." His works include "The Playground of Europe."

CARLYLE'S ETHICS

I HAVE sometimes wondered of late what would have been the reception accorded to an autobiographical sketch by Saint John the Baptist. It would, one may suppose, have contained some remarks not very palatable to refined society. The scoffers indeed would have covered their delight in an opportunity for lowering a great reputation by a plausible veil of virtuous indignation. The Pharisees would have taken occasion to dwell upon the immoral contempt of the stern prophet for the maxims of humdrum respectability. The Sadducees would have aired their orthodoxy by lamenting his open denunciations of shams, which, in their opinion, were quite as serviceable as real beliefs. Both would have agreed that nothing but a mean personal motive could have prompted such an outrageous utterance of discontent. And the good, kindly, well-meaning people—for, doubtless, there were some such even at the Court of Herod—would have been sincerely shocked at the discovery that the vehement denunciations to which they had listened were in good truth the utterance of a tortured and unhappy nature, which took in all sincerity a gloomy view of the prospects of their society and the intrinsic value of its idols, instead of merely getting up indignation for purposes of pulpit oratory. They—complacent optimists, as kindly people are apt to be—have made up their minds that a genuine philosopher is always a benevolent, white-haired old gentleman, overflowing with philanthropic sentiment, convinced that all is for the best, and that even the "miserable sinners" are excellent people at bottom; and

are grievously shocked at the discovery that anybody can still believe in the existence of the devil as a potent agent in human affairs. If we have any difficulty in imagining such criticisms, we may easily realize them by reading certain criticism upon the "Reminiscences" of the last prophet—for we may call him a prophet whatever we think of the sources of his inspiration—who has passed from among us. The reflection which has most frequently occurred to me is one put with characteristic force by Carlyle himself in describing the sight of Charles X going to see the portrait of "the child of miracle."

"How tragical are men once more; how merciless withal to one another! I had not the least pity for Charles Dix's pious pilgriming to such an object; the poor mother of it, and her immense hopes and pains, I did not even think of them."

And so, the average criticism of that most tragical and pathetic monologue—in reality a soliloquy to which we have somehow been admitted—that prolonged and painful moment of remorse and desolation coming from a proud and intensely affectionate nature in its direct agony—a record which will be read with keen sympathy and interest when ninety-nine of a hundred of the best contemporary books have been abandoned to the moths—has been such as would have been appropriate for the flippant assault of some living penny-a-liner upon the celebrities of to-day. The critics have had an eye for nothing but the harshness and gloom, and have read without a tear, without even a touch of sympathy, a confession more moving, more vividly reflecting the struggles and the anguish of a great man, than almost anything in our literature.

Enough of this: though in speaking of Carlyle at this time it is impossible to pass it over in complete silence. I intend only to say something of Carlyle's teaching, which seems to be as much misunderstood by some of his critics as his character. It should require little impartiality or insight at the present day to do something like justice to a teacher who belonged essentially to a past generation. When Carlyle was still preaching upon questions of the day, my juvenile sympathies—such as they were—were always on the side of his opponents. But he and his opinions have passed into the domain of history, and we can, or at least we should, judge of them as calmly as we can of Burke or Milton. In the year 1789 you might have sympathized with Mackintosh, or with Tom Paine rather than with the great opponent of the Revolution; and you may even now hold that they were more in the right as to the immediate issues than Burke. But it would, indeed, be a narrow mind which could not now perceive that Burke, as a philosophic writer upon

politics, towers like a giant amidst pigmies above the highest of his contemporaries; and that the value of his principles is scarcely affected by the particular application. Though Carlyle touched upon more recent events, we can already make the same distinction, and we must make it if we would judge fairly in his case.

The most obvious of all remarks about Carlyle is one expressed (I think) by Sir Henry Taylor in the phrase that he was "a Calvinist who had lost his creed." Rather we should say he was a Calvinist who had dropped the dogmas out of his creed. It is no doubt a serious question what remains of a creed when thus eviscerated; or, again, how long it is likely to survive such an operation. But for the present purpose it is enough to say that what remained for Carlyle was the characteristic temper of mind and the whole mode of regarding the universe. He often declared that the Hebrew Scriptures, though he did not adhere to the orthodox view of their authority, contained the most tenable theory of the world ever propounded to mankind. Without seeking to define what was the element which he had preserved, and what it was that he had abandoned, or attempting the perilous task of drawing a line between the essence and accidents of a creed, it is in any case clear that Carlyle was as Scottish in faith as in character; that he would have taken and imposed the Covenant with a most thoroughgoing and *ex animo* assent and consent; and that the difference between him and his forefathers was one rather of particular beliefs than of essential sentiment. He had changed rather the data upon which his convictions were based than the convictions themselves. He revered what his fathers revered, but he revered the same principle in other manifestations, and to them this would naturally appear a profanation, whilst from his point of view it was but a legitimate extension of their fundamental beliefs.

The more one reads Carlyle the further one traces the consequences of this belief. The Puritan creed, one may say, is not popular at the present day for reasons which might easily be assigned; and those who dislike it in any form are not conciliated by the omission of its external peculiarities. And, on the other hand, the omission naturally alienates many who would otherwise sympathize. When Carlyle speaks of "the Eternities" and "the Silences," he is really using a convenient periphrasis for thoughts more naturally expressed by most people in the language peculiar to Cromwell—the translation is often given side by side with the original in the comments upon Cromwell's letters and speeches—and his mode of speech is dictated by the feeling that the old dogmatic

forms are too narrow and too much associated with scholastic pedantry to be appropriate in presence of such awful mysteries. He is, as Teufelsdröckh would have said, dropping the old clothes of belief only that he may more fittingly express the living reality.

To Carlyle, for example, the later developments of Irvingism, the speaking with tongues, and so forth, appeared as simply contemptible, or, when sanctioned by the friend whose memory he cherished so pathetically, as inexpressibly pitiable. It was a hopeless attempt to cling to the worn-out rags, a dropping of the substance to grasp the shadow; ending, therefore, in a mere grotesque caricature of belief which made genuine belief all the more difficult of attainment. You are seeking for outward signs and wonders when you should be impressed by the profound and all-pervading mysteries of the universe; and therefore falling into the hands of mere charlatans, and taking the morbid hysterics of over-excited women for the revelation conveyed by all nature to those who have ears to hear. Has not the word "spiritual" till now expressive of the highest emotions possible to human beings, got itself somehow stained and debased by association with the loathsome tricks practised by impostors aided by the prurient curiosity of their dupes? The perversion of the highest instincts which leads a man in his very anxiety to find a true prophet and spiritual leader to put up with some miserable Cagliostro—a quack working "miracles" by sleight of hand and phosphorus—appeared to Carlyle and surely appeared to him most likely, as a saddest of all conceivable aberrations of human nature; saddest because some men with a higher strain of character are amenable to such influences. But when Carlyle came to specify what was and what was not quackery of this kind, and included much that was still sacred to others, he naturally had to part company with many who would otherwise have sympathized. Miss Martineau, he tells us, was described as not only stripping herself naked, but stripping to the bone. Carlyle seems to some people to be performing this last operation, though to himself it appeared in the opposite light.

To Carlyle himself the liberation from the old clothes or external casing of belief constituted what he regarded as equivalent to the conversion of the "old Christian people." He merged, he tells us, in a higher atmosphere, and gained a "constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant": a happiness, he adds, which he never quite lost, though in later years it suffered more frequent eclipse. For this he held himself to be "endlessly indebted" to Goethe; for Goethe had in his own fashion

trod the same path and achieved the same victory. Conversion, as meaning the conscious abandonment of beliefs which have once formed an integral and important part of a man's life, is a process which indeed must be very exceptional with all men of real force of character. Carlyle, it is plain, was so far from undergoing such a process, that he retained much which would have been little in harmony with the teaching of his master. For, whilst everybody can see that Goethe reached a region of philosophic serenity, we must take Carlyle's "royal and supreme happiness" on trust. If his earlier writings have some gleams of the happier mood, we are certainly much more frequently in the region of murky gloom, shrouded by the Tartarean and "fuliginous" vapours of the lower earth. If his studies of Goethe and German literature opened a door of escape from the narrow prejudices which made the air of Edinburgh oppressive to him, they certainly did not help him to shake off the old Puritan sentiments which were bred in the bone, and no mere external trapping.

Critics have spoken as though Carlyle had become a disciple of some school of German metaphysics. It is, doubtless, true enough that he valued the great German thinkers as representing to his mind a victorious reaction against the scepticism of Hume, or the materialism of Hume's French successors. But he sympathized with the general tendency without caring to bewilder himself in any of the elaborate systems evolved by Kant or his followers. The reader, he says in the earlier essay on Novalis, "would err widely who supposed that this transcendental system of metaphysics was a mere intellectual card-castle, or logical hocuspocus . . . without any bearing on the practical interests of men. On the contrary . . . it is the most serious in its purport of all philosophies propounded in these later ages;" and he proceeds to indicate their purport, and to hint, as one writing for uncongenial readers, his respect for German "mysticism." He thought, that is, that these mystics, transcendentalists, and so forth, were vindicating faith against scepticism, idealism, against materialism, a belief in the divine order, against atheistic negations; and, moreover, that their fundamental creed was inexpugnable, resting on a basis of solid reason instead of outworn dogma. As for the superstructure, the systems of this or that wonderful professor to explain the universe in general, he probably held them to be "card-castles"—mere cobwebs of the brain—at best arid, tentative gropings in the right direction. He had far too much of true Scottish shrewdness—even in the higher regions of thought—to trust body or soul to the truth of such flimsy materials.

This comes out in his view of Coleridge, who so far sympathized with him as to have imbibed consolation from the same sources. No reader of the life of Sterling can forget the chapter—one of the most vivid portraits ever drawn even by Carlyle—devoted to Coleridge as the oracle of the "innumerable brave souls" still engaged in the London turmoil—a portrait which suggests incidentally how much was left unspoken in the hastier touches of the "Reminiscences." We can see the oracle not answering your questions, nor decidedly setting out towards an answer, but accumulating "formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear for setting out; ending by losing himself in the morass and in the mazes of theosophic philosophy," where now and then "glorious islets" would rise out of the haze, only to be lost again in the surrounding gloom. In his talk, as in him, "a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled in a tragically ineffectual degree against the weakness of flesh and blood." He had "skirted the deserts of infidelity," but "had not the courage, in defiance of pain and terror to press resolutely across such deserts to the new firm lands of faith beyond." Many disciples have of course seen more in Coleridge; but even his warmest admirers must admit the general truth of the picture, and confess that if Coleridge cast a leaven of much virtue into modern English speculation, he never succeeded in working out a downright answer to the philosophical perplexities of his day, or in promulgating a distinct rule of faith or life. To Carlyle this was enough to condemn Coleridge as a teacher. Coleridge, in his view, failed because he adhered to the "old clothes"; tried desperately to breathe life into dead creeds; and, encumbered with such burdens, could not make the effort necessary to cross the "desert." He lingered fatally round the starting-point, and succeeded only in starting "strange spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory hybrids, and ecclesiastical chimeras which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner."

The judgment is in many ways characteristic of Carlyle. To the genuine Puritan a creed is nothing which does not immediately embody itself in a war-cry. It must have a direct forcible application to life. It must divide light from darkness, distinguish friends from enemies—both external and internal—nerve your arm for the battle, and plant your feet on solid standing-ground. It must be no flickering ray in the midst of the gloom, but a steady, unquenchable light—a permanent "star to every wandering bark." Coleridge would stimulate only to uncertain musings, instead of animating to strenuous endeavour. The

same sentiment utters itself in Carlyle's favourite exaltation of silence above speech—a phrase paradoxical if literally taken, but in substance an emphatic assertion of the futility of the uncertain meanderings in the regions of abstract speculation which hinder a man from girding himself at once to deadly wrestle with the powers of darkness.

This is but a new version of the Puritan contempt for the vain speculations of human vision when he is himself conscious of an inner light guiding him infallibly through the labyrinth of the world. The Puritan contempt for ascetic enjoyments springs from the same root, and is equally characteristic of Carlyle. He can never see much difference between fiction and lying. "Fiction (he says) or idle falsity of any kind was never tolerable, except in a world which did itself abound in practical lies and solid shams . . . a serious soul, can it wish, even in hours of relaxation, that you should fiddle empty nonsense to it? A serious soul would desire to be entertained either with silence or with what was truth, and had fruit in it, and was made by the Maker of us all,"—a doctrine which will clearly not commend itself to an æsthetic world. "Poetry, fiction in general, he (Carlyle the father) had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal," and the son adhered to the opinion except so far as he came to admit that fiction might in a sense be true. The ground-feeling is still that of some old Puritan, preaching, like Baxter, as "a dying man to dying men," and at most tolerant of anything not directly tending to edification. Carlyle, of course, belonged emphatically to the imaginative as distinguished from the speculative order of minds. He was a man of intuitions, not of discursive thought: who felt before he reasoned: to whom it was a mental necessity that a principle should clothe itself in concrete flesh and blood, and if possible in some definite historical hero, before he could fully believe in it. He wanted vivid images in place of abstract formulas. His indifference to the metaphysical was not simply that of the practical man who regards all such enquiries as leading to hopeless bottomless quagmires of doubt and a paralysis of all active will, as an attempt, doomed to failure from the beginning, to get off your own shadow, and to twist and twirl till your pig-tail hangs before you, though this, too, counts for much in his teaching; but it was also the antipathy of the imaginative mind to the passionless analyser who "explains" the living organism by reducing it to a dead mechanism. It is, indeed, remarkable that Carlyle had a certain comparative respect even for the materialist and utilitarian whom he so harshly denounced. Such a

man was at least better than the ineffectual dilettante or dealer in small shams and phantasms. Anything thoroughgoing, even a thoroughgoing rejection of the highest elements of life, so far deserved respect as at least affording some firm starting-point. But, for the most part, the scientific frame of mind, so far as it implies a tranquil dissecting of concrete phenomena into their dead elements, jarred upon every fibre of his nature. Political economy, which treats society as a complex piece of machinery, and the logic which resolves the universe itself into a mere heap of separable atoms, seemed to him hopelessly barren, and uninteresting to the higher mind. Mill's talk and books—which specially represented this mode of thought for him—were "sawdustish"; for what is sawdust but the dead product of a living growth deprived of its organizing principle and reduced to mere dry, indigestible powder? To the poetic as to the religious nature of Carlyle, such a process was to make the whole world weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Carlyle, therefore, must be judged as a poet, and not as a dealer in philosophic systems; as a seer or a prophet, not as a theorist or a man of calculations. And, therefore, if I were attempting any criticism of his literary merits, I should dwell upon his surpassing power in his peculiar province. Admitting that every line he wrote has the stamp of his idiosyncrasies, and consequently requires a certain congeniality of temperament in the reader, I should try to describe the strange spell which it exercises over the initiated. If you really hate the grotesque, the gloomy, the exaggerated, you are of course disqualified from enjoying Carlyle. You must take leave of what ordinarily passes even for common sense, of all academical canons of taste, and of any weak regard for symmetry or simplicity, before you enter the charmed circle. But if you can get rid of your prejudices for the nonce, you will certainly be rewarded by seeing visions such as are evoked by no other magician. The common sense reappears in the new shape of strange, vivid flashes of humour and insight casting undisputed gleams of light into many dark places; and dashing off graphic portraits with a single touch. And if you miss the serene atmosphere of calmer forms of art, it is something to feel at times, as no one but Carlyle can make you feel, that each instant is the "conflux of two eternities"; that our little lives, in his favourite Shakespearian phrase, are "rounded with sleep"; that history is like the short space lighted up by a flickering taper in the midst of infinite glooms and mysteries, and its greatest events brief scenes in a vast drama of conflicting forces, where the actors are passing in rapid succession—rising from and vanishing into the all-embracing darkness. And if

there is something oppressive to the imagination when we stay long in this singular region, over which the same inspiration seems to be brooding which created the old Northern mythology with its grim, gigantesque, semi-humorous figures, we are rewarded by the vividness of *the pictures standing out against the surrounding emptiness; some little* groups of human figures, who lived and moved like us in the long-past days; or of vignettes of scenery, like the Alpine sunrise in the "Sartor Resartus," or the sight of sleeping Haddington from the high moorland in the "Reminiscences," as bright and vivid for us as our own memories, and revealing unsuspected sensibilities in the writer. Though he scorned the word-painters and description-mongers, no one was a better landscape painter. It is perhaps idle to dwell upon characteristics which one either feels or cannot be persuaded into feeling. Those to whom he is on the whole repugnant may admit him to be occasionally a master of the picturesque; and sometimes endeavour to put him out of court on the strength of this formula. A mere dealer, many exclaim, in oddities and grotesques, who will sacrifice anything to produce a startling effect, whose portraits are caricatures, whose style is torn to pieces by excessive straining after emphasis, and who systematically banishes all those half-tones which are necessary to faithful portraiture in the search after incessant contrasts of light and shade.

Let us first remark in regard to this that Carlyle himself peremptorily and emphatically denied that the distinction here assumed between the poet and the philosopher could be more than superficial. The philosopher only reaches his goal so far as his analysis leads to a synthesis, or as his abstract speculations can be embodied in definite concrete vision. And the poet is a mere idler, with no substantial or permanent value in him, unless he is uttering thoughts equally susceptible of philosophical exposition. "The hero (he says) can be poet, prophet, king, priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men. The poet who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas could never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the heroic warrior, unless he himself were an heroic warrior too." To this doctrine—though with various logical distinctions and [illegible]

down the fundamental doctrine of all sound criticism, whether of art or literature or life. Any teaching, that is, which attempts to separate

the poet from the man as though his excellence were to be measured by a radically different set of tests is, to my mind, either erroneous or trifling and superficial. The point at which one is inclined to part company with this teaching is different. I do not condemn Carlyle for judging the poet as he judges the hero, for the substantial worth of the man whom it reveals to us; but I admit that his ideal man has a certain stamp of Puritanical narrowness. So, for example, there is something characteristic in his judgments not only of Coleridge, but of Lamb or Scott. He judges Lamb as the spoilt child of Cockney circles, as the Baptist in his garment of camel's hair might have judged some favourite courtier cracking jokes for the amusement of Herodias's daughter. And of Scott, though he strives to do justice to the pride of all Scotchmen, and admits Scott's merit in breathing life into the past, his real judgment is based upon the maxim that literature must have higher aims "than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men." Scott was not one who had gone through spiritual convulsions, who had "dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes," but on the whole a prosperous easygoing gentleman, who found out the art of "writing impromptu novels to buy farms with"; and who can therefore by no means claim the entire devotion of the rigorous ascetic prophet to whom happiness is inconceivable except as the reward of victorious conflicts with the enemies of the soul. To me it seems that the error in such judgments is one of omission; but the omission is certainly considerable. For Carlyle's tacit assumption seems to be that the conscience should be not only the supreme but the single faculty of the soul; that mortality is not only a necessity, but the sole, condition of all excellence; and, therefore, that an ethical judgment is not merely implied in every æsthetic judgment, but is the sole essence and meaning of it. Our minds, according to some of his Puritan teachers, should be so exclusively set upon working out our salvation that every kind of aim not consciously directed to this ultimate end is a trifling which is closely akin to actual sin. Carlyle, accepting or unconsciously imbibing the spirit of such teaching, reserves his whole reverence for rigid and lofty natures, deserving beyond all question of reverence, but wanting in elements essential to the full development of our natures, and therefore, in the long run, to a broad morality.

This leads us to his most emphatically asserted doctrines. No one could assert more forcibly, emphatically, and frequently than Carlyle that morality or justice is the one indispensable thing; that justice means the law of God; that the sole test of the merits of any human law is

its conformity to the divine law; and that, as he puts it, all history is an "inarticulate Bible, and in a dim, intricate manner reveals the divine appearances in this lower world. For God did make this world, and does for ever govern it; the loud roaring loom of time, with all its French revolutions, Jewish revelations, 'weaves the vesture thou seest Him by.' There is no biography of a man, much less any history or biography of a nation, but wraps in it a message out of heaven, addressed to the hearing ear and the not-hearing."

It is needless to quote particular passages. This clearly is the special doctrine of Carlyle, embodied in all his works; preached in season and (often enough) out of season; which possesses him rather than is possessed by him; the sum and substance of the message which he had to deliver to the world, and spent his life and energy in delivering with emphasis. And yet we are constantly told that Carlyle was a cynic who believed in nothing but brute force. If such a criticism came only from those who had been repelled by his style from reading his books,—or again, only from the shallow and Pharisaical, who mistake any attack upon the arrangements to which they owe their comfort for an attack upon the eternal laws of the universe,—it might be dismissed with contempt. And this is, indeed, all that much of the average talk about Carlyle deserves. But there is a more solid ground in the objection, which brings us in face of Carlyle's most disputable teaching, and is worth considering.

We have, in fact, to consider the principle so often ascribed to him that Might makes Right; and this may be interpreted into the immoral doctrine that force is the one thing admirable, and success the sole test of merit. Cromwell was right because he cut off Charles's head, and Charles wrong because he lost his head. Frederick's political immorality is condoned because Frederick succeeded in making Prussia great; Napoleon was right so long as he was victorious, and was condemned because he ended in St. Helena. That, as some critics suppose, was Carlyle's meaning, and they very naturally denounce it as an offensive and cynical theory.

Now in one sense Carlyle's doctrine is the very reverse of this. His theory is the opposite one, that Right makes Might. He admires Cromwell, for example, and Cromwell is the hero after his own heart, expressly on the ground that Cromwell is the perfect embodiment of the Puritan principle, and that the essence of Puritanism was to "see God's own law good in this world. . . . Eternal justice; that God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven; corollaries will flow from

that, if that be there: if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow."

How does a doctrine apparently, at least, implying an unqualified belief in the absolute supremacy of right, a conviction that nothing but the rule of right can give a satisfactory basis for any human arrangement, get itself transmuted into an appearance of the opposite, of being a kind of Hobbism, deducing all morality from sheer force? Such transmutations, or apparent meetings of opposite extremes, are not uncommon, and the process might perhaps be most forcibly illustrated by a history of the old Puritans themselves. But it will be quite enough for my purpose to indicate, as briefly as may be, Carlyle's own method, which is of course guided as well by his temper as by his primary assumptions. He is predisposed in every way to take the sternest view of morality. He means by virtue, by no means an indiscriminate extension of all-comprehending benevolence, of goodwill to rogues and scoundrels, or amiable desire that everybody should have as pleasant a time of it as possible. Justice, according to him, and the most stringent and unflinching justice, is the essential basis of all morality. Love, doubtless, is the fulfilling of the law; but along with that truth you must also recognize the awful and mysterious truth, that hell itself is one product of the divine love. Love itself implies the destruction of evil and of the evil-doers. From this assumption it is not surprising if much modern philanthropy appeared to him as mere sentimentalism, a weak sympathy even for the suffering which is the divinely appointed remedy for social diseases, the mere effeminate shrinking from the surgical knife. The cardinal virtue from which all others might be inferred is not benevolence, but veracity, respect for facts and hatred of shams. This was not with Carlyle, as with some of his teachers, an abstract theorem of metaphysics, but the expression which tested all doctrine by its immediate practical influence upon the will, and which forced even his poetical imagination to spend itself not in creating images, but in realizing as vividly as possible the actual facts of history.

Carlyle's application of these principles brings out a remarkable result. "Puritanism (he says) was a genuine thing, for Nature has adopted it, and it has grown and grows. I say sometimes, that everything goes by wager of battle in this world; that *strength*, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Give a thing time; if it can succeed it is a right thing."

This is one form of Carlyle's essential principle, and is it not also the essential principle of Mr. Darwin's famous theory? It is an explicit

assertion of the doctrine of the struggle for existence, though applied here to Knox and the Puritans instead of to the origin of species. And yet, as we may note in passing, the evolutionists are, as a fact, the most ready to condemn Carlyle's immorality, whilst Carlyle could never find words adequate to express his contempt for them. In that thorough carrying out of this principle, Carlyle is approaching that profound problem which in one shape or other haunts all philosophies: What kind of victory may we expect for right in this world? If Might and Right were strictly identical, it would seem here that we might start indifferently from either basis. "This succeeds; therefore it is right," would be as tenable an argument as—"This is right; therefore it will succeed." Yet one doctrine has an edifying sound, and the other seems to be the very reverse of edifying. Moralists vie with each other in proclaiming their belief in the ultimate success of good causes, and yet indignantly deny that the goodness of a cause should be inferred from its success. We agree to applaud the prophecy, cited with applause by Carlyle himself, that Napoleon's empire would fail because founded upon injustice; but we are startled by an inference from the failure to the injustice. But why should there be so vast a difference in what seem to be equivalent modes of reasoning? Carlyle's answer would follow from the words just cited. You must, he says, "give a thing time." Nobody can deny the temporary prosperity of the wicked, and certainly Carlyle could not deny that injustice may flourish long before it produces the inevitable crash. "The mills of God grind slowly, though they grind exceeding small." And, therefore, it may make all the difference whether we make the success the premiss or the conclusion. For though, in the long run, the good causes may be trusted to succeed in time, and we may see in history the proof that they have succeeded, yet at any moment the test of success may be precarious whilst that of justice is infallible. We may distinguish the wheat from the tares before the reaper has cast one aside and preserved the other. At the moment the injustice of Napoleon's empire was manifest, though the cracks and fissures which were to cause its crumbling were still hidden from any observer.

By what signs, then, other than the ultimate test of success, can we discern the just from the unjust? That, of course, is the vital point which must decide upon the character of Carlyle's morality; and it is one which, in my opinion, he cannot be said to have answered distinctly. He gives, indeed, a test satisfactory to himself, and he enforces and applies it with superabundant energy and variety of phrase. That is

right, one may say briefly, which will "work." The sham is hollow and must be crushed in the tug and wrestle of the warring world.

The reality survives and gathers strength. Veracity in equivalent phrase is the condition of vitality. Truth endures; the lie perishes. But in applying this or his vast vocabulary of similar phrases, we come to a difficulty. "The largest veracity ever *done* in Parliament" was, he says, Sir Robert Peel's abolition of the Corn Laws. But how can you *do* veracity? What is a lie?—a question, as he observes, worth asking by the "practical English mind"; and to which he accordingly proceeds to give an answer. He insists, that is, very eloquently and vehemently, upon the inevitable results of all lying, and of all legislative and other action which proceeds upon the assumption of a falsity or an error which passes itself off for a truth. In all which I, for one, admit that there is not only truth, but truth nobly expressed and applied to the confutation of some most pestilent errors; and yet, as one must also admit, there is still an ambiguity. May it not, in fact, cover that exaltation of mere success which is so often objected to in him? Some tyrannical institution—slavery, for example—lives and flourishes through long ages. Is it thereby justified? Is it not a fact, and if fact and truth are the same things, is it not a truth sanctioned by the eternal veracities and so forth, and therefore entitled to our respect? This is one more form of that fundamental problem which really perplexes Carlyle's moral teaching, and which he has at least the merit of bringing into prominence, though not of answering. In fact, we may recognize in it an ancient philosophical controversy not yet set at rest; for, since the beginning of ethical theorizing, thinkers of various schools have tried in one way or other to deduce virtue from truth, and to identify all vice with error. But the reference is enough to show the difference of Carlyle's method. He might respect the metaphysician who held a doctrine so far analogous to his own; but the metaphysical method appeared to him as a mere formal logic-chopping, where the essence of the teaching escaped amidst barren demonstrations of verbal identities.

The real answer is here again a new version of the old Puritan answer. The Puritan fell back upon the will of God revealed through the Bible, whose authority was manifest by the inner light. If the wicked were allowed to triumph for a time, there was no danger of being misled by their success, for they were condemned in advance by the plain fact of their renunciation of the inspired guide. For Carlyle, the "hero" takes the place of, or rather is put side by side with, the older organs of inspiration. Every hero conveys in fact a new revelation to mankind; he

conveys a divine message, not, it is true, with infallible precision, or without an admixture of human error, but still the very kernel and essence of his teaching. He may come as prophet, king, poet, philosopher, and you may reject or accept his message at your peril. You may recognize it, as the Puritan recognized the authority of his Bible, by the spontaneous witness of your higher nature, and you will recognize it so long as you have not given yourself up to believe a lie. And if you demand some external proofs, you must be referred, not to some particular signs and wonders, but to what you may, if you please, call the "success" of the message; the fact, that is, that the hero has contributed some permanent element to the thoughts and lives of mankind, that he has revealed some enduring truth, created some permanent symbol of our highest feelings, or wrought some organic change in the very structure of society. There is a danger undoubtedly of confounding some temporary crystal palace or dazzling edifice of mere glass with an edifice founded on the rock and solid as the pyramids. The hero may be confounded with the sham, as, unfortunately, shams and realities are most frequently confounded in this world. But they differ for all that, and the true man recognizes the difference as the religious man knows the hypocrite from the saint. The test is indifferently the truth or the soundness of the work; they must coincide; but the test can only be applied by one who really loves the truth.

It is easy to point out the dangers of this position. It rests, after all you may say, upon the individual conviction, and lends itself too easily to that kind of dogmatism in which Carlyle indulged so freely, and which consists in asserting that any doctrine or system which he dislikes is an incarnate lie, and pronouncing that it is therefore doomed to failure. And, on the other hand, it may be equally perverted in the opposite direction by claiming a sacred character for every "lie" not yet exploded. Carlyle, beyond all question, was a man of intense prejudices, and the claim to inspiration, even to the inspiration of our teachers, very easily passes into a deification of our own prejudices. No one was more liable to that error; but it is better worth our while to look at some other aspect of his teaching.

For we may surely accept without hesitation one application of the doctrine which is of the first importance with Carlyle, and which he has taught so incessantly and impressively that to him more than to any other man may be attributed the general recognition of its truth. The success of any system of thought—the permanent influence, that is, of any great man or of any great institution—must be due to the truth

which it contains, or to its real value to mankind. This doctrine has become so much of a commonplace, and harmonizes so fully with all modern historical methods, that we are apt to overlook the service done by Carlyle in its explicit assertion and rigorous application to facts. When he was delivering his lectures upon hero-worship, intelligent people were still in the attitude of mind represented, for example, by Gibbon's famous explanation of the success of Christianity, as due, amongst other things, to the zeal of the early believers, as if the zeal required no explanation; when, on the other side, it was thought proper to explain Mahometanism, not by the admixture of genuine truth which it contained, but as a simple imposture. Carlyle still speaks like a man advancing a disputed theory when he urges in this latter case that to explain the power of Mahomet's sword, you must explain the force which wielded the sword; and that the ingenious hypothesis of a downright cheat will by no means serve the turn. This doctrine is now generally accepted, unless by a few clever people who still cherish the wire-pulling heresy which makes history a puppet-show manipulated by ingenious scoundrels, instead of a vast co-operation of organic forces. Carlyle, however, has done more than any writer to make such barren and degrading explanations impossible for all serious thinkers. His "Cromwell" has at least exploded once for all the simple-minded "hypocrisy" theory, as the essay upon Johnson destroyed the ingenious doctrine that a man could write a good book simply because he was a fool. Whether his portraits are accurate or not, they are at least set before us as conceivable and consistent human beings. The prosaic historian and biographer takes the average verdict of commonplace observers: if he is a partisan, he is content with the contemporary caricatures of the party to which he belongs; if he wishes to be impartial, he strikes a rough average between opposite errors; and if he wishes to be dazzling, he calmly combines incompatible judgments. Macaulay's works, with all their merits, are a perfect gallery of such portraits—rhetorically excellent, but hopelessly flimsy in substance: of angelic Whigs and fiendish Tories, and of strange monsters like his Bacon and his Boswell, made by quietly heaping together meanness and wisdom, sense and folly, and inviting you to accept a string of paradoxes as a sober statement of fact. The truly imaginative writer has to go deeper than this. He begins where the rhetorician ends. A great work, as he instinctively sees, implies a great force. A man can only leave his mark upon history so far as he is animated, and therefore worthy to be animated, by a great idea. The secret of his nature is to be discovered by a sympathetic imagination

acting by a kind of poetical induction. Gathering together all his recorded acts and utterances, the masses of recorded facts, preserved, often in hopeless confusion and misrepresentation, by his contemporaries, you must brood over them till at last you gain a clear vision of the underlying unity of character which manifests itself in these various ways. Then, at last, you may recognize the true hero, and discover unsuspected unity of purpose and strength of conviction, where the hasty judgments passed by contemporaries and those who set them upon isolated fragments of his career make a bewildering chaos of inconsistency. The process is admirably illustrated in the study of Cromwell, and the result has the merit of being at least a possible, if not a correct, theory of a great man.

This, again, is connected with another aspect of Carlyle's teaching—as valuable, though perhaps its value is not even now as generally recognized. For the tendency of his mind is always to substitute what is sometimes called the dynamical for the merely mechanical view of history. It is a necessity for his imagination to penetrate to the centre instead of remaining at the circumference; to unveil the actual forces which govern the working of the superficial phenomena, instead of losing himself in the external phenomena themselves. The true condition for understanding history is to gain a clear perception of the genuine beliefs, the wants, and passions which actually sway men's souls, instead of working simply at the complicated wheels and pulleys of the political machinery, or accepting the masses of idle verbiage which conceal our true thoughts from ourselves and from each other. An implicit faith in the potency of the machinery, and an equal neglect of the real driving force, was, in his view, the original sin of political theory. The constitution-mongers of the Delolme or Siéyès type, the men who fancied that government (as one of them said) was like "a dance where everything depended on the disposition of the figures," and nothing, therefore, on the nature of the dancers, have pretty well passed away. Carlyle saw the same vital fallacies in such nostrums as the ballot or the scheme so enthusiastically advocated by Hare and Mill.

"If of ten men nine are recognizable as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? Never by any conceivable ballot-box, nor by all the machinery in Bromwicham or out of it, will you attain such a result."

Whether Carlyle was right or wrong in the particular application I do not presume to say. Such a change as the ballot may perhaps imply more than a mere change of machinery. But I certainly cannot doubt

that he is right in the essence of his contention: that a perception of the difference between the merely mechanical details and the vital forces of a society is essential to any sound political theorizing; and that half our pet schemes of reform fail just from this cause, that they expect to change the essence by modifying the surface, and are therefore equivalent to plans for obtaining mechanical results without expending energy.

To have asserted these principles so emphatically is one of Carlyle's greatest merits; and if he obtained emphasis at the cost of exaggeration, overstatement, grotesque straining of language and imagery, and much substantial error as to facts, I can only say that the service remains, and is inestimable. But there is a less pleasing qualification to be made. The objection to the ballot as a purely mechanical arrangement is combined, as we have just seen, with the objection founded upon the prevalence of fools. That stinging phrase, "mostly fools," has stuck in our throats. The prophet who tells us that we are wicked may be popular—perhaps, because our consciences are on his side; but the prophet who calls us fools is likely to provoke our wrath. I, at least, never met a man who relished that imputation, even if he admitted it to contain a grain of truth. But, palatable or not, it is clearly fundamental with Carlyle. The world is formed of "dull millions, who, as a dull flock, roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led"; the great men are the "guides of the dull host, who follow them as by an irrevocable decree." They are the heroes to whom alone are granted real powers of vision and command; realities amongst shams, and knowers amongst vague feelers after knowledge. We need not ask how this theory was reached; whether it is the spontaneous sentiment of a proud and melancholy character, or really a fair estimate of the facts; or, again, a deduction from the "hero" doctrine. With that doctrine, at any rate, it naturally coincides. To exalt the stature of your hero, you must depress his fellows. If Gulliver is to be a giant, he must go to Lilliput. There is, however, a gap in the argument which is characteristically neglected by Carlyle. He would never have fairly accepted the doctrine—whose was it?—that, though a man may be wiser than anybody there is something wiser than he—namely, everybody. The omission is critical, and has many consequences. For one may fully admit Carlyle's estimate: one may hold the difference between a Shakespeare and an average contributor to the poet's corner of a newspaper, or between a born leader of men, a Cromwell and a Chatham, and the enormous majority of his followers, as something hardly expressible in words: one may admit that the history of thought or society

reveals the more clearly, the more closely it is studied, the height to which the chosen few tower above the average; one may even diminish the percentage of the wise from a tenth to a hundredth or a thousandth: and yet one may hold to the superior wisdom of the mass. No ballot-box, it is true, will make the folly of the nine equal to the wisdom of the one. Or it can tend that way only if the foolish majority have some sense of the need of superior guidance. But the ignorance and folly of mankind, their incapacity for forming any trustworthy judgment on any given point, may also be consistent with a capacity for groping after truth, and they have the advantage of trying experiments on a large scale. The fact that a creed commends itself to the instincts of many men in many ages is a better proof—Carlyle himself being the judge—that it contains some truth than the isolated judgment of the most clear-sighted philosopher. The fact that an institution actually makes men happy and calls forth their loyalty is a more forcible argument in its favour than the opinion of the most experienced statesman. And, therefore, the fact that any society is chiefly made up of fools is quite consistent with the belief that it is collectively the organ through which truth gradually manifests itself and wins a wider recognition. *Securus judicat orbis* may be a true maxim if we interpret it to mean that the world decides—not as the experimenter but as the experiment. Carlyle systematically overlooks this blind, semi-conscious process of co-operation upon which the "hero" is really as dependent as the dull flock which he leads. History, as he is fond of saying, is the essence of innumerable biographies. To find the essence of the biographies, again, he goes to the essential biographies; that is, to the biographies of the men who give the impulse, not of those who passively submit to the impulse. This apotheosis of the individual is dictated by his imaginative idiosyncrasy, as much as by his theory of history. He must have the picturesque concrete fact; the living hero to be the incarnation of the idea; and, accordingly, history in his page is like a gigantic panorama in which the painter sacrifices everything to obtain the strongest contrasts, and makes his lights stand out against vast breadths of unspeakable gloom. The hero is thus made to sum up the whole effectual force, and all that is done by the Greeks is attributed to the arm of Achilles. Some awkward results follow. Frederick is a hero who has obvious moral defects, and readers are startled by Carlyle's worship of such an idol. Yet it follows from the assumptions. For Frederick, in Carlyle's theory, means the development of the German nation. That the growth of the German influence in Europe was a phen

naturally and rightfully excited Carlyle's strongest enthusiasm requires no demonstration. If the credit of that, as of every other great achievement, must be given to some solitary hero, Frederick doubtless has the best claim to the honour. We may no doubt say that Frederick, in spite of this, was selfish and cynical, and may confine our praises to allowing his possession of perspicacity enough to see the capabilities of his position. A great man may do an involuntary service to mankind, because his genius inclines him to range himself on the side of the strongest forces, and therefore of what we vaguely call progress. But the hero-worshipper naturally regards him as not merely an instrument, but the conscious and efficient cause of the progress itself.

Hence, too, the apparent immorality which some people discern in Carlyle's denunciations of "red-tape" formulas, and the ordinary conventions of society. Undoubtedly, such fetters must snap like packthread when opposed to the deeper forces which govern the growth of nations. No set of engagements on paper will keep a nation on its legs if it is rotten at the core, or maintain a balance of power between forces which are daily growing unequal. It is idle to suppose that any contract can bind, or otherwise preserve, the vitality of effete institutions. And hence arise a good many puzzling questions for political casuistry. It is hard to say at what precise point it becomes necessary to snap the bonds, and when the necessity of change makes revolution, with all its mischiefs, preferable to stagnation. The hero-worshipper who regards his idol as the supreme moving force has to make him also the infallible judge in such matter. He stands above—not the ultimate rules of morality, but—the whole system of regulations and compromises by which men must govern themselves in normal times—and decides when they must be suspended in the name of the higher law. The only appeal from his decision is the appeal to facts. If the apparent hero be really self-seeking and vulgarly ambitious, he and his empire will be crushed like Napoleon's. If, on the whole, his decision be right, as inspired from above, he will lay the foundations of a new order on an unshakable basis. And, therefore, Carlyle is naturally attracted to the revolutionary periods, when the underlying forces come to the surface; when the foundations of the great deep are broken up, all conventions summarily swept aside, and the direct as well as the ultimate attention is to the great principles of its social life. Therefore he sympathizes with Mirabeau, who had "swallowed all formulas," and still more with Cromwell, whose purpose, in his view, was to make the laws of England a direct application of the laws of God. Puritan and

Jacobin are equally impatient for the instantaneous advent of the millennium, and so far attract equally the man who shares their hatred of compromise and temporizing with the world.

Here we come to the final problêm. Cromwell's Parliament, he says, failed in their attempt to realize their "noble, and surely necessary, attempt. Nay, they could not but fail; they had the sluggishness, the slavish half-and-halfness, the greediness, the cowardice, and general fatuity and falsity of some ten million men against it—alas! the whole world and what we call the Devil and all his angels against it!"

This is the true revolutionary doctrine. The fact that a reform would only succeed fully if men were angels is with the ordinary Conservative a reason for not reforming at all; and with your genuine fanatic a reason not for declining the impracticable, but for denouncing the facts. We have, however, to ask how it fits in with any such theory of progress as was possible for Carlyle. For some such theory must be held by anyone who makes the victory of truth and justice over shams and falsehoods a corner-stone of his system. It has been asked, in fact, whether there is not a gross inconsistency here. If Cromwell's success proved him to be a hero, did not the Restoration upset the proof? The answer, frequently and emphatically given by Carlyle, as in the lecture on the hero as king, is an obvious one. Cromwell represents an intermediate stage between Luther and the French Revolution. Luther told the Pope that he was a "chimera"; and the French gave the same piece of information to other "chimeras." The whole process is a revolt against certain gigantic shams, and the success very inadequately measured by any special incident in the struggle. The French Revolution, with all its horrors, was "a return to truth," though, as it were, to a truth "clad in hell-fire": and its advent should be hailed as "shipwrecked mariners might hail the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless seas and waves." And throughout this vast revolutionary process, our hope rests upon the "certainty of heroes being sent us"; and that certainty "shines like a pole-star, through murk dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration."

It is well that we have a "certainty" of the coming hero; for the essay seems to show the weakness of all excessive reliance upon individuals. Cromwell's life, as he tells us emphatically, was the life of the Commonwealth, and Cromwell's life was at the mercy of a "stray bullet." Where, then, is a certainty of progress in a world thus dependent upon solitary heroes, in a wilderness of fools, liable to be snuffed out at a moment's notice? So far as certainty means a scientific conviction

resting on the observation of facts, we, of course, cannot have it. It is a certainty which follows from our belief in the overruling Power which will send heroes when there is work for heroes to do. And Carlyle can at times, especially in his earlier writings, declare his faith in such a progress with full conviction. "The English Whig (says Herr Teufelsdröckh) has, in the second generation, become an English Radical, who, in the third, it is to be hoped, will become an English rebuilder. Find mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower; the phœnix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling earth with her music; or, as now, she sinks, and with spheral swansong immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer." And the phrase, as I think, gives the theory which in fact is more or less explicitly contained in all Carlyle's writings.

It is plain, however, that progress, so understood, is a progress consistent with long periods of the reverse of progress. It implies an alternation of periods of reconstruction and vital energy with others of decay and degeneration. And in this I do not know that Carlyle differs from other philosophers. Few people are sanguine enough to hold that every generation improves upon the preceding. But the modern believer in progress undoubtedly believes that this actual generation is better than the last, and that the next will be better still; and is very apt to impute bad motives to anyone who differs from him. Here, of course, he must come into flat opposition to Carlyle. For Carlyle, to put it briefly, regarded the present state of things as analogous to that of the Lower Empire; a time of dissolution of old bonds and of a general ferment which was destroying the very tissues of society. So far he agrees, of course, with many Conservatives; but he differs from them in regarding the process as necessary, and even ultimately beneficial. The disease is one which must run its course; the best hope is that it may run it quickly; the attempt to suppress the symptoms and to regain health by making time run backwards is simply chimerical. Thus he was in the painful position of one who sees a destructive process going on of which he recognizes the necessity whilst all the immediate results are bad.

To the ardent believer in progress such a state of mind is, of course, repulsive. It implies misanthropy, cynicism, and disbelief in mankind. Nor can anybody deny that Carlyle's gloomy and dyspeptic constitution palpably biased his view of his contemporaries as well as of their theories. The "mostly fools" expresses a deeply-rooted feeling, and we might add

"mostly bores," and to a great extent humbugs. And this, of course, implies a very low estimate of the powers of unheroic mankind, and therefore of their rights. If most men are fools, their right to do as they please is a right to knock their heads against stone walls. Carlyle *perhaps overlooked the fact that even that process may be useful training* for fools. But even here he asserted a doctrine wrongly applied rather than false in principle. It shocks one to find an open advocacy of slavery for the black Quashee. But we must admit, and admit for the reasons given by Carlyle, that even slavery may be better than sheer anarchy and barbarism; that, historically speaking, the system of slavery represents a necessary stage in civilization; and therefore that the simple abolition of slavery—a recognition of unconditional "right" without reference to the possession of the instincts necessary for higher kinds of society—might be disguised cruelty. The error was in the hasty assumption that his Quashee was, in fact, in this degraded state; and the haste to accept this disheartening belief was but too characteristic. That liberty might mean barbarism was true; that it actually did mean it in certain given cases was a rash assumption too much in harmony with his ordinary aversion to the theorists of his time.

This applies to all Carlyle's preachings about contemporary politics; the weakest of his writings are those in which his rash dogmatism, coloured by his gloomy temperament, was employed upon unfamiliar topics. But the pith and essence of them all is the intense conviction that the one critical point for modern statesmen is the creation of a healthy substratum to the social structure. That the lives of the great masses are squalid, miserable, and vicious, and must be elevated by the spread of honesty, justice, and the unflinching extirpation of corrupt elements, the substitution of rigorous rulers for idle professors of official pedantry, busy about everything but the essential—that is the sum and substance of the teaching. That he attributes too much to the legislative power, and has too little belief in the capacities of the average man, may be true enough. But this one thing must be said in conclusion. *The bitterness, the gloom, even the apparent brutality,* is a proof of the strength of his sympathies. He is savage with the physician because he is appalled at the virulence of the disease and the inadequacy of the remedy. *He may shriek "quack" too hastily, and be too ready to give over the patient as desperate. And yet I am frequently struck* by a contrast. I meet a good friend who holds up his hands at Carlyle's ferocity. We talk, and I find that he holds that in politics we are all going to sheer destruction or "shooting Niagara"; that the miserable

Radicals are sapping all public spirit; that faith is being undermined by malcontents and atheists; that the merchant has become a gambler, and the tradesman a common cheat; that the "British workman" is a phrase which may be used with the certainty of provoking a sneer; and, briefly, that there is not a class in the country which is not on the high road to decay, or an institution beyond the reach of corruption. And yet my friend sits quietly down and enjoys his dinner as heartily as if he were expecting the millennium. What shall I say? That he does not believe what he says, or that his digestive apparatus is in most enviable order? I know not; but certainly Carlyle was not capable of this. He took things too terribly in earnest. When workmen scamped the alterations in his house, or the railway puffed its smoke into his face, he saw visible symbols of modern degeneracy, and thought painfully of the old honest, wholesome life in Annandale—of steady, God-fearing farmers and self-respecting workmen. All that swept away by progress and "prosperity beyond example"! That was his reflection; perhaps it was very weak, as certainly it was very unpleasant, to worry himself about what he could not help, and sprang, let us say, all from a defective digestion. And yet, though I cannot think without pity of the man of genius who felt so keenly and thought so gloomily of the evils around us, I feel infinitely more respect for his frame of mind than for that of the man who, sharing, verbally at least, this opinion, can let it calmly lie in his mind without the least danger to his personal comfort.

Hours in a Library.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834–96)

The son of a wealthy discount broker, Morris was educated at Marlborough and Oxford, where he became intimate with Burne-Jones. In 1856 he took up architecture, and launched the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," through which he gained the friendship of D. G. Rossetti. In 1859 Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and others of an artistic temperament started a business for the manufacture of wall-papers, stained glass, metal work, chintzes, carpets, etc. Some years later he founded the Kelmscott Press, for the production of perfectly printed and bound books. As a man of letters Morris first won fame by "The Life and Death of Jason," which appeared in 1867, although most now prefer his "Defence of Guenevere." The pronounced socialism which he professed was more sentimental than practical, and was expressed in sympathy for the poor rather than in any clear scheme for improving their conditions.

THE STORY OF THE UNKNOWN CHURCH

I WAS the master-mason of a church that was built more than six hundred years ago; it is now two hundred years since that church vanished from the face of the earth; it was destroyed utterly,—no fragment of it was left; not even the great pillars that bore up the tower at the cross, where the choir used to join the nave. No one knows now even where it stood, only in this very autumn-tide, if you knew the place, you would see the heaps made by the earth-covered ruins heaving the yellow corn into glorious waves, so that the place where my church used to be is as beautiful now as when it stood in all its splendour. I do not remember very much about the land where my church was; I have quite forgotten the name of it, but I know it was very beautiful, and even now, while I am thinking of it, comes a flood of old memories, and I almost seem to see it again,—that old beautiful land! only dimly do I see it in spring and summer and winter, but I see it in autumn-tide clearly now; yes, clearer, clearer, oh! so bright and glorious! yet it was beautiful too in spring,

when the brown earth began to grow green: beautiful in summer, when the blue sky looked so much bluer, if you could hem a piece of it in between the new white carving; beautiful in the solemn starry nights, so solemn that it almost reached agony—the awe and joy one had in their great beauty. But of all these beautiful times, I remember the whole only of autumn-tide; the others come in bits to me; I can think only of parts of them, but all of autumn; and of all days and nights in autumn, I remember one more particularly. That autumn day the church was nearly finished, and the monks, for whom we were building the church, and the people, who lived in the town hard by, crowded round us oftentimes to watch us carving.

Now the great Church, and the buildings of the Abbey where the monks lived, were about three miles from the town, and the town stood on a hill overlooking the rich autumn country: it was girt about with great walls that had overhanging battlements, and towers at certain places all along the walls, and often we could see from the churchyard or the Abbey garden, the flash of helmets and spears, and the dim shadowy waving of banners, as the knights and lords and men-at-arms passed to and fro along the battlements; and we could see too in the town the three spires of the three churches; and the spire of the Cathedral, which was the tallest of the three, was gilt all over with gold, and always at nighttime a great lamp shone from it that hung in the spire midway between the roof of the church and the cross at the top of the spire. The Abbey where we built the Church was not girt by stone walls, but by a circle of poplar trees, and whenever a wind passed over them, were it ever so little a breath, it set them all a-ripple; and when the wind was high, they bowed and swayed very low, and the wind, as it lifted the leaves, and showed their silvery white sides, or as again in the lulls of it, it let them drop, kept on changing the trees from green to white, and white to green; moreover, through the boughs and trunks of the poplars, we caught glimpses of the great golden corn sea, waving, waving, waving for leagues and leagues; and among the corn grew burning scarlet poppies, and blue cornflowers; and the cornflowers were so blue, that they gleamed, and seemed to burn with a steady light, as they grew beside the poppies among the gold of the wheat. Through the corn sea ran a blue river, and always green meadows and lines of tall poplars followed its windings. The old Church had been burned, and that was the reason why the monks caused me to build the new one; the buildings of the Abbey were built at the same time as the burned-down Church, more than a hundred years before I was born, and they were on the north side of the Church, and joined

to it by a cloister of round arches, and in the midst of the cloister was a lawn, and in the midst of that lawn, a fountain of marble, carved round about with flowers and strange beasts; and at the edge of the lawn, near the round arches, were a great many sunflowers that were all in blossom on that autumn day; and up many of the pillars of the cloister crept passion-flowers and roses. Then farther from the Church, and past the cloister and its buildings, were many detached buildings, and a great garden round them, all within the circle of the poplar trees; in the garden were trellises covered over with roses, and convolvulus, and the great-leaved fiery nasturtium; and specially all along by the poplar trees were there trellises, but on these grew nothing but deep crimson roses; the hollyhocks too were all out in blossom at that time, great spires of pink, and orange, and red, and white, with their soft, downy leaves. I said that nothing grew on the trellises by the poplars but crimson roses, but I was not quite right, for in many places the wild flowers had crept into the garden from without; lush green bryony, with green-white blossoms, that grows so fast, one could almost think that we see it grow, and deadly nightshade, La bella donna, O! so beautiful; red berry, and purple, yellow-spiked flower, and deadly, cruel-looking, dark green leaf, all growing together in the glorious days of early autumn. And in the midst of the great garden was a conduit, with its sides carved with histories from the Bible, and there was on it too, as on the fountain in the cloister, much carving of flowers and strange beasts. Now the Church itself was surrounded on every side but the north by the cemetery, and there were many graves there, both of monks and of laymen, and often the friends of those, whose bodies lay there, had planted flowers about the graves of those they loved. I remember one such particularly, for at the head of it was a cross of carved wood, and at the foot of it, facing the cross, three tall sunflowers; then in the midst of the cemetery was a cross of stone, carved on one side with the Crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on the other with Our Lady holding the Divine Child. So that day, that I specially remember, in autumn-tide, when the Church was nearly finished, I was carving in the central porch of the west front; (for I carved all those bas-reliefs in the west front with my own hand;) beneath me my sister Margaret was carving at the flower-work, and the little quatrefoils that carry the signs of the zodiac and emblems of the months: now my sister Margaret was rather more than twenty years old at that time, and she was very beautiful, with dark brown hair and deep calm violet eyes. I had lived with her all my life, lived with her almost alone latterly, for our father and mother died when she was quite young,

and I loved her very much, though I was not thinking of her just then, as she stood beneath me carving. Now the central porch was carved with a bas-relief of the Last Judgment, and it was divided into three parts by horizontal bands of deep flower-work. In the lowest division, just over the doors, was carved The Rising of the Dead; above were angels blowing long trumpets, and Michael the Archangel weighing the souls, and the blessed led into heaven by angels, and the lost into hell by the devil; and in the topmost division was the Judge of the world.

All the figures in the porch were finished except one, and I remember when I woke that morning my exultation at the thought of my Church being so nearly finished; I remember, too, how a kind of misgiving mingled with the exultation, which, try all I could, I was unable to shake off; I thought then it was a rebuke for my pride, well, perhaps it was. The figure I had to carve was Abraham, sitting with a blossoming tree on each side of him, holding in his two hands the corners of his great robe, so that it made a mighty fold, wherein, with their hands crossed over their breasts, were the souls of the faithful, of whom he was called Father: I stood on the scaffolding for some time, while Margaret's chisel worked on bravely down below. I took mine in my hand, and stood so, listening to the noise of the masons inside, and two monks of the Abbey came and stood below me, and a knight, holding his little daughter by the hand, who every now and then looked up at him, and asked him strange questions. I did not think of these long, but began to think of Abraham, yet I could not think of him sitting there, quiet and solemn, while the Judgment-Trumpet was being blown; I rather thought of him as he looked when he chased those kings so far; riding far ahead of any of his company, with his mail-hood off his head, and lying in grim folds down his back, with the strong west wind blowing his wild black hair far out behind him, with the wind rippling the long scarlet pennon of his lance; riding there amid the rocks and the sands alone; with the last gleam of the armour of the beaten kings disappearing behind the winding of the pass; with his company a long, long way behind, quite out of sight, though their trumpets sounded faintly among the clefts of the rocks; and so I thought I saw him, till in his fierce chase he leapt, horse and man, into a deep river, quiet, swift, and smooth; and there was something in the moving of the water-lilies as the breast of the horse swept them aside, that suddenly took away the thought of Abraham and brought a strange dream of lands I had never seen; and the first was of a place where I was quite alone, standing by the side of a river, and there was the sound of singing a very long way off, but no living thing of any kind could be

seen, and the land was quite flat, quite without hills, and quite without trees too, and the river wound very much, making all kinds of quaint curves, and on the side where I stood there grew nothing but long grass, but on the other side grew, quite on to the horizon, a great sea of red corn-poppies, only paths of white lilies wound all among them, with here and there a great golden sunflower. So I looked down at the river by my feet, and saw how blue it was, and how, as the stream went swiftly by, it swayed to and fro the long green weeds, and I stood and looked at the river for long, till at last I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and, looking round, I saw standing by me my friend Amyot, whom I love better than anyone else in the world, but I thought in my dream that I was frightened when I saw him, for his face had changed so, it was so bright and almost transparent, and his eyes gleamed and shone as I had never seen them do before. Oh! he was so wondrously beautiful, so fearfully beautiful! and as I looked at him the distant music swelled, and seemed to come close up to me, and then swept by us, and fainted away, at last died off entirely; and then I felt sick at heart, and faint, and parched, and I stooped to drink of the water of the river, and as soon as the water touched my lips, lo! the river vanished, and the flat country with its poppies and lilies, and I dreamed that I was in a boat by myself again, floating in an almost land-locked bay of the northern sea, under a cliff of dark basalt. I was lying on my back in the boat, looking up at the intensely blue sky, and a long low swell from the outer sea lifted the boat up and let it fall again and carried it gradually nearer and nearer towards the dark cliff; and as I moved on, I saw at last, on the top of the cliff, a castle, with many towers, and on the highest tower of the castle there was a great white banner floating, with a red chevron on it, and three golden stars on the chevron; presently I saw too on one of the towers, growing in a cranny of the worn stones, a great bunch of golden and blood-red wallflowers, and I watched the wallflowers and banner for long; when suddenly I heard a trumpet blow from the castle, and saw a rush of armed men on to the battlements, and there was a fierce fight, till at last it was ended, and one went to the banner and pulled it down, and cast it over the cliff into the sea, and it came down, in long sweeps, with the wind making little ripples in it;—slowly, slowly it came, till at last it fell over me and covered me from my feet till over my breast, and I let it stay there and looked again at the castle, and then I saw that there was an amber-coloured banner floating over the castle in place of the red chevron, and it was much larger than the other: also now, a man stood on the battlements, looking towards me; he had a tilting helmet on,

and I loved her very much, though I was not thinking of her just then, as she stood beneath me carving. Now the central porch was carved with a bas-relief of the Last Judgment, and it was divided into three parts by horizontal bands of deep flower-work. In the lowest division, just over the doors, was carved The Rising of the Dead; above were angels blowing long trumpets, and Michael the Archangel weighing the souls, and the blessed led into heaven by angels, and the lost into hell by the devil; and in the topmost division was the Judge of the world.

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the steady glow of the golden haze, the sweet light of the sun through the vine leaves, the soft leaning of the full-blown roses. I wandered in them for a long time; at last I felt a hand put me aside gently, for I was standing at the head of—of the bed; then some one kissed my forehead, and words were spoken—I know not what words. The bitter dreams left me for the bitterer reality at last; for I had found him that morning lying dead, only the morning after I had seen him when he had come back from his long absence—I had found him lying dead, with his hands crossed downwards, with his eyes closed, as though the angels had done that for him; and now when I looked at him he still lay there, and Margaret knelt by him with her face touching his: she was not quivering now, her lips moved not at all as they had done just before; and so, suddenly those words came to my mind which she had spoken when she kissed me, and which at the time I had only heard with my outward hearing, for she had said, "Walter, farewell, and Christ keep *you*; but for me, I must be with him, for so I promised him last night that I would never leave him any more, and God will let me go." And verily Margaret and Amyot did go, and left me very lonely and sad.

It was just beneath the westernmost arch of the nave, there I carved their tomb: I was a long time carving it; I did not think I should be so long at first, and I said, "I shall die when I have finished carving it," thinking that would be a very short time. But so it happened after I had carved those two whom I loved, lying with clasped hands like husband and wife above their tomb, that I could not yet leave carving it; and so that I might be near them I became a monk, and used to sit in the choir and sing, thinking of the time when we should all be together again. And as I had time I used to go to the westernmost arch of the nave and work at the tomb that was there under the great, sweeping arch; and in process of time I raised a marble canopy that reached quite up to the top of the arch, and I painted it too as fair as I could, and carved it all about with many flowers and histories, and in them I carved the faces of those I had known on earth (for I was not as one on earth now, but seemed quite away out of the world). And as I carved, sometimes the monks and other people too would come and gaze, and watch how the flowers grew; and sometimes too as they gazed, they would weep for pity, knowing how all had been. So my life passed, and I lived in that abbey for twenty years after he died, till one morning, quite early, when they came into the church for matins, they found me lying dead, with my chisel in my hand, underneath the last lily of the tomb.

Early Romances.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1835–1902)

After a brilliant career at Cambridge he went to New Zealand in 1859 and started a sheep farm in the Upper Rangitata district, from which he made enough, in five years, to return to England and live in leisure. In 1872 he published "Erewhon," a satire on Darwinism and the conventional aspects of religion. He wrote on science and art, and was a painter of some merit. The following essay is from his posthumously published "Essays on Life, Art and Science." He was the prince of paradox.

ON KNOWING WHAT GIVES US PLEASURE

I

ONE can bring no greater reproach against a man than to say that he does not set sufficient value upon pleasure, and there is no greater sign of a fool than the thinking that he can tell at once and easily what it is that pleases him. To know this is not easy, and how to extend our knowledge of it is the highest and most neglected of all arts and branches of education. Indeed, if we could solve the difficulties of knowing what gives us pleasure, if we could find its springs, its inception and earliest *modus operandi*, we should have discovered the secret of life and development, for the same difficulty has attended the development of every sense from touch onwards, and no new sense was ever developed without pains. A man had better stick to known and proved pleasures, but, if he will venture in quest of new ones, he should not do so with a light heart.

One reason why we find it so hard to know our own likings is because we are so little accustomed to try; we have our likings found for us in respect of by far the greater number of the matters that concern us; thus we have grown all our limbs on the strength of the likings of our ancestors and adopt these without question.

Another reason is that, except in mere matters of eating and drinking, people do not realize the importance of finding out what it is that gives

them pleasure if, that is to say, they would make themselves as comfortable here as they reasonably can. Very few, however, seem to care greatly whether they are comfortable or no. There are some men so ignorant and careless of what gives them pleasure that they cannot be said ever to have been really born as living beings at all. They present some of the phenomena of having been born—they reproduce, in fact, so many of the ideas which we associate with having been born that it is hard not to think of them as living beings—but in spite of all appearances the central idea is wanting. At least one half of the misery which meets us daily might be removed, or, at any rate, greatly alleviated, if those who suffer by it would think it worth their while to be at any pains to get rid of. That they do not think so is proof that they neither know, nor care to know, more than in a very languid way, what it is that will relieve them most effectually or, in other words, that the shoe does not really pinch them so hard as we think it does. For when it really pinches, as when a man is being flogged, he will seek relief by any means in his power. So my great namesake said, "Surely the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat"; and so again, I remember to have seen a poem many years ago in *Punch* according to which a certain young lady, being discontented at home, went out into the world in quest to "Some burden make or burden bear, But which she did not greatly care—Oh Miseree!" So long as there was discomfort somewhere it was all right.

To those, however, who are desirous of knowing what gives them pleasure but do not quite know how to set about it I have no better advice to give than that they must take the same pains about acquiring this difficult art as about any other, and must acquire it in the same way—that is by attending to one thing at a time and not being in too great a hurry. Proficiency is not to be attained here, any more than elsewhere, by short cuts or by getting other people to do work that no other than oneself can do. Above all things it is necessary here, as in all other branches of study, not to think we know a thing before we do know it—to make sure of our ground and be quite certain that we really do like a thing before we say we do. When you cannot decide whether you like a thing or not, nothing is easier than to say so and hang it up among the uncertainties. Or when you know you do not know and are in such doubt as to see no chance of deciding, then you may take one side or the other provisionally and throw yourself into it. This will sometimes make you uncomfortable, and you will feel you have taken the wrong side and thus learn that the other was the right one. Sometimes you will feel you have done right. Anyway ere long you will know

more about it. But there must have been a secret treaty with yourself to the effect that the decision was provisional only. For, after all, the most important first principle in this matter is the not lightly thinking you know what you like till you have made sure of your ground. I was nearly forty before I felt how stupid it was to pretend to know things that I did not know and I still often catch myself doing so. Not one of my schoolmasters taught me this, but altogether otherwise.

II

I should like to like Schumann's music better than I do; I dare say I could make myself like it better if I tried; but I do not like having to try to make myself like things; I like things that make me like them at once and no trying at all.

III

To know whether you are enjoying a piece of music or not you must see whether you find yourself looking at the advertisements of Pears' soap at the end of the programme.

JOHN MORLEY, VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN (1838–1923)

Graduating at Oxford in 1859, Morley went to London and soon acquired a wide reputation as a man of letters and a thinker. In 1867 he became editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and in 1880 editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," at that time a Liberal paper. In 1878 he started the "English Men of Letters" series, to which he was a contributor.

Thereafter he became one of the most notable of modern biographers, his work culminating in his "Life of Gladstone." In 1902 Morley was made one of the original members of the Order of Merit, and six years later he was raised to the peerage. Morley was also a prominent politician, holding office under Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith. As Secretary of State for India he favoured the appointment of Indians to the Council. At the outbreak of the Great War he was President of the Council; he resigned in deference to his pacifist principles, and retired to private life.

The famous essay here reprinted appeared anonymously as a review of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" in the "Saturday Review," of August 4, 1866, and temporarily destroyed the book's sale and the author's reputation. The publishers withdrew the book from sale. Many years passed before the authorship of the essay was finally revealed by Sir Edmund Gosse. It has not appeared in book form before. It is only fair to add that later Morley and Swinburne became fast friends and the latter was a regular contributor to the "Fortnightly Review" when Morley was editor.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS

It is mere waste of time, and shows a curiously mistaken conception of human character, to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which the critic may happen to prefer. An artist, at all events an artist of such power and individuality as Mr. Swinburne, works as the character compels him. If the character

of his genius drives pretty exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, we may be very sorry but it is of no use to advise him and to preach to him. What becomes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower of the pleasant fragrance of the rose or the fruitfulness of the fig-tree? Mr. Swinburne is much too stoutly bent on taking his own course to pay attention to critical monitions as to the duty of the poet, or any warnings of the worse than barrenness of the field in which he has chosen to labour. He is so firmly and avowedly fixed in the attitude of revolt against the current notions of decency and dignity and social duty that to beg of him to become a little more decent, to fly a little less persistently and gleefully to the animal side of human nature, is simply to beg him to be something different from Mr. Swinburne. It is a kind of protest which his whole position makes it impossible for him to receive with anything but laughter and contempt. A rebel of his calibre is not to be brought to a better mind by solemn little sermons on the loyalty which a mind owes to virtue. His warmest prayer to the gods is that they should

> Come down and redeem us from virtue.

His warmest hope for men is that they should change

> The lilies and languors of virtue
> For the raptures of roses and vice

It is of no use, therefore, to scold Mr. Swinburne for grovelling down among the nameless, shameless abominations which inspire him with such frenzied delight. They excite his imagination to its most vigorous efforts, they seem to him the themes most proper for poetic treatment, and they suggest ideas which, in his opinion, it is highly to be wished that English men and women would brood upon and make their own. He finds that these fleshly things are his strong part, so he sticks to them. Is it wonderful that he should? And, at all events, he deserves credit for the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of the schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière. It is not everybody who would ask us all to go hear him tuning his lyre in a sty. It is not everybody who would care to let the world know that he found the most delicious food for poetic reflection in the practices of the great island of the Ægean, in the habits of Messalina, of Faustina, of Pasiphäe. Yet these make up Mr. Swinburne's version of the dreams of fair women, and he would scorn to throw any veil over the pictures which kindle, as these do, all the fires of his imagination in their intensest heat and glow. It is not merely "the noble, the nude, the antique" which he strives to reproduce.

If he were a rebel against the fat-headed Philistines and poor-blooded Puritans who insist that all poetry should be such as may be wisely placed in the hands of girls of eighteen, and as fit for the use of Sunday schools, he would have all wise and enlarged readers on his side. But there is an enormous difference between an attempt to revivify among us the grand old pagan conception of Joy, and an attempt to glorify all the bestial delights that the subtleness of Greek depravity was able to contrive. It is a good thing to vindicate passion, and the strong and large and rightful pleasures of sense, against the narrow and inhuman tyranny of shrivelled anchorites. It is a very bad and silly thing to try to set up the pleasures of sense in the seat of the reason they have dethroned. And no language is too strong to condemn the mixed violence and childishness of depicting the spurious passion of a putrescent imagination, the unnamed lusts of sated wantons, as if they were the crown of character, and their enjoyments the great glory of human life. The only comfort about the present volume is that such a piece as "Anactoria" will be unintelligible to a great many people, and so will the fevered folly of "Hermaphroditus," as well as much else that is nameless and abominable. Perhaps if Mr. Swinburne can a second and third time find a respectable publisher willing to issue a volume of the same stamp, crammed with pieces which many a professional vendor of filthy prints might blush to sell if he only knew what they meant, English readers will gradually acquire a truly delightful familiarity with these unspeakable foulnesses; and a lover will be able to present to his mistress a copy of Mr. Swinburne's latest verses with a happy confidence that she will have no difficulty in seeing the point of every allusion to Sappho, or the placing of Hermaphroditus or the embodiment of anything else that is loathsome and horrible. It will be very charming to hear a drawing-room discussion on such verses as these, for example:

Stray breaths of Sapphic song that blow
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.

The shameless nameless love that makes
Hell's iron gin
Shut on you like a trap that breaks
The soul, Faustine.

And when your veins were void and dead,
What ghosts unclean
Swarmed round the straightened barren bed
That hid Faustine?

What sterile growths of sexless root
Or epicene?
What flower kisses without fruit
Of love, Faustine?

We should be sorry to be guilty of anything so offensive to Mr. Swinburne as we are quite sure an appeal to the morality of all the wisest and best men would be. The passionate votary of the goddess whom he hails as "Daughter of Death and Priapus" has got too high for this. But it may be presumed that common sense is not too insulting a standard by which to measure the worth and place of his new volume. Starting from this sufficiently modest point, we may ask him whether there is really anything in women worth singing about except "quivering flanks" and "splendid supple thighs," "hot sweet throats" and "hotter hands than fire" and their blood as "hot wan wine of love"? Is purity to be expunged from the catalogue of desirable qualities? Does a poet show respect to his own genius by gloating, as Mr. Swinburne does page after page and poem after poem, upon a single subject and that subject kept steadily in a single light? Are we to believe that having exhausted hot lustfulness, and wearying the reader with a luscious and nauseating iteration of the same fervid scenes and fervid ideas, he has got to the end of his tether? Has he anything further to say, and any further poetic task but to go on again and again about

The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise.

And to invite new Félise to

Kiss me once hard, as though a flame
Lay on my lips and made them fire

Mr. Swinburne's most fanatical admirers must long for something newer than a thousand times repeated talk of

Stinging lips wherein the hot sweet brine
That Love was born of burns and foams like wine

And

Hands that sting like fire.

And of all those women

Swift and white
And subtly warm and half perverse,
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,
And, like a snake's love, lithe and fierce.

This stinging and biting, these "lithe lascivious regrets," all this talk of snakes and fire, of blood and wine and brine, of perfumes and poisons and ashes, grows sickly and oppressive on the senses. Every picture is hot and garish with this excess of flaming violent colour. Consider the following stanzas:

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips reddening round the blood-red blossom
  The slow delicious bright soft blood;
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flower and fallen fire,
  Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame has deadened,
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
  And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
  Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Or these from the verses to "Dolores," so admirable for their sustained power and their music, if hateful on other grounds:

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
  Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs and the cruel
  Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories
  What shall rest of thee, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
  Our Lady of Pain?

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
  Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By lips intertwisted and bitten
  Till the foam has a savour of blood;
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
  By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee respond from thine altars,
  Our Lady of Pain.

Thy skin changes country and colour,
  And shrivels and swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
  We know it, the flames and the flakes.
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
  Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
  Our Lady of Pain.

Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
If these men are dead?

It was too rashly said, when "Atalanta in Calydon" appeared, that Mr. Swinburne had drunk deep at the springs of Greek poetry, and had profoundly conceived and assimilated the divine spirit of Greek art. "Chastelard" was enough to show that this had been premature. But the new volume shows with still greater plainness how far removed Mr. Swinburne's tone of mind is from that of the Greek poets. Their most remarkable distinction is their scrupulous moderation and sobriety in colour. Mr. Swinburne riots in the profusion of colour of the most garish and heated kind. He is like a composer who should fill his orchestra with trumpets, or a painter who should exclude every colour but a blazing red and a green as of sour fruit. There are not twenty stanzas in the whole book which have the faintest tincture of soberness. We are in the midst of fire and serpents, wine and ashes, blood and foam, and a hundred lurid horrors. Unsparing use of the most violent colours and the most intoxicated ideas and images is Mr Swinburne's prime characteristic. Fascinated as everybody must be by the music of his verse, it is doubtful whether part of the effect may not be traced to something like a trick of words and letters to which he resorts in season and out of season with a persistency that any sense of artistic moderation must have stayed. The Greek poets in their most impetuous moods never allowed themselves to be carried on by the swing of words instead of by the steady, though buoyant, flow of thought. Mr. Swinburne's hunting of letters, his hunting of the same word, to death is ceaseless. We shall have occasion by and by to quote a long passage in which several lines will be found to illustrate this:

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave.

Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star

White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour and flame.

There are few pages in the volume where we do not find conceit of this standing doing duty for thoughts. The Greeks did not wholly disdain them, but they never allowed them to count for more than they were worth. Let anybody who compares Mr. Swinburne to the Greeks

read his ode to "Our Lady of Pain," and then read the well-known scene in "Antigone" between Antigone and the Chorus, or any of the famous choruses in the "Agamemnon" or an ode of Pindar. In the height of all their passion there is an infinite soberness of which Mr. Swinburne has not a conception.

Yet, in spite of its atrocities, the present volume gives new examples of Mr. Swinburne's forcible and vigorous imagination. The "Hymn to Proserpine" on the proclamation of the Christian faith in Rome, full as it is of much that many persons may dislike, contains passages of rare vigour:

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past;
Where beyond the extreme sea-wall and between the remote sea-gates
Waste water washes and tall ships founder and deep death waits,
Where mighty with deepening sides, clad about with seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curled,
Rolls under the whitening wind of the future the waves of the world,
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north wind bound; and its salt is of all men's tears;
With light of ruin and sound of changes and pulse of years;
With travail of day after day and with trouble of hour upon hour;
And bitter as blood is the spray, and the crests are as fangs that devour;
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to be;
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depths as the roots of the sea;
And the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the air;
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble and time is made bare.

The variety and rapidity of suspension, the revelling in power, are not more remarkable here than in many other passages, though even here it is not variety and rapidity of thought. The anapæst to which Mr. Swinburne so habitually resorts is the only foot that suffices for his never staying impetuosity. In the "Song in Time of Revolution" he employs it appropriately and with a sweeping force as of the elements:

The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high priest covers his head,
For this is the song of the quick that is heard in the ears of the dead;
The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet;
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet.

There are, too, sweet and picturesque lines scattered in the midst of this fire which the poet tosses to and fro about his verses. Most of the poems in his wearisomely iterated phrase, are meant to "sting the senses like wine," but to some stray pictures one may apply his own exquisite phrases on certain of Victor Hugo's songs, which, he says

Or fell more soft than dew or snow by night
Or wailed as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

For instance, there is a perfect delicacy and duty in four lines of the "Hendecasyllabics"—a metre that is familiar in the Latin line often found on clocks and sundials, *Horæ nam pereunt et imputantur*:

When low light was upon the windy reaches,
Where the flower of foam was blown, a lily
Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows
And green fields of the sea that make no pasture.

Nothing can be more simple and exquisite than

For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze a span.

Or than this:

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens
Fed with sharp Spring the sweet fruit hardens;
They know not what fruits wane or grow:
Red summer burns to the utmost ember,
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used to know.

Or again:

With stars and sea winds for her raiment
Night sinks on the sea.

Up to a certain point one of the deepest and most really poetical pieces is that called "The Sundew." A couple of verses may be quoted to illustrate the graver side of the poet's mind:

The deep scent of the heather burns
About it; breathless though it be
Bow down and worship, more than we
Is the least flower whose life returns
Least weed renascent in the sea

You call it sundew. how it grows,
If with its colour it have breath,
If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal no man knows;
Man has no right or sense that saith

There is no finer effect of poetry than to recall to the mind of men the bounds that have been set to the scope of their sight and sense, to inspire their imaginations with a vivid apprehension of the size and the wonder and the strange remote companionship of the world of force and growth and form outside of man. "*Qui se considera de la sorte,*" said Pascal,

"*s'effraiera, sans doute de se voir comme suspendu dans la masse que la nature lui a donnée entre ces deux abimes de l'infini et du néant.*" And there are two ways in which a man can treat this affright that seizes his fellows as they catch interrupted glimpses of their positions. He can transfigure their baseness of fear into true poetic awe, which shall underlie their lives as a lasting record of solemn rapture. Or else he can jeer and mock at them like an unclean fiery imp from the pit. Mr. Swinburne does not, at all events, treat the whole lot of mankind in the former spirit. In his best mood, he can only brood over "the exceeding weight of God's intolerable scorn not to be borne." He can only ask us, "O fools and blind, what seek ye there high up in the air?" or "Will ye beat always on the gate, ye fools of fate?" If he is not in his best mood he is in his worst—a mood of schoolboy lustfulness. The bottomless pit encompasses us on one side, and stews and bagnios on the other. He is either the vindictive and scornful apostle of a crushing ironshod despair, or else he is the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs. Not all the fervour of his imagination, the beauty of his melody, the splendour of many phrases and pictures, can blind us to the absence of judgment and reason, the reckless contempt for anything like a balance, and the audacious counterfeiting of strong and noble passion by mad intoxicated sensuality. The lurid clouds of lust or of fiery despair and defiance never lift to let us see the pure and peaceful and bounteous kindly aspects of the great landscape of human life. Of enlarged *meditation*, the note of the highest poetry, there is not a trace, and there are too many signs that Mr. Swinburne is without any faculty in this direction. Never have such bountifulness of imagination, such mastery of the music of verse, been yoked with such thinness of contemplation and such poverty of genuinely impassioned thought.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON (1840–1921)

Originally intending to follow his father's profession of civil engineer, he entered the Civil Service in 1856, so as to devote his spare time to literature. It was not, however, until 1868 that his first poems appeared in Anthony Trollope's magazine, "St. Paul's." He became master of a form of Society verse, which concealed its polish in its perfection. He specialized in the Eighteenth Century, and the following study comes from his well-known Vignettes of that period.

THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

A dim light was burning in the back room of a first-floor in Bury Street, St. James's. The apartment it irradiated was not an extensive one; and the furniture, sufficient rather than sumptuous, had that indefinable lack of physiognomy which only lodging-house furniture seems to possess. There was no fireplace; but in the adjoining parlour, partly visible through the open door, the last embers were dying in a grate from which the larger pieces of coal had been carefully lifted out and ranged in order on the hobs. Across the heavy high-backed chairs in the bedroom lay various neatly-folded garments, one of which was the black gown with pudding sleeves commonly worn in public by the eighteenth-century divine, while at the bottom of the bed hung a clerical-looking periwig. In the bed itself, and leaning toward a tall wax candle at the side (which, from a faint smell of singed woollen still lingering about the chamber, must recently have come into contact with the now tucked-back bed-curtain), was a gentleman of forty or thereabouts, writing in a very small hand upon a very large sheet of paper, folded, for greater convenience, into one long horizontal slip. He had dark, fierce-looking eyebrows, an aquiline nose, full-lidded and rather prominent clear blue eyes, a firmly-cut, handsome mouth, and a wide, massive forehead, the extent of which was, for the moment, abnormally exaggerated by the fact that, in the energy of composition, the fur-lined cap he had substituted for his wig had been tilted backward. As his task proceeded, his expression altered fi

more conscientious, though by no means an irreproachable editor, gave to the world in 1766, are preserved in the MSS. Department of the British Museum, having fortunately been consigned in the same year by their confederated publishers to the safe keeping of that institution. They still bear, in many cases, the little seal (a classic female head) with which, after addressing them in laboriously legible fashion "To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr. Curry's House, over against the Ram in Capel Street, Dublin, Ireland," Swift was wont to fasten up his periodical despatches. Several of them are written on quarto paper with faint gilding at the edges—the "pretty small gilt sheet" to which he somewhere refers; but the majority are on a wide folio page crowded from top to bottom with an extremely minute and often abbreviated script,[1] which must have tried other eyes besides those of Esther Johnson. "I looked over a bit of my last letter," he says himself on one occasion, "and could hardly read it." Elsewhere, in one of the epistles now lost, he counts up no fewer than one hundred and ninety-nine lines; and in another of those that remain, taken at a venture, there are on the first side sixty-nine lines, making, in the type of Scott's edition, rather more than five octavo pages. As for the "little language" which produced the facial contortions above referred to ("When I am writing in our language I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking"), it has been sadly mutilated by Hawkesworth's editorial pen. Many of the passages which he struck through were with great ingenuity restored by the late John Forster, from whom, at the beginning of this paper, we borrowed a few of those recovered hieroglyphs. But the bulk of their "huge babyisms" and "dear diminutives" are almost too intimate and particular for the rude publicities of type. "*Dans ce ravissant opéra qu'on appelle l'amour,*" says Victor Hugo, "*le libretto n'est presque rien*"; and if for "*amour*" we read "*amitié*," the adapted aphorism is not untrue of Swift's famous special code to Stella.

There can, however, be no question as to the pleasure with which Swift's communications must have been welcomed by the two ladies at Capel Street, not occupied, as was the writer of them, with the ceaseless bustle of an unusually busy world, but restricted to such minor dissipations as a little horse exercise, or a quiet game of ombre at Dean Sterne's, with the modest refreshment of claret and toasted oranges. Swift's unique and wonderful command of his mother tongue has never been

[1] In his "Letter to a Young Clergyman," he hints at the cause of this, when he warns his correspondent against writing his sermons in too small a hand, "from a habit of saving time and paper . . . acquired at the university."

shown to such advantage as in these familiar records, abounding in proverbs and folk-lore invented *ad hoc*,—in puns good and bad,—in humour, irony, common sense, and playfulness. One can imagine with what eagerness the large sheet must have been unfolded and read—not all at once, but in easy stages—by Mrs. Dingley to the impatient Mrs. Johnson, for whom it was primarily intended, but whose eyes were too weak to decipher it. Yet, for the modern student, the "Journal to Stella," taken as a whole, scarcely achieves the success which its peculiar attributes would lead one to anticipate. It remains, as must always be remembered, strictly a journal, with a journal's defects. There is a deficiency of connected interest; there is also a predominance of detail. Regarded in the light of an historical picture, it is like Hogarth's "March to Finchley": the crowd in the foreground obscures the central action. It treats, indeed, of a stirring and a momentous time, for power was changing hands. The Whigs had given place to the Tories; adroit Mrs. Masham had supplanted imperious "Mrs. Freeman"; the Great Captain himself was falling with a crash. Abroad, the long Continental war was dwindling to its close; at home, the Treaty of Utrecht was preparing. But of all these things, one rather overhears than hears. In Swift's gallery there are no portraits *à la* Clarendon with sweeping robes; at best there are but thumb-nail sketches. Nowhere have we such a finished full-length as that of Bolingbroke in the "Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Ministry"; nowhere a scathing satire like the "Verres" kit-cat of Wharton in the seventeenth *Examiner*. Nor are there anywhere accounts of occurrences which loom much larger than the stabbing of Harley by Guiscard or the duel of Hamilton with Mohun. Not the less does the canvas swarm with figures, many of whom bear famous names. Now it is Anna Augusta herself, driving red-faced to hounds in her one-horse chaise, or yawning behind her fan-sticks at a tedious reception; now it is that "pure trifler" Harley, dawdling and temporizing,—

"Yea," quoth the ERLE, "but not to-day,"—

or spelling out the inn signs on the road to London. It is Peterborough, "the ramblingest lying rogue on earth," talking deep politics at a barber's, preparatory to starting for the world's end with the morrow; it is poor Mrs. St. John, on her way to the Bath, beseeching Swift to watch over her illustrious husband, who (like Stella!) is not to be governed, and will certainly make himself ill between business and Burgundy. Many others pass and re-pass—Congreve (*quantum mutatus!*), a broken man, but cheerful, though almost blind from "cataracts growing on his eyes";

Prior, with lantern jaws, sitting solemnly at the "Smyrna" receiving visits of ceremony, or walking in the Park to make himself fat, or disappearing mysteriously on diplomatic expeditions to Paris; grave Addison rehearsing "Cato," and sometimes un-Catonically fuddled; Steele bustling over *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, and "governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as Marlborough"; "pastoral Philips" (with his red stockings), just arrived from Denmark; clever, kindly Dr. Arbuthnot, "the queen's favourite physician," meditating new "bites" for the maids *of honour or fresh chapters in "John Bull"*; *young Mr. Berkeley of* Kilkenny, with his "Dialogues against Atheism" in his pocket, and burning "to make acquaintance with men of merit"; Atterbury, finessing for his Christ Church deanery. Then there are the great ladies—Mrs. Masham, who has a red nose, but is Swift's friend; *Lady Somerset* (the "Carrots" of the "Windsor Prophecy"), who has red hair, and is his enemy; sensible and spirited Lady Betty Germaine; the Duchess of Grafton (in a *fontange* of the last reign); Newton's niece, pretty Mrs. Barton; good-tempered Lady Harley, hapless Mrs. Ann Long, and a host of others. And among them all, "unhasting, unresting," filling the scene like Coquelin in "L'Étourdi," comes and goes the figure of "Parson Swift" himself, now striding full-blown down St. James's Street in his cassock, gown, and three-guinea periwig, now riding through Windsor Forest in a borrowed suit of "light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons." Sometimes he is feasting royally at "Ozinda's" or the "Thatched House" with the society of "Brothers"; sometimes dining moderately in the City with Barber, his printer, or Will Pate, the "learned woollen-draper"; sometimes scurvily at a blind tavern "upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton." You may follow him wherever he goes; whether it be to Greenwich with the Dean of Carlisle, or to Hampton with "Lord Treasurer," or to hear the nightingales at Vauxhall with my Lady Kerry. He tells you when he buys books at Christopher Bateman's in Little Britain,[1] or spectacles for Stella on Ludgate Hill, or Brazil tobacco (which Mrs. Dingley will rasp into snuff) at Charles Lillie the perfumer's *in Beaufort's* Buildings. He sets down everything—his maladies (very specifically), his misadventures, economies, extravagances, dreams, disappointments—his *votum, timor, ira, voluptas.* The *timor* is chiefly for those dogs the Mohocks ("Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's name?*"); the *ira*, to a considerable extent, for that most aggravating of retainers, his man-servant Patrick.

[1] It was Bateman's singular rule (according to Nichols) not to allow persons to look into books in his shop. *One wonders whether he enforced this in the case of Swift.*

It has been said that the "Journal to Stella" contains no finished character-sketch; but so many entries are involved by the peccadilloes of Patrick, that after a time he begins, from sheer force of reappearance, to assume the lineaments of a personage. At first he is merely a wheedling, good-looking Irish boy—an obvious "Teaguelander," as Sir Thomas Mansel calls him. He makes his entry in the third letter with the remark that "the rabble here [i.e. in London] are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland"—an utterance which has all the air of a philosophic reflection. His natural aptitudes, however, being in the direction of pleasure rather than philosophy, he is speedily demoralized by those rakes, the London footmen. "Patrick is drunk about three times a week," says the next record, "and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him," from which we must infer that Patrick was, or had been, a favourite with the ladies at Dublin. He has another vice in Swift's eyes; he is extravagant. Coals cost twelve-pence a week, yet he piles up the fires so recklessly that his economical master has laboriously to pick them to pieces again. Still, he has a good heart, for he buys a linnet for Mrs. Dingley, at a personal sacrifice of sixpence, and in direct opposition to his master's advice. "I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it." A month later the luckless bird is still alive, though grown very wild. It lives in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter. "But I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout." This restraint on Swift's part is the more notable in that Patrick himself has been for ten days out of favour. "I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him 'friend' three or four times." Then, having been drunk again, he is all but discharged, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh (a near neighbour) has to make the peace. He is certainly trying; he loses keys, forgets messages, locks up clothes at critical moments, and so forth. But he is accustomed to Swift's ways, and the next we hear of him is that, "intolerable rascal" though he be, he is going to have a livery which will cost four pounds, and that he has offered to pay for the lace on his hat out of his own wages. Yet his behaviour is still so bad that his master is afraid to give him his new clothes, though he has not the heart to withhold them. "I wish MD were here to entreat for him—just here at the bed's side." Then there is a vivid little study of Swift bathing in the Thames at Chelsea, with Patrick on guard—of course quiet perfunctorily—to prevent his master being disturbed by

boats. "That puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them." After this he takes to the study of Congreve, goes to the play, fights in his cups with another gentleman's gentleman, by whom he is dragged along the floor upon his face, "which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and," adds the diarist grimly, "I was glad enough to see it." Later on he exasperates his master so much by keeping him waiting, that Swift is provoked into giving him "two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear," spraining his own thumb thereby, though Arbuthnot thinks it may be gout. "He [Patrick] was plaguily afraid and humbled." That he was more frightened than repentant, the sequel shows. "I gave him half-a-crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good," says Swift, whose forbearance is extraordinary, "and he came home drunk at midnight." Worse than this, he sometimes stays out till morning. At last arrives the inevitable hour when he is "turned off to the wide world," and he seems never to have succeeded in coaxing himself back again. Yet it is hard not to think that Swift must have secretly regretted his loss; and it would, no doubt, have been highly edifying to hear Patrick's report of his master.

There is one person, however, for ampler details respecting whom one would willingly surrender the entire "Patrickiad," and that is the lady in whose interest the Journal was written, since Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, notwithstanding the many conventional references to her, does no more than play the mute and self-denying part of Propriety. But of Esther Johnson [1] we get, in reality, little beyond the fact that her health at this time was already a source of anxiety to her friends. The Journal is full of injunctions to her to take exercise, especially horse exercise, and not to attempt to read Pdfr's "ugly small hand," but to let Dingley read it to her. "Preserve your eyes, if you be wise," says a distich manufactured for the occasion. Nor is she to write until she is "mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well" in her sight, and is sure it will not do her the least hurt. "Or come, I will tell you what, you, Mistress Ppt, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes DD altogether, and then Ppt a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Pdfr; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as 'your most humble cumdumble,' or, &c." A favourite subject of raillery is Mrs. Johnson's

[1] She signs herself thus in the autograph given at p. 101 of Sir William Wilde's "Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." But according to the Richmond Register, quoted in Thorne's "Environs of London," 1876, p. 524, she was christened "Hester."

spelling, which was not her strong point, though she was scarcely as bad as Lady Wentworth. "*Re*diculous, madam? I suppose you mean *ri*diculous. Let me have no more of that; it is the author of the 'Atalantis'' spelling. I have mended it in your letter." Elsewhere there are lists of her lapses: *bussiness* for business, *immagin*, *merrit*, *phamplets*, etc.[1] But the letters seldom end without their playful greeting to his "dearest Sirrahs," his "dear foolish Rogues," his "pretty saucy MD," and the like. As his mood changes in its intensity, they change also. "Farewell, my dearest lives and delights; I love you better than ever, if possible. . . God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together. I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear my poor, hearty prayers." In another place it is "God send poor Ppt her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things ten millions of times." And again, "Farewell, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I think or write of MD. I have enough of Courts and ministers, and wish I were at Laracor." It is to Laracor, with its holly, and its cherry trees, and the willow-walk he had planted by the canal he had made, and Stella riding past with Joe Beaumont "to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town," that he turns regretfully when the perfidies of those in power have vexed his soul with the conviction that, for all they "call him nothing but Jonathan," he "can serve everybody but himself." "If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful," he says in his second year of residence, "I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's; and that I may live far from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at Court than they really possess." And then the letter winds off into those enigmatical epistolary caresses of which a specimen has been presented to the reader.

Upon Stella's reputed rival, and Swift's relations with her, the scope of this paper dispenses us from dwelling. Indeed, though Swift's visits to Miss Vanhomrigh's mother are repeatedly referred to, Esther Vanhomrigh herself—from motives which the reader will no doubt interpret according to his personal predilections in the famous *Vanessafrage*—is mentioned but twice or thrice in the entire Journal, and then not by name. But we are of those who hold with Sir Henry Craik that, whatever the relations in question may have been, they never seriously affected, or even materially interrupted, Swift's lifelong attachment for the lady

[1] Modern usage would sometimes side with Mrs. Johnson. For example, Swift corrects "waist" into "wast."

to whom, a year or two later, he was or was not—according as we elect to side with Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Forster—married by the Bishop of Clogher in the garden of St. Patrick's Deanery. For if there be anything which is detachable from the network of tittle-tattle and conjecture encumbering a question already sufficiently perplexed in its origin, it is that Swift's expressions of esteem and admiration for Stella are as emphatic at the end as at the beginning. Some of those in the Journal have already been reproduced But his letters during her last lingering illness, and a phrase in the Holyhead diary of 1727, are, if anything, even more significant in the unmistakable sincerity of their utterance. "We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years," he tells Mr. Worrall, his vicar, speaking of Mrs. Johnson; and he goes on to describe her as one whom he "most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. . . . Ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away." To another correspondent, referring to Stella's then hourly-expected death, he says: "As I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I beg God Almighty to enable me to bear, and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable. . . . Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; *who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a* human creature." The date of this letter is July, 1726, but it was not until the beginning of 1728 that the blow came which deprived him of his "dearest friend." Then, on a Sunday in January, at eleven at night, he sits down to compile that, in the circumstances, extraordinary "Character" of "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." A few passages from this strange Finis to a strange story, begun while Stella was lying dead, and continued after her funeral, in a room, in which he has taken refuge in order to escape seeing the light in the church, may be here copied. "Never," he says, "was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation . . . Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. . . . She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but

where a much severer was deserved. . . . She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or was given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently till another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. . . . Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a parade of it that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations as well as in her questions."

In the preceding retrospect, as in the final Birthday Poems to Stella, Swift, it will be gathered, dwells upon the intellectual rather than the physical charms of this celebrated woman. To her mental qualities, in truth, he had invariably given the foremost place. But Time, in 1728, had long since silvered those locks once "blacker than a raven," while years of failing health had sadly altered the outlines of the perfect figure, and dimmed the lustre of the beautiful eyes. What she had been, is not quite easy for a modern admirer to realize from the dubious Delville medallion, or the inadequate engraving by Engleheart of the portrait at Ballinter, which forms the frontispiece to Wilde's invaluable "Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." The photogravure of the Ballinter picture given in Mr. Gerald Moriarty's recent book is much more satisfactory, and so markedly to Esther Johnson's advantage as to suggest the further reproduction of the original in some separate and accessible form.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON (1841–1922)

Born at Buenos Aires and brought up on the pampas, he did not come to England until he had reached the age of twenty-nine. His life here was passed in poverty and obscurity, and for many years his writings attracted little attention. In 1901 he was given a Civil List pension at the instance of a few influential friends who appreciated his worth, but towards the close of his life he was able to relinquish this, as fame and success came to him. His descriptions of the countryside are unsurpassed, while his love and knowledge of bird-life is commemorated in the Bird Sanctuary dedicated to him in Hyde Park.

A WOOD WREN AT WELLS

EAST of Wells Cathedral, close to the moat surrounding the bishop's palace, there is a beautifully wooded spot, a steep slope, where the birds had their headquarters. There was much to attract them there: sheltered by the hill behind it was a warm corner, a wooded angle, protected by high old stone walls, dear to the redstart, masses of ivy, and thickets of evergreens; while outside the walls were green meadows and running water. When going out for a walk I always passed through this wood, lingering a little in it; and when I wanted to smoke a pipe, or have a lazy hour to myself among the trees, or sitting in the sun, I almost invariably made for this favourite spot. At different hours of the day I was a visitor, and there I heard the first spring migrants on their arrival—chiff-chaff, willow wren, cuckoo, redstart, blackcap, whitethroat. Then, when April was drawing to an end, I said, 'There are no more to come. For the wryneck, lesser whitethroat, and garden warbler had failed to appear, and the few nightingales that visit the neighbourhood had settled down in a more secluded spot a couple of miles away, where the million leaves in coppice and brake were not set a-tremble by the melodious thunder of the cathedral chimes.

Nevertheless, there was another still to come, the one I perhaps

love best of all. On the last day of April I heard the song of the wood wren, and at once all the other notes ceased for a while to interest me. Even the last comer, the mellow blackcap, might have been singing at that spot since February, like the wren and hedge-sparrow, so familiar and workaday a strain did it seem to have compared with this late warbler. I was more than glad to welcome him to that particular spot, where if he chose to stay I should have him so near me.

It is well-known that the wood wren can only be properly seen immediately after his arrival in this country, at the end of April or early in May, when the young foliage does not so completely hide his slight unresting form, as is the case afterwards. For he, too, is green in colour; like Wordsworth's green linnet:

> A brother of the leaves he seems.

There is another reason why he can be seen so much better during the first days of his sojourn with us: he does not then keep to the higher parts of the tall trees he frequents, as his habit is later, when the air is warm and the minute winged insects on which he feeds are abundant on the upper sun-touched foliage of the high oaks and beeches. On account of that ambitious habit of the wood wren there is no bird with us so difficult to observe; you may spend hours at a spot, where his voice sounds from the trees at intervals of half a minute to a minute, without once getting a glimpse of his form. At the end of April the trees are still very thinly clad; the upper foliage is but an airy garment, a slight golden-green mist, through which the sun shines, lighting up the dim interior, and making the bed of old fallen beech-leaves look like a floor of red gold. The small-winged insects, sun-loving and sensitive to cold, then hold their revels near the surface; and the bird, too, prefers the neighbourhood of the earth. It was so in the case of the wood wren I observed at Wells, watching him on several consecutive days, sometimes for an hour or two at a stretch, and generally more than once a day. The spot where he was always to be found was quite free from underwood, and the trees were straight and tall, most of them with slender, smooth boles. Standing there, my figure must have looked very conspicuous to all the small birds in the place; but for a time it seemed to me that the wood wren paid not the slightest attention to my presence; that as he wandered hither and thither in sunlight and shade at his own sweet will, my motionless form was no more to him than a moss-grown stump or grey upright stone. By and by it became apparent that the bird knew me to be no stump or stone, but a strange living creature whose appearance greatly

interested him; for invariably, soon after I had taken up my position, his careless little flights from twig to twig and from tree to tree brought him nearer and then nearer, and finally near me he would remain for most of the time. Sometimes he would wander for a distance of forty or fifty yards away, but before long he would wander back and be with me once more, often perching so near that the most delicate shadings of his plumage were as distinctly seen as if I had had him perched on my hand.

The human form seen in an unaccustomed place always excites a good deal of attention among the birds; it awakes their curiosity, suspicion, and alarm. The wood wren was probably curious and nothing more; his keeping near me looked strange only because he at the same time appeared so wholly absorbed in his own music. Two or three times I tried the experiment of walking to a distance of fifty or sixty yards and taking up a new position; but always after a while he would drift thither, and I would have him near me, singing and moving, as before.

I was glad of this inquisitiveness, if that was the bird's motive (that I had unconsciously fascinated him I could not believe); for of all the wood wrens I have seen this seemed the most beautiful, most graceful in his motions, and untiring in song. Doubtless this was because I saw him so closely, and for such long intervals. His fresh yellowish-green upper and white under plumage gave him a wonderfully delicate appearance, and these colours harmonized with the tender greens of the opening leaves and the pale greys and silvery whites of the slender boles.

Seebohm says of this species, "They arrive in our woods in marvellously perfect plumage. In the early morning sun they look almost as delicate a yellowish-green as the half-grown leaves amongst which they disport themselves. In the hand the delicate shading of the eye-stripe, and the margin of the feathers of the wings and tail, is exquisitely beautiful, but is almost all lost under the rude handling of the bird-skinner."

The concluding words sound almost strange; but it is a fact that *this sylph-like creature is sometimes shattered with shot and its poor* remains operated on by the bird-stuffer. Its beauty "in the hand" cannot compare with that exhibited when it lives and moves and sings. Its appearance during flight differs from that of other warblers on account of the greater length and sharpness of the wings. Most warblers fly and sing hurriedly; the wood wren's motions, like its song, are slower, more leisurely, and more beautiful. When moved by the singing passion it is seldom still for more than a few moments at a time, but is continually

American. Nevertheless, the fact remains that only since Burroughs' appreciation of the British song-birds first appeared, several years ago, the willow wren, which he found languishing in obscurity, has had many to praise it. At all events, the merits of its song are now much more freely acknowledged than they were formerly.

Perhaps the wood wren's turn will come by and by. He is stil obscure bird, little known, or not known, to most people: we are n influenced by what the old writers have said than we know or lik believe; our preferences have mostly been made for us. The spe which they praised and made famous have kept their places in pop esteem, while other species equally charming, which they did not kn or said nothing about, are still but little regarded. It is hardly to doubted that the wood wren would have been thought more of if W lughby, the Father of British Ornithology, had known it and expres a high opinion of its song; or that it would have had millions to adm it if Chaucer or Shakespeare had singled it out for a few words of prai

It is also probably the fact that those who are not students, or clo observers of bird life, seldom know more than a very few of the mo common species; and that when they hear a note that pleases them th set it down to one of the half-dozen or three or four songsters whose nam they remember. I met with an amusing instance of this common mi take at a spot in the West of England, where I visited a castle on a hil and was shown over the beautiful but steep grounds by a stout old dame whose breath and temper were alike short. It was a bright mornin in May, and the birds were in full song. As we walked throug the shrubbery a blackcap burst into a torrent of wild heart-enlivenin melody from amidst the foliage not more than three yards away. "How well that blackcap sings!" I remarked. "That blackbird," she corrected "yes, it sings well." She stuck to it that it was a blackbird, and to prove that I was wrong assured me that there were no blackcaps there. Finding that I refused to acknowledge myself in error, she got cross and droppec into sullen silence; but ten or fifteen minutes later she returned of her own accord to the subject. "I've been thinking, sir," she said, "that you must be right. I said there are no blackcaps here because I've been told so, but all the same I've often remarked that the blackbird has two different songs. Now I know, but I'm so sorry that I didn't know a few days sooner." I asked her why. She replied, "The other day a young American lady came to the castle and I took her over the grounds. The birds were singing the same as to-day, and the young lady said, 'Now, I want you to tell me which is the blackcap's song. Just think,'

she said, 'what a distance I have come, from America! Well, when I was bidding good-bye to my friends at home I said, "Don't you envy me? I'm going to Old England to hear the blackcap's song." Well, when I told her we had no blackcaps she was so disappointed; and yet, sir, if what you say is right, the bird was singing near us all the time!"

Poor young lady from America! I should have liked to know whose written words first fired her brain with desire of the blackcap's song—a golden voice in imagination's ear, while the finest home voices were merely silvern. I think of my own case; how in boyhood this same bird first warbled to me in some lines of a poem I read; and how, long years afterwards, I first heard the real song—beautiful, but how unlike the song I had imagined!—one bright evening in early May, at Netley Abbey. But the poet's name had meanwhile slipped out of memory; nothing but a vague impression remained (and still persists) that he flourished and had great fame about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and that now his (or her) fame and works are covered with oblivion.

To return to the subject of this paper the wood wren—the secret of its charm. We see that, tried by ordinary standards, many other singers are its superiors; what, then, is the mysterious something in its music that makes it to some of us even better than the best? Speaking for myself, I should say because it is more harmonious or in more perfect accord with the nature amid which it is heard; it is the truer woodland voice.

The chaffinch as a rule sings in open woods and orchards and groves when there is light and life and movement, but sometimes in the heart of a deep wood the silence is broken by its sudden loud lyric it is unexpected and sounds unfamiliar in such a scene; the wonderfully joyous ringing notes are like a sudden flood of sunshine in a shady place. The sound is intensely distinct and individual, in sharp contrast to the low forest tones: its effect on the ear is similar to that produced on the sight by a vivid contrast in colours, as by a splendid scarlet or shining yellow flower blooming solitary where all else is green. The effect produced by the wood wren is totally different; the strain does not contrast with, but is complementary to, the "tremulous cadence low" of inanimate nature in the high woods, of wind-swayed branches and pattering of rain and lisping and murmuring of innumerable leaves—the elemental sounds out of which it has been fashioned. In a sense it may be called a trivial and a monotonous song—the strain that is like a long tremulous cry, repeated again and again without variation; but it is really beyond criti-

cism—one would have to begin by depreciating the music of the wind. It is a voice of the beechen woods in summer, of the far-up cloud of green, translucent leaves, with open spaces full of green shifting sunlight and shadow. Though resonant and far-reaching it does not strike you as loud, but rather as the diffused sound of the wind in the foliage concentrated and made clear—a voice that has light and shade, rising and passing like the wind, changing as it flows, and quivering like a wind-fluttered leaf. It is on account of this harmony that it is not trivial, and that the ear never grows tired of listening to it; sooner would it tire of the nightingale—its purest, most brilliant tone and most perfect artistry.

The continuous singing of a skylark at a vast height above the green, billowy sun and shadow-swept earth is an etherealized sound which fills the blue space, fills it and falls, and is part of that visible nature above us, as if the blue sky, the floating clouds, the wind and sunshine, has something for the hearing as well as for the sight. And as the lark in its soaring song is of the sky, so the wood wren is of the wood.

Birds and Man.

ANDREW LANG (1844–1912)

He soon became one of London's busiest and brightest journalists. He took a foremost part in the controversy with Max Muller and his school about the interpretation of mythology and folk-tales. He produced essays, translated Homer, Theocritus and Ronsard; collected fairy-stories, and was himself a first-rate ballad-monger and rondeaux writer. Some of his poems have abiding merits and the following essay shows his affections and prejudices and powers.

TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS

SIR,—There are moments when the wheels of life, even of such a life as yours, run slow, and when mistrust and doubt overshadow even the most intrepid disposition. In such a moment, towards the ending of your days, you said to your son, M. Alexandre Dumas, "I seem to see myself set on a pedestal which trembles as if it were founded on the sands." These sands, your uncounted volumes, are all of gold, and make a foundation more solid than the rock. As well might the singer of Odysseus, or the authors of the "Arabian Nights," or the first inventors of the stories of Boccaccio, believe that their works were perishable (their names, indeed, have perished), as the creator of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" alarm himself with the thought that the world could ever forget Alexandre Dumas.

Than yours there has been no greater nor more kindly and beneficent force in modern letters. To Scott, indeed, you owed the first impulse of your genius; but, once set in motion, what miracles could it not accomplish? Our dear Porthos was overcome, at last, by a superhuman burden; but your imaginative strength never found a task too great for it. What an extraordinary vigour, what health, what an overflow of force was yours! It is good, in a day of small and laborious ingenuities, to breathe the free air of your books, and dwell in the company of Dumas's men—so gallant, so frank, so indomitable, such swordsmen,

and such trenchermen. Like M. de Rochefort in "Vingt Ans Après," like the prisoner of the Bastille, your genius *"n'est que d'un parti, c'est du parti du grand air."*

There seems to radiate from you a still persistent energy and enjoyment; in that current of strength not only your characters live, frolic, kindly, and sane, but even your very collaborators were animated by the virtue which went out of you. How else can we explain it, the dreary charge which feeble and envious tongues have brought against you, in England as at home? They say you employed in your novels and dramas that vicarious aid which, in the slang of the studio, the "sculptor's ghost" is fabled to afford.

Well, let it be so; these ghosts, when uninspired by you, were faint and impotent as "the strengthless tribes of the dead" in Homer's Hades, before Odysseus had poured forth the blood that gave them a momentary valour. It was from you and your inexhaustible vitality that these collaborating spectres drew what life they possessed; and when they parted from you they shuddered back into their nothingness. Where are the plays, where are the romances which Maquet and the rest wrote in their own strength? They are forgotten with last year's snows; they have passed into the wide waste-paper basket of the world. You say of D'Artagnan, when severed from his three friends—from Porthos, Athos, and Aramis—"he felt that he could do nothing, save on the condition that each of these companions yielded to him, if one may so speak, a share of that electric fluid which was his gift from heaven."

No man of letters ever had so great a measure of that gift as you; none gave of it more freely to all who came—to the chance associate of the hour, as to the characters, all so burly and full-blooded, who flocked from your brain. Thus it was that you failed when you approached the supernatural. Your ghosts had too much flesh and blood, more than the living persons of feebler fancies. A writer so fertile, so rapid, so masterly in the ease with which he worked, could not escape the reproaches of barren envy. Because you overflowed with wit, you could not be "serious"; because you created with a word, you were said to scamp your work; because you were never dull, never pedantic, incapable of greed, you were to be censured as desultory, inaccurate, and prodigal.

A generation suffering from mental and physical anæmia—a generation devoted to the "chiselled phrase," to accumulated "documents," to microscopic porings over human baseness, to minute and disgustful records of what in humanity is less human—may readily bring these

unregarded and railing accusations. *Like one of the great and good-humoured* Giants of Rabelais, you may hear the murmurs from afar, and smile with disdain. To you, who can amuse the world—to you who offer it the fresh air of the highway, the battlefield, and the sea—the world must always return: escaping gladly from the boudoirs and the *bouges*, from the surgeries and hospitals, and dead rooms, of M. Daudet and M. Zola and of the wearisome De Goncourt.

With all your frankness, and with that queer morality of the Camp which, if it swallows a camel now and again, never strains at a gnat, how healthy and wholesome, and even pure, are your romances! You never gloat over sin, nor dabble with an ugly curiosity in the corruptions of sense. The passions in your tales are honourable and brave, the motives are clearly human. Honour, Love, Friendship make the threefold cord, the clue your knights and dames follow through how delightful a labyrinth of adventures! Your greatest books, I take the liberty to maintain, are the Cycle of the Valois ("La Reine Margot," "La Dame de Montsoreau," "Les Quarante-cinq"), and the Cycle of Louis Treize and Louis Quatorze ("Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Vingt Ans Après," "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne"); and, beside these two trilogies—a lonely monument, like the sphinx hard by the three pyramids—"Monte Cristo."

In these romances how easy it would have been for you to burn incense to that great goddess, Lubricity, whom our critic says your people worship! You had Brantôme, you had Tallemant, you had *Rétif, and a dozen others, to furnish materials for scenes of voluptuousness* and of blood that would have outdone even the present *naturalistes*. From these alcoves of "Les Dames Galantes," and from the torture chambers (M. Zola would not have spared us one starting sinew of brave La Mole on the rack) you turned, as Scott would have turned, without a thought of their profitable literary uses. You had other metal to work on: you gave us that superstitious and tragical true love of La Mole's, that devotion—how tender and how pure!—of Bussy for the Dame de Montsoreau. You gave us the valour of D'Artagnan, the strength of Porthos, the melancholy nobility of Athos. Honour, Chivalry, Friendship. I declare your characters are real people to me and old friends. I cannot bear to read the end of "Bragelonne," and to part with them for ever. "Suppose Porthos, Athos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches." How we would welcome them, forgiving D'Artagnan even his hateful *fourberie* in the case of Milady! The brilliance of your dialogue has

and such trenchermen. Like M. de Rochefort in "Vingt Ans Après," like the prisoner of the Bastille, your genius *"n'est que d'un parti, c'est du parti du grand air."*

There seems to radiate from you a still persistent energy and enjoyment; in that current of strength not only your characters live, frolic, kindly, and sane, but even your very collaborators were animated by the virtue which went out of you. How else can we explain it, the dreary charge which feeble and envious tongues have brought against you, in England as at home? They say you employed in your novels and dramas that vicarious aid which, in the slang of the studio, the "sculptor's ghost" is fabled to afford.

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never been approached: there is wit everywhere; repartees glitter and ring like the flash and clink of small swords. Then what duels are yours! and what inimitable battle-pieces! I know four good fights for one against a multitude, in literature. These are the Death of Gretir the Strong, the Death of Gunnar of Lithend, the Death of Hereward the Wake, the Death of Bussy d'Amboise. We can compare the strokes of the heroic fighting-times with those described in latter days; and, upon my word, I do not know that the short sword of Gretir, of the bill of Skarphedin, or the bow of Gunnar was better wielded than the rapier of your Bussy or the sword and shield of Kingsley's Hereward.

They say your fencing is unhistorical; no doubt it is so, and you knew it. La Mole could not have lunged on Coconnas "after deceiving circle," for the parry was not invented except by your immortal Chicot, a genius in advance of his time. Even so Hamlet and Laertes would have fought with shields and axes, not with small swords. But what matters this pedantry? In your works we hear the Homeric Muse again, rejoicing in the clash of steel; and even, at times, your very phrases are unconsciously Homeric.

Look at these men of murder, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, who flee in terror from the Queen's chamber, and "find the door too narrow for their flight": the very words were anticipated in a line of the Odyssey "concerning the massacre of the Wooers." And the picture of Catherine de Medicis, prowling "like a wolf among the bodies and the blood," in a passage of the Louvre—the picture is taken unwittingly from the "Iliad." There was in you that reserve of primitive force, that epic grandeur and simplicity of diction. This is the force that animates "Monte Cristo," the earlier chapters, the prison, and the escape. In later volumes of that romance, methinks, you stoop your wing. Of your dramas I have little room, and less skill, to speak. "Anthony," they tell me, was "the greatest literary event of its time," was a restoration of the stage. "While Victor Hugo needs the cast-off clothes of history, the wardrobe and costume, the sepulchre of Charlemagne, the ghost of Barbarossa, the coffins of Lucretia Borgia, Alexandre Dumas required no more than a room in an inn, where people meet in riding-cloaks, to move the soul with the last degree of terror and pity."

The reproach of your being amusing has somewhat dimmed your fame—for a moment. The shadow of this tyranny will soon be overpast; and when "La Curée" and "Pot-Bouille" are more forgotten than "Le Grand Cyrus," men and women—and, above all, boys—will laugh and weep over the page of Alexandre Dumas. Like Scott himself,

you take us captive in our childhood. I remember a very idle little boy who was busy with the "Three Musketeers" when he should have been occupied with "Wilkins's Latin Prose." "Twenty years after" (alas! no more) he is still constant to that gallant company; and at this very moment, is breathlessly wondering whether Grimaud will steal M. de Beaufort out of the Cardinal's prison.

RICHARD JEFFERIES (1848–87)

He started as a journalist on the staff of the "North Wilts Herald," and later became known by a letter to "The Times" on the Wiltshire labourers. "The Story of My Heart" is a strange autobiography of inner life; his "After London or Wild England" is a curious romance of the future.

WILD FLOWERS

A FIR-TREE is not a flower, and yet it is associated in my mind with primroses. There was a narrow lane leading into a wood, where I used to go almost every day in the early months of the year, and at one corner it was overlooked by three spruce firs. The rugged lane there began to ascend the hill, and I paused a moment to look back. Immediately the high fir-trees guided the eye upwards, and from their tops to the deep azure of the March sky over, but a step from the tree to the heavens. So it has ever been to me, by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought. To the heaven thought can reach lifted by the strong arms of the oak, carried up by the ascent of the flame-shaped fir. Round the spruce top the blue was deepened, concentrated by the fixed point; the memory of that spot, as it were, of the sky is still fresh—I can see it distinctly—still beautiful and full of meaning. It is painted in bright colour in my mind, colour thrice laid, and indelible; as one passes a shrine and bows the head to the Madonna, so I recall the picture and stoop in spirit to the aspiration it yet arouses. For there is no saint like the sky, sunlight shining from its face.

The fir-tree flowered thus before the primroses—the first of all to give me a bloom, beyond reach but visible, while even the hawthorn buds hesitated to open. Primroses were late there, a high district and

thin soil; you could read of them as found elsewhere in January; they rarely came much before March, and but sparingly then. On the warm red sand (red, at least, to look at, but green by geological courtesy, I think) of Sussex, round about Hurst of the Pierrepoints, primroses are seen soon after the year has turned. In the lanes about that curious old mansion, with its windows reaching from floor to roof, that stands at the base of Wolstanbury Hill, they grow early, and ferns linger in sheltered overhung banks. The South Down range, like a great wall, shuts off the sea, and has a different climate on either hand; south by the sea—hard, harsh, flowerless, almost grassless, bitter, and cold; on the north side, just over the hill—warm, soft, with primroses and fern, willows budding and birds already busy. It is a double England there, two countries side by side.

On a summer's day Wolstanbury Hill is an island in sunshine; you may lie on the grassy rampart, high up in the most delicate air—Grecian air, pellucid—alone, among the butterflies and humming bees at the thyme, alone and isolated; endless masses of hills on three sides, endless weald or valley on the fourth, all warmly lit with sunshine, deep under liquid sunshine like the sands under the liquid sea, no harshness of man-made sound to break the insulation amid nature, on an island in a far Pacific of sunshine. Some people would hesitate to walk down the staircase cut in the turf to the beech-trees beneath; the woods look so small beneath, so far down and steep, and no handrail. Many go to the Dyke, but none to Wolstanbury Hill. To come over the range reminds one of what travellers say of coming over the Alps into Italy; from harsh sea-slopes, made dry with salt as they sow salt on razed cities that naught may grow, to warm plains rich in all things, and with great hills as pictures hung on a wall to gaze at. Where there are beech-trees the land is always beautiful, beech-trees at the foot of this hill, beech-trees at Arundel in that lovely park which the Duke of Norfolk, to his glory, leaves open to all the world, and where the anemones flourish in unusual size and number; beech-trees in Marlborough Forest; beech-trees at the summit to which the lane leads that was spoken of just now. Beech and beautiful scenery go together.

If we had never before looked upon the earth, but suddenly came to it man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more. Like a

dream of some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too beautiful to be long watched lest it should fade away. So it seemed to me as a boy, sweet and new like this each morning; and even now, after the years that have passed, and the lines they have worn in the forehead, the summer mead shines as bright and fresh as when my foot first touched the grass. It has another meaning now; the sunshine and the flowers speak differently, for a heart that has once known sorrow reads behind the page, and sees sadness in joy. But the freshness is still there, the dew washes the colours before dawn. Unconscious happiness in finding wild flowers—unconscious and unquestioning, and therefore unbounded.

I used to stand by the mower and follow the scythe sweeping down thousands of the broad-flowered daisies, the knotted knapweeds, the blue scabious, the yellow rattles, sweeping so close and true that nothing escaped; and yet, although I had seen so many hundreds of each, although I had lifted armfuls day after day, still they were fresh. They never lost their newness, and even now each time I gather a wild flower it feels a new thing. The greenfinches came to the fallen swathe so near to us they seemed to have no fear; but I remember the yellowhammers most, whose colour, like that of the wild flowers and the sky, has never faded from my memory. The greenfinches sank into the fallen swathe, the loose grass gave under their weight and let them bathe in flowers.

One yellowhammer sat on a branch of ash the livelong morning, still singing in the sun; his bright head, his clean bright yellow, gaudy as Spain, was drawn like a brush charged heavily with colour across the retina, painting it deeply, for there on the eye's memory it endures, though that was boyhood and this is manhood, still unchanged. The field—Stewart's Mash—the very tree—young ash timber—the branch projecting over the sward, I could make a map of them. Sometimes I think sun-painted colours are brighter to me than to many, and more strongly affect the nerves of the eye. Straw going by the road on a dusky winter's day seems so pleasingly golden, the sheaves lying aslant at the top, and those bundles of yellow tubes thrown up against the dark ivy on the opposite wall. Tiles, red burned, or orange coated, the sea sometimes cleanly definite, the shadows of trees in a thin wood where there is room for shadows to form and fall; some such shadows are sharper than light, and have a faint blue tint. Not only in summer but in cold winter, and not only romantic things but plain matter-of-fact things, as a wagon freshly painted red beside the wright's shop,

stand out as if wet with colour and delicately pencilled at the edges. It must be out of doors; nothing indoors looks like this.

The first conscious thought about wild flowers was to find out their names—the first conscious pleasure—and then I began to see so many that I had not previously noticed. Once you wish to identify them there is nothing escapes, down to the little white chickweed of the path and the moss of the wall. I put my hand on the bridge across the brook to lean over and look down into the water. Are there any fish? The bricks of the pier are covered with green, like a wall-painting to the surface of the stream, mosses along the lines of the mortar, and among the moss little plants—what are these? In the dry sunlit lane I look up to the top of the great wall about some domain, where the green figs look over upright on their stalks; there are dry plants on the coping—what are these? Some growing thus, high in the air, on stone, and in the chinks of the tower, suspended in dry air and sunshine; some low down under the arch of the bridge over the brook, out of sight utterly, unless you stoop by the brink of the water and project yourself forward to examine under. The kingfisher sees them as he shoots through the barrel of the culvert. There the sun never shines direct upon them, but the sunlight thrown up by the ripples runs all day in bright bars along the vault of the arch, playing on them. The stream arranges the sand in the shallow in bars, minute fixed undulations; the stream arranges the sunshine in successive flashes, undulating as if the sun, drowsy in the heat, were idly closing and unclosing his eyelids for sleep. Plants everywhere, hiding behind every tree, under the leaves, in the shady places, beside the dry furrows of the field, they are only just behind something, hidden openly. The instant you look for them they multiply a hundredfold, if you sit on the beach and begin to count the pebbles by you their number instantly increases to infinity by virtue of that conscious act.

If you have been living in one house in the country for some time, and then go on a visit to another, though hardly half a mile distant, you will find a change in the air, the feeling, and tone of the place. It is close by, but it is not the same. To discover these minute differences, which make one locality healthy and home happy, and the next adjoining unhealthy, the Chinese have invented the science of Feng-shui, spying about with cabalistic mystery, casting the horoscope of an acre. There is something in all superstitions; they are often the foundation of science. Superstition having made the discovery, science composes a lecture on the reason why, and claims the credit. Bird's-foot lotus means a

times before you are satisfied—you waver in your convictions. The leaves were described as large and heart-shaped, and to remain green (at the ground) through the winter; but the colour of the flower was omitted, though it was stated that the petals of the hedge-mustard were yellow. The plant that seemed to me to be probably "sauce alone" had leaves somewhat heart-shaped, but so confusing is *partial* description that I began to think that I had hit on "ramsons" instead of "sauce alone," especially as ramsons was said to be a very common plant. So it is in some counties, but, as I afterwards found, there was not a plant of ramsons, or garlic, throughout the whole of that district. When, some years afterwards, I saw a white-flowered plant with leaves like the lily of the valley, smelling of garlic, in the woods of Somerset, I recognized it immediately. The plants that are really common—common everywhere—are not numerous, and if you are studying you must be careful to understand that word locally. My "sauce alone" identification was right; to be right and not certain is still unsatisfactory.

Two things can go through the solid oak; the lightning of the clouds that rends the iron timber, the lightening of the spring—the electricity of the sunbeams forcing him to stretch forth and lengthen his arms with joy. Bathed in buttercups to the dewlap, the roan cows standing in the golden lake watched the hours with calm frontlet; watched the light descending, the meadows filling, with knowledge of long months of succulent clover. On their broad brows the year falls gently; their great, beautiful eyes, which need but a tear or a smile to make them human,—without these, such eyes, so large and full, seem above human life, eyes of the immortals enduring without passion,—in these eyes, as a mirror, nature is reflected.

I came every day to walk slowly up and down the plain road, by the starry flowers under the ash-green boughs; ash is the coolest, softest green. The bees went drifting over by my head; as they cleared the hedges they passed by my ears, the wind singing in their shrill wings. White tent-walls of cloud—a warm white, being full to overflowing of sunshine—stretched across from ash-top to ash-top, a cloud-canvas roof, a tent-palace of the delicious air. For of all things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and enclosing, like Aphrodite's arms; as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that pushed by them; genius has ever had

such a struggle. The road was made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank.

A friend said, "Why do you go the same road every day? Why not have a change and walk somewhere else sometimes? Why keep on up and down the same place?" I could not answer; till then it had not occurred to me that I did always go one way; as for the reason of it I could not tell; I continued in my old mind while the summers went away. Not till years afterwards was I able to see why I went the same round and did not care for change. I do not want change: I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards to their ideal. Let me see the idle shadows resting on the white dust; let me hear the humble-bees, and stay to look down on the rich dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns—I should miss the thistles; the reed-grasses hiding the moorhen; the bryony bine, at first crudely ambitious and lifted by force of youthful sap straight above the hedgerow to sink of its own weight presently and progress with crafty tendrils; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings like crescent-headed shaftless arrows darted from the clouds; the chaffinch with a feather in her bill; all the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer—let me watch the same succession year by year.

Why, I knew the very dates of them all—the reddening elm, the arum, the hawthorn leaf, the celandine, the may; the yellow iris of the waters, the heath of the hillside. The time of the nightingale—the place to hear the first note; onwards to the drooping fern and the time of the redwing—the place of *his* first note, so welcome to the sportsman as the acorn ripens and the pheasant come to the age of manhood, feeds himself; onwards to the shadowless days—the long shadowless winter, for in winter it is the shadows we miss as much as the light. They lie over the summer sward, design upon design, dark lace on green and gold; they glorify the sunlight; they repose on the distant hills like gods on Olympus; without shadow what even is the sun? At the foot of the great cliffs by the sea you may know this, it is dry glare; mighty ocean is dearer as the shadows of the clouds sweep over as they sweep over the green corn. Past the shadowless winter, when it is all shade, and therefore no shadow; onwards to the first coltsfoot and on to the

seed-time again; I knew the dates of all of them. I did not want change; I wanted the same flowers to return on the same day, the titlark to rise soaring from the same oak to fetch down love with a song from heaven to his mate on the nest beneath. No change, no new things; if I found a fresh wild flower in a fresh place, still it wove at once into the old garment. In vain, the very next year was different even in the same place—*that* had been a year of rain, and the flag flowers were wonderful to see; *this* was a dry year, and the flags not half the height, the gold of the flower not so deep; next year the fatal billhook came and swept away a slow-grown hedge that had given me crab-blossom in cuckoo-time and hazel-nuts in harvest. Never again the same, even in the same place.

A little feather droops downwards to the ground—a swallow's feather fuller of miracle than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice. Time changes the places that knew us; and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables, the road has been widened, and the sward the driven sheep lingered on is gone. Who dares to think then? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation. So now I am sure I was right in always walking the same way by the starry flowers striving upwards on a slender ancestry of stem. I would follow the plain old road to-day if I could. Let change be far from me; that irresistible change must come is bitter indeed. Give me the old road, the same flowers—they were only stitchwort—the old succession of days and garland, ever weaving into it fresh wild flowers from far and near. Fetch them from distant mountains, discover them on decaying walls, in unsuspected corners; though never seen before, still they are the same: there has been a place in the heart waiting for them.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE (1849–1928)

Librarian to the House of Lords (1904–14), one of the leading literary critics of his day, and a prolific writer. "Portraits and Sketches" were published in 1912. A sure stylist, his best work is, perhaps, "Father and Son," an autobiography of high interest and distinction.

SWINBURNE

MEN who to-day have not passed middle age can scarcely form an impression of what the name and fame of Algernon Charles Swinburne meant forty years ago to those who were then young and enthusiastic candidates for apprenticeship in the fine arts. Criticism now looks upon his work—and possibly it is right in so looking—rather as closing than as opening a great poetic era. The conception is of a talent which collects all the detonating elements of a previous illumination, and lets them off, once and for all, in a prodigious culminating explosion, after which darkness ensues. But such a conception of Swinburne, as the floriated termination of the romantic edifice, or, once more to change the image, as one who brought up the rear of a long and straggling army, would have seemed to his adorers of 1869 not merely paradoxical but preposterous. It was not doubted by any of his admirers that here they held an incomparable poet of a new order, "the fairest first-born son of fire," who was to inaugurate a new age of lyric gold.

This conception was shared alike by the few who in those days knew him personally, and by the many who did not. While the present writer was still in that outer class, he well remembers being told that an audience of the elect, to whom Swinburne recited the yet unpublished "Dolores," had been moved to such incredible ecstasy by it that several of them had sunk on their knees, then and there, and adored him as a god. Those were blissful times, when poets and painters, if they were attached to Keats' "little clan," might hope for honours which were private indeed, and strictly limited, but almost divine. The extra-

ordinary reputation of Swinburne in the later 'sixties was constructed of several elements. It was built up on the legend of his mysterious and unprecedented physical appearance, of the astonishing verbal beauty of his writings, but most of all on his defiance of the intellectual and religious prejudices of his age and generation. He was not merely a poet, but a flag; and not merely a flag, but the Red Flag incarnate. There was an idea abroad, and it was not ill-founded, that in matters of taste the age in England had for some time been stationary, if not stagnant. It was necessary to wake people up; as Victor Hugo had said: "*Il faut rudoyer le genre humain*," and in every gesture it was believed that Swinburne set forth to *rudoyer* the Philistines.

This was welcome to all young persons sitting in bondage, who looked up to Swinburne as to the deliverer. He also enjoyed, in popular belief, the advantage of excessive youth. In point of fact his immaturity was not so dazzling as was reported by the newspapers, or, alas! as he then himself reported. When "Poems and Ballads" appeared he was in his thirtieth year, yet he was generally reported to be only twenty-four. This is interesting merely because there are five or six years of Swinburne's early manhood which seem to be without any visible history. What did he do with himself between 1860, when "The Queen-Mother" was stillborn, and 1865, when he flashed into universal prominence as the author of "Atalanta in Calydon"? On the large scale, nothing; on the small scale, the bibliographer (aided by the indefatigable Mr. Thomas J. Wise) detects the review of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal" in the *Spectator* (1862), and a dim sort of short story in prose called "Dead Love" (1864). No doubt this was a time of tremendous growth in secret; but, visibly, no flame or even smoke was ejected from the crater of the young volcano. Swinburne told me that he wrote the "Baudelaire" in a Turkish bath in Paris. (There were stranger groves of Academe than this.) No doubt the biographers of the future, intent on rubbing the gold-dust off the butterflies' wings, will tell us everything day by day. Meanwhile, these early years continue to be delightfully mysterious, and he was nearly thirty when he dawned in splendour on London.

Swinburne's second period lasted from 1865 to 1871. This was the blossoming-time of the aloe, when its acute perfume first filled the literary *salons*, and then emptied them; when for a very short time the poet emerged from his lifelong privacy and trod the social stage. The experiment culminated, I suppose, in his solitary public utterance. He might be called "Single-speech Swinburne," since positively his only

performance on his legs was an after-dinner oration, in May, 1866, when he responded to the toast of "The Imaginative Literature of England" at Willis's Rooms. This second period was brilliant, but stormy. Swinburne was constitutionally unfitted to shine in mixed society. The events in his career now came fast and thick. The "Atalanta," acclaimed in 1865, had been followed later in the same year by "Chastelard," which made old men begin to dream dreams, and in 1866 by "Poems and Ballads," which roused a scandal unparalleled since Byron left England exactly half a century before.

Then, when the fury of the public was at its height, there was a meeting between Jowett and Mazzini, at the house of Mr. George Howard (afterwards the ninth Earl of Carlisle), to discuss "what can be done *with* and *for* Algernon." And then there came the dedication to the Republic, "the beacon-bright Republic far-off sighted," and all the fervour and intellectual frenzies were successfully diverted from "such tendrils as the wild Loves wear" to the luminous phantasms of liberty and tyrannicide, to the stripping of the muffled souls of kings, and to all the other glorious, generous absurdities of the Mazzini-haunted "Songs before Sunrise" (1871). This was the period when after an unlucky experience of London Society, the poet fled to the solitudes again, and nearly lost his life swimming in the harbour of Etretat. Of this episode I shall presently give a full account. The autumn of 1870 saw him once again in London. It is at this moment, when Swinburne was in his thirty-fourth year, that the recollections which I venture to set down before they be forgotten practically begin. They represent the emotional observations of a boy on whom this mysterious and almost symbolical luminary turned those full beams which were then and afterwards so thriftily withdrawn from the world at large.

That I may escape as quickly as possible from the necessity of speaking of myself, and yet may detail the credentials of my reminiscences, let me say that my earliest letter from Swinburne was dated September 14, 1867, when I was still in my eighteenth year, and that I first saw him in 1868. I was not presented to him, however, until the last week in 1870, when, in a note from the kind hostess who brought us together, I find it stated: "Algernon took to you at once, as is seldom the case with him." In spite of this happy beginning, the acquaintance remained superficial until 1873, when, I hardly know how, it ripened suddenly into an intimate friendship. From that time until he left London for good in the autumn of 1879 I saw Swinburne very frequently indeed,

and for several years later than that our intercourse continued to be close. These relations were never interrupted, except by his increasing deafness and general disinclination to leave home. I would, then, say that the memories I venture to bring forward deal mainly with the years from 1873 to 1880, but extend a little before and after that date.

I

The physical conditions which accompany and affect what we call genius are obscure, and have hitherto attracted little but empirical notice. It is impossible not to see that the absolutely normal man or woman, as we describe normality, is very rarely indeed an inventor, or a seer, or even a person of remarkable mental energy. The bulk of what are called entirely "healthy" people add nothing to the sum of human achievement, and it is not the average navvy who makes a Darwin, nor the typical daughter of the plough who develops into an Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There are probably few professional men who offer a more insidious attack upon all that in the past has made life variegated and interesting than the school of robust and old-fashioned physicians who theorize on eccentricity, on variations of the type, as necessarily evil and obviously to be stamped out, if possible, by the State. The more closely we study, with extremely slender resources of evidence, the lives of great men of imagination and action since the beginning of the world, the more clearly we ought to recognize that a reduction of all the types to one stolid uniformity of what is called "health" would have the effect of depriving humanity of precisely those individuals who have added most to the beauty and variety of human existence.

These reflections are natural in looking back upon the constitution of Swinburne, which I believe to have been one of the most extraordinary that have been observed in our time. It would be a pity if its characteristics should be obscured by caricature on the one hand or by false sentiment on the other. In the days when I watched him closely I found myself constantly startled by the physical problem: What place has this singular being in the *genus homo*? It would easily be settled by the vague formula of "degeneration," but to a careful eye there was nothing in Swinburne of what is known as the debased or perverse type. The stigmata of the degenerate, such as we have been taught to note them, were entirely absent. Here were, to the outward and untechnical perception at least, no radical effects of disease, hereditary or acquired. He stood on a different physical footing from other men; he formed, as Cowley said of Pindar, "a vast species alone."

The world is familiar from portraits, and still better from caricatures, with his unique appearance. He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso papavera collo*, he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying "Good night," he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door. I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him.

He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn, or threading the pressure of carts eastward in Gray's Inn Road, without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind. At that time I held a humble post at the British Museum, from which I was freed at four o'clock, and Swinburne liked to arrange to meet me half-way between that monument and his own lodgings. One of Swinburne's peculiarities was an extreme punctuality, and we seldom failed to meet on the deserted northern pavement of Great Coram Street. But although the meeting was of his own making, and the person to be met a friend seen every day, if I stood a couple of yards before him silent, he would endeavour to escape on one side and then on the other, giving a great shout of satisfaction when at length his eyes focused on my face.

He was very fond of talking about his feats of swimming and riding as a boy, and no other poet has written about the former exercise with so much felicity and ardour:

As one that ere a June day rise
Makes seaward for the dawn, and tries
The water with delighted limbs,
That tastes the sweet dark sea, and swims
Right eastward under strengthening skies,
And sees the gradual rippling rims
Of waves whence day breaks blossom-wise
Take fire ere light peer well above,
And laughs from all his heart with love;

And softlier swimming, with raised head,
Feels the full flower of morning shed,
And fluent sunrise round him rolled,
That laps and laves his body bold
With fluctuant heaven in water's stead,
And urgent through the growing gold
Strikes, and sees all the spray flash red,
And his soul takes the sun, and yearns
For joy wherewith the sea's heart burns. . . .

There is nothing to approach it elsewhere in literature. It was founded on experience in the surf of Northumberland, and Swinburne's courage and zest as a bather were superb. But I was assured by earlier companions that he made remarkably little way by swimming, and that his feats were mainly of floating, his little body tossing on the breakers like a cork. His father, the admiral, had taught him to plunge in the sea when he was a very little child, taking him up in his arms and flinging him out among the waves. His cousin, Lord Redesdale, tells me that at Eton Algernon "could swim for ever," but he was always muscularly feeble, making up for this deficiency by his splendid courage and confidence.

No physiologist who studied the corporeal condition of Swinburne could avoid observing the violent elevation of spirits to which he was constantly subject. The slightest emotional excitement, of anger, or pleasure, or admiration, sent him into a state which could scarcely be called anything but convulsive. He was like that little *geyser* in Iceland which is always simmering, but which, if it is irritated by having pieces of turf thrown into it, instantly boils over and flings its menacing column at the sky. I was never able to persuade myself whether the extraordinary spasmodic action of the arms and legs which accompanied these paroxysms was the result of nature or habit. It was violent and it was long-continued, but I never saw that it produced fatigue. It gradually subsided into a graceful and smiling calm, sometimes even into somnolence, out of which, however, a provocative remark would instantly call up again the surprising spasm of the *geyser*. The poet's surviving

sister, Miss Isabel Swinburne, tells me that this trick of stiffly drawing down his arms from the shoulders and giving a rapid vibratory movement to his hands was voluntary in childhood; she considers that it spoiled his shoulders and made them sloping. In later years I am sure it had become instinctive and unconscious. She describes to me also the extraordinary ecstasy which shook his body and lighted up his face when reading a book which delighted him or when speaking of any intellectual pleasure. Swinburne seemed to me to divide his hours between violent cerebral excitement and sheer immobility, mental and physical. He would sit for a long time together without stirring a limb, his eyes fixed in a sort of trance, and only his lips shifting and shivering a little, without a sound.

The conception of Swinburne, indeed, as incessantly flamboyant and convulsive is so common that it may be of value to note that he was, on the contrary, sometimes pathetically plaintive and distressed. The following impression, written down next day (January 4, 1878), reveals a Swinburne little imagined by the public, but frequently enough to be observed in those days by intimate friends. It describes a slightly later condition than that on which I have hitherto dwelt:

"Swinburne has become very much at home with us, and, knowing our eating-times, he drops in every fortnight or so to dinner, and stays through the evening. All this winter he has been noticeably worn and feeble, sometimes tottering like an old man, and glad to accept a hand to help him up and down stairs. I hear he is very violent between whiles, but he generally visits us during the exhaustion and depression which follow his fits of excitement, when he is tired of his loneliness at Great James Street, and seems to crave the comfort of home-life and the petting that we lavish on him. Last night he arrived about 5 p.m.; he was waiting for me when I came back from the office. The maid had seen him into my study, brightened the fire and raised the lamp, but although she left him cosily seated under the light, I found him mournfully wandering, like a lost thing, on the staircase. We happened to be quite alone, and he stayed on for six hours. He was extremely gentle, bright, and sensible at dinner, full of gay talk about early memories, his recollections of Dickens, and odd anecdotes of older Oxford friends, Jowett, Stubbs, and the present Bishop of Ely [James Russell Woodford]. Directly dinner was over he insisted on seeing the baby, whom on these occasions he always kisses, and worships on his knees, and is very fantastic over. When he and I were alone, he closed up to the fire, his great head bowed, his knees held tigl

and his finger-tips pressed to his chest, in what I call his 'penitential' attitude, and he began a long tale, plaintive and rather vague, about his loneliness, the sadness of his life, the suffering he experiences from the slanders of others. He said that George Eliot was hounding on her myrmidons to his destruction. I made out that this referred to some attack in a newspaper which he supposes, very groundlessly I expect, to be inspired by George Eliot. Swinburne said that a little while ago he found his intellectual energy succumbing under a morbid distress at his isolation, and that he had been obliged steadily to review before his conscience his imaginative life in order to prevent himself from sinking into despair. This is only a mood, to be sure; but if there be any people who think so ill of him, I only wish they could see him as we see him at these recuperative intervals. Whatever he may be elsewhere, in our household not a kinder, simpler, or more affectionate creature could be desired as a visitor. The only fault we find with him is that his little mournful ways and his fragility drag painfully upon our sympathy."

This, it will be admitted, is not the Swinburne of legend in the 'seventies, and that it is so different may be judged, I hope, my excuse for recording it. A very sensible further change came over him when he was attacked by deafness, an infirmity to which, I believe, most members of his family have been liable. I do not think that I noticed any hardness of hearing until 1880, when the affliction rapidly developed. He was, naturally, very much concerned at it, and in the summer of that year he wrote to a lady of my household, "If this gets worse I shall become wholly unfit to mix in any society where two or three are gathered together." It did get worse; it was constitutional and incurable, and for the last quarter of a century of his life he was almost impervious to outward sound. All the more, therefore, was he dependent on the care of the devoted friend who thenceforward guarded him so tenderly.

II

The year 1868 was one of the most troubled in Swinburne's existence. He had now reached his thirty-second year, and there had succeeded a reaction to his juvenile flow of animal spirits, to his inexhaustible fecundity, and even to the violent celebrity which had stimulated and incited him as with the sting of a gadfly. His first period of creative energy had come to a close, and he had not yet begun, or only now was beginning to launch steadily upon, his second, namely, the celebration in transcendental verse, and under the auspices of Mazzini, of the ideal

and indivisible Republic. He was dejected in mind and ailing in body; the wonderful colours of youth were now first beginning to fade out of his miraculous eyes and hair. In April, having written "The Hymn of Man," and having sent his great prose monograph on "William Blake" to the press, Swinburne paused and looked round him with a melancholy which had never afflicted him before. He complained, humorously and angrily, of "illness hardly intermittent during weeks and months of weather which would have disgraced hell and raised a revolution among devils." His principal pleasure was the encouragement given him by Mazzini, "my beloved Chief, still with us, very ill and indomitable, and sad and kind as ever." "Siena" was finished in May, and "Tiresias" was begun in June. Swinburne was doggedly and painfully working at what he always called "*His* book," the Chief's book, the volume of political lyrics which Mazzini had commanded him to write for the glory of Liberty and Italia.

In was in the evening of July 10, 1868, that I first cast eyes on the *poet who was at that time the divinity, the object of feverish worship*, to every budding artist and faltering singer in England. The occasion was accidental, the circumstances painful; it is enough to say that the idol was revealed to the juvenile worshipper at a startling moment of physical suffering and distress, and that the impression was one of curious terror, never, even under happier auspices, to be removed. I shall not lose that earliest, and entirely unanticipated, image of a languishing and pain-stricken Swinburne, like some odd conception of Aubrey Beardsley, a *Cupido crucifixus* on a chair of anguish. I recall it here because, although in truth he was not nearly so ill as he looked, this apparition explains to me the imperative necessity which his friends found in the summer of that year to get him away from London, away from England, and if so, whither, if not to his beloved France?

It was projected that, so soon as he was well enough to move, he should go over to Boulogne, where a Welsh friend, Mr. Powell of Nant-Eos, was to receive him. But this was not found immediately possible; the poet's journey was delayed, partly by his own continued weakness, then by an illness of his mother, so that it was not until September that he joined Powell at Etretat. Of this, his preliminary stay there, little record seems to remain. It was already late for bathing, and the weather turned bad. The party soon broke up. But Swinburne stayed long enough to form a great liking for the village, which was anything but the fashionable watering-place which it has since grown to be. It was a cluster of little old houses, with whitewashed walls and turfed roofs

inhabited by a sturdy race of Norman fishermen. Etretat had been "discovered" about ten years before this time by certain artists, particularly by Isabey and by the younger Clarkson Stanfield, all of whom kept their "discovery" very quiet. But Alphonse Karr, in his novels, had been unable to preserve a like reticence, and Paris had now waked up to the picturesque capacities of Etretat. Villas were beginning to be built along the edge of the two chalk cliffs and down the Grand Val. It was none of these little smart villas, it was a dwelling of the local Norman type, which was to be identified in such a curious way with the legend of Swinburne.

Whether the purchase had already been made, or whether it was concluded after Swinburne left, or whether indeed the little place was not simply rented, year after year—at all events the beautified cottage in question passed about this time into the possession of Powell, who lived there for several years and entertained Swinburne summer after summer. He became an astonishing figure of eccentricity in the eyes of the simple fishermen of Etretat. It was he or Swinburne, or the precious pair of *farceurs* together, who gave the little house the sinister name of the Chaumière de Dolmancé, which presupposed a considerable amount of out-of-the-way reading in the passer-by who was to be scandalized. It did not scandalize, but very much "intrigued" a sturdy youth who often crossed its painted legend in his holidays, and who had already read enough "undesirable" literature to wonder what this was all about, and what odd beings chose to advertise that they inhabited the Chaumière de Dolmancé. It is necessary to sweep away a good many cobwebs of romance in dealing with the relations between Swinburne and Guy de Maupassant; for the sturdy youth was no other than he. In the following pages I hope to clear up, in some measure, the mystification which each of them wove around the legend in later years.

In the first place, it is needful to understand that Maupassant was not the famous writer he afterwards became. He was a youth of eighteen, and six years were to elapse before his nostrils snuffed up the odour of printer's ink. Etretat was his mother's summer home. Very soon after his birth Madame de Maupassant bought a small property in the Norman village, and here the future novelist's childhood was passed. The *curé* of Etretat prepared him for school, first for the seminary of the neighbouring town of Yvetot, that "citadel of Norman wit," and afterwards for Rouen; but all his holidays were spent among the fishermen of Etretat, going out with them in their boats by day and night, wrestling and climbing with their boys, scaling the slippery chalk cliffs

to watch for their returning sails. It was not, therefore, a scandal-mongering journalist of Paris who pushed himself on the notice of the two Englishmen, but an extremely vivid and observant boy practically native to the soil, who examined the strange visitors with a wholly legitimate curiosity. The good faith of Guy de Maupassant, which has been called in question, must be defended. During these years, and till the war broke out, Maupassant was a student at the Lycée of Rouen, working under the benevolent eye of Gustave Flaubert, rapidly advancing in solid physical vigour, but giving little indication of his future line of action except in the painful writing of verses. He was, however, preternaturally wide-awake; and sweeping the horizon of Etretat, he became aware, summer after summer, of a remarkable pair of exotics.

The incident which led to his forming Swinburne's acquaintance must now be told with some minuteness, partly because, as an adventure, it was the most important in the poet's career, and partly because it has been made the subject of many vague and contradictory rumours. Swinburne, as we have already seen, was a daring bather, and one of the main attractions of Etretat was the facility it gave for exercise in the sea. On a certain Friday in the late summer at about 10 a.m., the poet went down alone to a solitary point on the eastern side of the *plage*, the Porte d'Amont—for there is no real harbour at Etretat—divested himself of his clothes, and plunged in, as was his wont. The next thing that happened was that a man called Coquerel, who was on the outlook at the semaphore, being at the foot of the cliffs on the eastern side of the bay, heard continued cries for help and piercing screams. He climbed up on a sort of rock of chalk, called Le Banc à Cuve, and perceived that a swimmer, who had been caught by the tide, which runs very heavily at that place, was being hurried out to sea, in spite of the violent efforts which he was making to struggle for his life. As it was impossible for Coquerel to do anything else to help the drowning man, he was starting to race along the shore to Etretat, when he saw coming round the point one of the fishing-smacks of the village. Coquerel attracted the attention of this boat, and directed the captain to the point out at sea where Swinburne's cries were growing fainter and further. The captain of the smack very cleverly seized the situation, and followed the poet, who had now ceased to struggle, but who supported himself by floating on the surface of the tide. This was hurrying him along so swiftly that he was not picked up until at a point a mile to the east-north-east of the eastern point of Etretat.

It is a great pleasure to me, after more than forty years, to be able to give the name of the man who saved the life of one of the greatest poets of England. I hope that Captain Théodule Vallin may be remembered with gratitude by the lovers of literature.

The story hitherto is from Etretat sources. I now take it up as Swinburne told it to me, not very long after the event. His account did not differ in any essential degree from what has just been said. But he told me that soon after having left Porte d'Amont he felt the undercurrent of the tide take possession of him, and he was carried out to sea through a rocky archway. Now, when it was too late, he recollected that the fishermen had warned him that he ought not to bathe without taking the tide into consideration. He tried to turn, to get out of the stream; but it was absolutely impossible, he was drawn on like a leaf. (What he did not say, of course, was that although he was absolutely untiring in the sea, and as familiar with it as a South Sea islander, the weakness of his arms prevented his being able to swim fast or far, so that he depended on frequent interludes of floating.) At first he fought to get out of the tide, and then, realizing the hopelessness of this, he set himself to shout and yell, and he told me that the sound of his own voice, in that stillness of racing water, struck him as very strange and dreadful. Then he ceased to scream, and floated as limply as possible, carried along, and then he was suddenly aware that in a few minutes he would be dead, for the possibility of his being saved did not occur to him.

I asked him what he thought about in that dreadful contingency, and he replied that he had no experience of what people often profess to witness, the concentrated panorama of past life hurrying across the memory. He did not reflect on the past at all. He was filled with annoyance that he had not finished his "Songs before Sunrise," and then with satisfaction that so much of it was ready for the press, and that Mazzini would be pleased with him. And then he continued: "I reflected with resignation that I was exactly the same age as Shelley was when he was drowned." (This, however, was not the case; Swinburne had reached that age in March, 1867; but this was part of a curious delusion of Swinburne's that he was younger by two or three years than his real age.) Then, when he began to be, I suppose, a little benumbed by the water, his thoughts fixed on the clothes he had left on the beach, and he worried his clouding brain about some unfinished verses in the pocket of his coat. I suppose that he then fainted, for he could not recollect being reached by the smack or lifted on board.

The fishermen, however, drew the poet successfully out of the water. *Ivy should have grown up the masts and the sound of flutes have been* heard in the forecastle, as when Dionysus boarded the pirate-vessel off Naxos. Captain Vallin was not much less astonished at his capture than the Icarians were, for Swinburne immediately displayed his usual vivacity. The *Marie-Marthe*—for that was the name of the boat—proceeded on her voyage to Yport. The weather was glorious; the poet's body was rubbed by the horny hands of his rescuers, and then wrapped in a spare sail, over which his mane of orange-ruddy hair was spread to dry, like a fan. He proceeded to preach to the captain and his men, who surrounded him, he told me, in rapturous approval, the doctrines of the Republic, and then he recited to them, "by the hour *together," the poems of Victor Hugo. He was given some food, and* in the course of the morning the *Marie-Marthe*, with her singular lading, tacked into the harbour of Yport.

Meanwhile, Swinburne's English friend and host, who had been near him on the shore, but not himself bathing, had, with gathering anxiety, seen him rapidly and unresistingly hurried out to sea through the rocky archway until he passed entirely out of sight. He immediately recollected—what Swinburne had forgotten—the treacherous under-currents so prevalent and so much dreaded on that dangerous coast. After Mr. Powell had lost sight of the poet for what seemed to him at least ten minutes, his anxiety was turned to horror, for there were shouts heard on the cliffs above him to the effect that "a man was drowning." He gathered up Swinburne's clothes in his arms, and ran ankle-deep in the loose shingle to where some boats were lying on the beach. These immediately started to the rescue; in but a few minutes after their departure, however, a boat arriving at Etretat from the east brought the welcome news that no catastrophe had happened, but that the *Marie-Marthe* had been seen to pick the Englishman up out of the water, and to continue her course towards Yport. Mr. Powell, therefore, took a carriage and galloped off at fullest speed, with Swinburne's clothes, and arrived at Yport just in time to see the *Marie-Marthe* enter the harbour, with Swinburne, in excellent spirits and wrapped in a sail, gesticulating on the deck.

What greatly astonished the Normans was that, after so alarming an adventure and so bitter an experience of the treachery of the sea, Swinburne was by no means willing to abandon it. The friends dismissed their carriage, and lunched at the pleasant little inn between the *place* and the sea; and having found that the *Marie-Marthe* was returning to Etretat—

in the afternoon, they took a walk along the cliffs until Captain Vallin had finished his business in Yport, when they returned with him by sea. This conduct was thought eccentric; it would have been natural to prefer a land journey at such a moment. But, as the captain approvingly said, "C'eut été trop peu anglais." Everybody who had helped in the salvage was generously rewarded, and Swinburne and his friend were, for at least twenty-four hours, the most popular of the residents of Etretat.

It is not till now, at the twelfth hour, that Guy de Maupassant comes into the story. It is only fair to say that he never asserted, nor acquiesced in the assertion made by others, that he himself, on his own yacht, rescued Swinburne. A collegian of nineteen, at home for the holidays, a yacht was the last thing he was likely to possess. But he jumped on board one of those fishing-smacks which Mr. Powell sent out, and the boat he was on hurried back only on hearing that the *Marie-Marthe* had already saved the drowning man. Who the latter was Maupassant did not learn until the evening of the same day, when he discovered that it was the English poet who had arrived, not long before, to be the guest of a strange Englishman, accomplished and extravagant, who occasionally conversed with Maupassant, as he paced the shingle-beach, and who had already excited his curiosity. "Ce Monsieur Powell," says Maupassant, "étonnait le pays par une vie extrêmement solitaire et bizarre aux yeux de bourgeois et de matelots peu accoutumés aux fantaisies et aux excentricités anglaises." In later years Maupassant was in the habit of describing, and doubtless of amplifying, for the amusement of Parisian friends, these "English eccentricities," and in particular he regaled Heredia and the Goncourts with them. Edmond de Goncourt wrote a novel, once famous, which there are now none to praise and very few to read, called "La Faustin." This work is evidently founded on the gossip of Guy de Maupassant; but no one needs to waste his time searching in it for a portrait of Swinburne, for it is not there.

Maupassant's obliging zeal in hurrying to Swinburne's help was rewarded on the following day by an invitation to lunch at the Chaumière de Dolmancé. The two Englishmen were waiting for him in a pretty garden, verdurous and shady. Their visitor describes the house as "une toute basse maison normande construite en silex et coiffée de chaume," the very type of building in which the tragedies and comedies of rustic life in the Seine-Inférieure were to figure, years later, in the tales of the juvenile visitor. The eyes of that visitor, by the way, if

youthful, were exceedingly sharp and bright; although he had not yet learned the artifice of prose expression, the power of observing and noting character was already highly developed in him. His account of the meeting, accordingly, is a very curious document, and one which a historian must touch with care. As it advances, with the desire to astonish and scandalize, it certainly borders on the apocryphal, and justifies Swinburne's indignation towards the end of his life. But the opening paragraphs bear the impress of absolute truth, and truth seen by the most clairvoyant of observers.

This, then, is how our poet struck the Norman boy who had never read a line of his verses. "M. Swinburne was small and thin, amazingly thin at first sight, a sort of fantastic apparition. When I looked at him for the first time, I thought of Edgar Poe. The forehead was very large under long hair, and the face went narrowing down to a tiny chin, shaded by a thin tuft of beard. A very slight moustache slipped over lips which were extraordinarily delicate and were pressed together, while what seemed an endless neck joined this head, which was alive only in its bright, penetrating, and fixed eyes, to a body without shoulders, since the upper part of Swinburne's chest seemed scarcely broader than his forehead. The whole of this almost supernatural personage was stirred by nervous shudders. He was very cordial, very easy of access; and the extraordinary charm of his intelligence bewitched me from the first moment." There may be a touch of emphasis in this, a slight effect of caricature; but no one who knew Swinburne in those days will dare to deny the general fidelity of the portrait.

During the course of their life at Etretat the conversation of the friends continually turned on art, on literature, even on music, about which Powell was then greatly exercised. Swinburne did not recognize the difference between one tune and another, but he took a cerebral interest in music. The friends were entranced by the fame of Wagner and of Berlioz, who was much discussed in art circles; it is to be doubted whether either of them had heard any of the compositions of these musicians performed in public or in private. It was the attitude of Wagner which attracted and delighted them, while Swinburne had a curious conviction of sympathy with Berlioz, who died just about this time, leaving a mysterious reputation behind him. I have heard Swinburne express an overwhelming desire to be present when "La Damnation de Faust" was performed, and he was prepared, or almost prepared, to take a journey to Leipzig for that purpose. He had read some of Berlioz' musical criticism, which used to appear (I think) in *Figaro*,

in Leighton's conversation. Mrs. Sartoris was accustomed to sing for the three friends, with her incredible grace of vocalization, and Swinburne describes how

> A woman's voice, divine as a bird's by dawn
> Kindled and stirred to sunward, arose and held
> Our souls that heard, from earth as from sleep withdrawn,
> And filled with light as stars, and as stars compelled
> To move by might of music.

Finally, Burton's turn comes,

> warrior and wanderer, crowned
> With fame that shone from eastern on western day,
> More strong, more kind, than praise or than grief might say.

It is surprising that this very important biographical poem has hitherto attracted so little attention from those who have written on the friendships of Swinburne. It was written in 1890.

While he was thus enjoying himself at Vichy, full of quiet happiness, he was lifted into the seventh heaven—"lit as a mountain lawn by morning," in his own words—through receiving a letter from Victor Hugo inviting him to stay with him at Hauteville House in Guernsey. Swinburne had sent the Master an article of his on the newly-published novel "L'Homme Qui Rit." Victor Hugo wrote back "*such* a letter! thanking me *ex imo corde*, as he says (as if he to whom we all owe such thanks *could* have anything to thank anyone for!), and ending up with 'Quand donc me sera-t-il donné de vous voir?' " Swinburne immediately and gratefully replied, "In a month's time, in September"; and on the same occasion he planned to spend "not more than a week" in Paris, on his way from Vichy to Guernsey. He made arrangements to meet in Paris Paul de Saint-Victor, Théophile Gautier, "and perhaps Gustave Flaubert." "Tu conviendras que cela veut bien la peine de s'arrêter?" he writes at the close of July. But of all this glittering anticipation, nothing, I think, was realized. There was never a meeting with Gautier and Flaubert, and none with Hugo till it was too late for happiness. Why did the bright scheme fall through? I do not know; but when Sir Richard Burton went eastward to Damascus, it seems certain that Swinburne came duly back to Etretat, and he was in London in October. He possessed that winter an unpublished poem, "Les Enfants Pauvres," which Hugo had given him.

He wrote little during these summer holidays on the Norman coast. But it may be of interest to record that the magnificent "Epilogue" to

"Songs before Sunrise," with its description of swimming at dawn, was composed at Etretat. The marvellous stanzas recording the sensations of the swimmer are a direct transcript of the ecstatic adventures in early morning hours from the *plage* outside the Porte d'Amont, or off the moorings of some indulgent and astonished fisherman. The poet's audacity in the waves was even sometimes alarming, as it had been twelve years before, when, as Miss Isabel Swinburne tells me, he insisted, in spite of the warning of the natives, upon plunging into the cold and dangerous waters of the Lac de Gaube, in the Pyrenees.

There remains only to add that the episode which has been described on a previous page, in the course of which Swinburne so nearly lost his life, has left a direct mark on his poetry. It inspired "Ex-Voto," a poem written at Etretat, but not published until eight years later, when it was included in "Poems and Ballads, Second Series." I have the poet's own authority for stating this, and in particular for drawing attention to the fact that the following stanza (addressed, of course, to the sea) directly refers to his being nearly drowned:

> When thy salt lips well-nigh
> Sucked in my mouth's last sigh,
> Grudged I so much to die
>   This death as others?
> Was it no ease to think
> The chalice from whose brink
> Fate gave me death to drink
>   Was thine—my Mother's?

When the Franco-German War broke out, Swinburne was lingering at Etretat. He almost immediately returned to London, murmuring on the journey the strophes of an ode which he was already composing to the glory of a probable French Republic. He never, I believe, visited Etretat again.

III

The conversation of Swinburne, in the days of his youth and power, was very splendid in quality. No part of a great man disappears so completely as his table-talk, and of nothing is it more difficult afterwards to reconstruct an impression. Swinburne's conversation had, as was to be expected, some of the characteristics of his poetry. It was rapid, and yet not voluble; it was measured, ornate, and picturesque, and yet it was in a sense homely. It was much less stilted and involved than his prose writing. His extreme natural politeness was always apparent in his talk, unless, of course, some unfortunate *contretemps* should rouse

a sudden ebullition, when he could be neither just nor kind. But, as a rule, his courtesy shone out of his blue-grey eyes and was lighted up by the halo of his cloud of orange hair as he waved it, gravely or waggishly, at the company. The ease with which finished and polished sentences flowed from him was a constant amazement to me. I noted (January, 1875) that somebody having been so unwise as to speak of the "laborious" versification of Catullus, Swinburne burst forth with a trumpet-note of scorn, and said, "Well, I can only tell you I should have called him the least laborious, and the most spontaneous, in his god-like and bird-like melody, of all the lyrists known to me except Sappho and Shelley; I should as soon call a lark's note 'laboured' as Catullus'." This might have been said of Swinburne's amazing talk; it was a stream of song, no more laboured than a lark's.

Immediately after leaving him I used sometimes, as well as I could, to note down a few of his sentences. It was not easy to retain much where all was so copious and rich, but a whole phrase or even colloquy would linger long in the memory. I think these brief reports may be trusted to give his exact words: nothing could recall his accent and the spontaneous *crescendo* effect of his enthusiasm. I quote from my note-books almost at random. This is in 1875, about some literary antagonist, but I have neglected to note whom:

"He had better be careful. If I am obliged" [very slowly] "to take the cudgel in my hand" [in rapid exultation] "the rafters of the hovel in which he skulks and sniggers shall ring with the loudest whacks ever administered in discipline or chastisement to a howling churl." All this poured forth, in towering high spirits, without a moment's pause to find a word.

Often Swinburne would put on the ironical stop, and, with a killing air of mock modesty, would say, "I don't know whether you can reasonably expect me to be *very* much weaker than a tame rabbit"; or "Even milk would boil over twice to be treated in that way."

He was certainly, during the years in which I knew him well, at his best in 1875. Many of the finest things which I tried to capture belonged to that year. Here is an instance of his proud humility:

"It is always a thorn in my flesh, and a check to any satisfaction which I might feel in writing prose, to reflect that probably I have never written, nor shall ever write, one single page that Landor would have deigned to sign. Nothing of this sort, or indeed of any sort whatever, troubles me for a moment when writing verse, but this always does haunt me when I am at work on prose."

Before 1875 he had become considerably severed from Rossetti in sympathy, and he was prepared to discuss without anger the possibility that his praise had been over-luscious:

"Well, very likely I did say some extravagant things about Rossetti's original sonnets and lyrics, but I do deliberately stick to any word I said about him as a translator. No doubt Shelley is to the full as beautiful a workman in that line, but then he is as inaccurate as Rossetti is accurate."

All through this year, 1875, his mind was full of the idea of translating Æschylus, Aristophanes, Villon, all his peculiar foreign favourites, and the subject was frequently uppermost in his mouth. He thought Mallarmé's version of Poe "very exquisite," although he could not make much of Manet's amazing folio illustrations. Swinburne was well disposed, however, to Manet, whose studio in Paris he told me he had visited in 1863, in company with Whistler and Fantin. He was much disappointed at the sudden death of Maggi, of Milan, who had undertaken to bring out a complete Italian translation of his poems. Swinburne used to speak of Italy as "my second mother-country" and "my country by adoption," although I think his only personal knowledge of it had been gained in 1863, when he spent a long time in and near Florence, much of the time in the society of Walter Savage Landor and that "dear, brilliant, ingenious creature," Mrs. Gaskell. It was in a garden at Fiesole, he told me, that he wrote "Itylus," with the whole air vociferous with nightingales around him.

In the summer of 1875 I brought him a very laudatory review of his writings which had just appeared in Copenhagen, and urged him to gratify the Danish critic by sending him a few written words of acknowledgment. This he was very well pleased to do, but he paused, with lifted pen, and looking up sideways with that curious roguish smile which was one of his charms, he asked, "But what in the name of all the gods and little fishes of Scandinavia am I to say? I know! I must borrow some of the divine daring which enables our Master to respond so frankly to tributes of which he cannot read a word! I will write to your Danish friend exactly as Victor Hugo replies to such tributes of English verse and prose!"

The first letter, he told me, which he received from Victor Hugo, of whom he always spoke in terms of idolatrous reverence, was dated in the early part of 1862, in acknowledgment of some unsigned articles on "Les Misérables." In replying, with the greatest effusion, Swinburne asked leave to lay the dedication of "Chastelard" at Hugo's feet. Although the English poet always spoke of the French poet as a daughter

might speak of her mother, with tender adoration, they did not meet until November, 1882, when Swinburne went over to Paris on purpose to attend the revival—"the resurrection," he called it—of "Le Roi s'amuse." He had no familiarity with Paris; he stayed, like a true British tourist, in one of the fashionable hotels in the Rue St. Honoré. On that occasion, and I think for the only time in his life, he pressed the hand of Victor Hugo. He wrote to me from Paris of the play, and of the fiftieth anniversary of its appearance, "a thing as unique and wonderful as the play itself," but said not a word of his impressions of Hugo.

To some one who remarked that it was disagreeable to be controverted, Swinburne replied gravely, "No! not at all! It gives a zest to the expression of sympathy to raise some points of amicable disagreement." This was not the only case in which I was struck by a certain unconscious resemblance between his repartees and those of Dr. Johnson.

Early in life he started his theory of the division of great writers into gods and giants. He worked it out rather whimsically; Shakespeare, of course, was a god, and Ben Jonson was a giant, but I think that Webster was a god. These conjectures led him along the pleasant pathway of caprice. He now started his serious study of Shakespeare, of which, as about to become a book, I believe he first spoke to me late in 1873. It was a time of controversy so acrid that we can hardly realize the bitterness of it in these calm days. But Swinburne was more than ready for the fight. He rejoiced in his power to make his assailants ridiculous. "I need hardly tell you," he said to me, "that I shall begin, and clear my way, with a massacre of the pedants worthy of one of Topsy's [William Morris's] Icelandic sagas. It shall be 'a murder grim and great,' I pledge myself to you!" And indeed he was very vivacious at the expense of the New Shakspere (or "Shack-spur," as he always pronounced it) Society.

Great anger burned in his bosom because the *Athenæum* described his "Erechtheus" as "a translation from Euripides." I never clearly understood the reason of Swinburne's fanatical objection to Euripides, which has even puzzled Dr. Verrall. He must have adopted it, I think, from Jowett. On the occasion of the appearance of the review quoted above, I found Swinburne in a fine fit of the tantrums. He poured out his indignation the moment I came into the room. "Translation from Euripides, indeed! Why, a fourth-form boy could perceive that, as far as 'Erechtheus' can be said to be formed after anybody it is modelled throughout on the earlier style of Æschylus, the simple.

three-parts-epic style of 'The Suppliants,' 'The Persians,' and the 'Seven against Thebes,' the style most radically contrary to the 'droppings,' grrh! the *droppings* (as our divine and dearest Mrs. Browning so aptly rather than delicately puts it) of the scenic sophist that can be conceived. I should very much like to see the play of Euripides which contains five hundred consecutive lines that could be set against as many of mine!"

Again, on a later occasion, "I always have maintained, and I always shall maintain, that it is infinitely easier to overtop Euripides by the head and shoulders than to come up to the waist of Sophocles or stretch up to touch the lance of Æschylus." "Erechtheus" was written with unusual celerity, all of it, if I remember right, in lodgings by the sea at Wangford, near Southwold, in Suffolk, where Swinburne was staying in the autumn of 1875. When we think of the learning, the weight of imagination, and the unrivalled metrical daring of that splendid drama (to my mind on the very highest level of Swinburne's poetical achievement), this improvisation seems marvellous.

To one who praised in his presence the two great naval odes of Campbell: "I like to hear you say that. But I should speak still more passionately, for the simple fact is that I know nothing like them at all, *simile aut secundum*, in their own line, which is one of the very highest lines in the highest range of poetry. Very little national verse anywhere is good either patriotically or poetically; and what is good patriotically is far inferior to Campbell poetically. Look at Burns and Rouget de l'Isle! What is virtually lacking is proof, in the face of the Philistines, that poetry has real worth and weight in national matters—lacking everywhere else, only—*not* lacking in Campbell."

His feeling about literature was serious to the verge of fanaticism. It absorbed him like a religion, and it was this unflagging sense of the superhuman power and value of poetry which made his conversation so stimulating, especially to a very young man whom he honoured with the untrammelled expression of his opinions. But he had a charming delicacy of toleration for the feelings of those whom he respected, even when he believed them to be tainted with error. Of an elder writer of some authority, to whom he was urged to reply on a point of criticism, he said, "No! If I wrote about what he has said, I could not hold myself in. I do not wish to be rude to ——. Now, I know that I should begin by trying to behave like a good boy, and before I knew what I was doing I should be smiting —— hip and thigh, and making him as the princes were who perished at Endor. I hope you remember

what *they* became? Look it up, and you will find what becomes of poeticules when they decompose into criticasters! So, you see, I had better leave him alone."

Swinburne's pleasure in fighting was a very marked and a very amusing trait in his conversation. He liked, at brief intervals, to have something to worry between the teeth of his discourse. He would allow himself to be drawn off the scent by any red herring of criticism. This mock irascibility, as of a miniature Boythorn, always struck me as having been deliberately modelled on the behaviour of Walter Savage Landor. This impression was confirmed in rather a startling way by a phrase of Swinburne's own. He had been reading to me the MS. of his "George Chapman," and after the reading was over, and we had passed to other things, Swinburne said, "Did you notice just now some pages of rather Landorian character? Don't you think I was rather like the old lion, when he was using his teeth and claws, in my rending of the stage licensers and our crazy English censorial system?"

IV

The intellectual temperament of Swinburne is not to be apprehended unless we remember that he was in grain an aristocrat. On the father's side he was directly descended from a feudal Border family, which, as long ago as the reign of Edward II, had produced a man of mark in Sir Adam de Swinburne. The poet never forgot the ancestral castle of Swinburne, which had passed from his forbears two centuries ago, never the fierce feuds and rattling skirmishes under the hard Northumbrian sky. He talked with freedom and with manifest pleasure of these vague mediæval forefathers, of their bargaining and fighting with the Umfrevilles and the Fenwicks; of the unspeakable charm of their fastness at Capheaton, where so much of his own childhood was passed. But his interest in the Swinburnes seemed to be largely romantic and antiquarian. His connexions on his mother's side were not less distinguished, nor were they less ancient, although the Ashburnhams were ennobled by William III, and their immediate founder had been a loyal groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. The poet's interest in their history, however, began at the point where Lady Jane Ashburnham married Admiral Charles Swinburne in 1836, Algernon being born next year as their eldest son. He was not indisposed, however, in unemphatic retrospect, to recall the great houses of Ormonde, Anglesey, and Northumberland with which the blood of his mother brought him into direct connexion. Probably a reminiscence of all this may occa-

sionally be found to throw light on some otherwise cryptic lines in his poetry.

Of all his relatives, however, he spoke in those days most of two: his incomparable mother, invincible in tenderness and anxious care, and his somewhat formidable uncle, the fourth Earl. This nobleman was a book-collector of the fearless old fashion, who had formed, at a reckless cost, one of the noblest libraries in England. Lord Ashburnham did not welcome visitors to his bookshelves, but he made a special, perhaps a unique, exception in favour of his nephew. Some of Swinburne's happiest days were spent among the almost fabulous treasures of the great house near Battle, and he would return to London with dazzled eyes, babbling of illuminated breviaries and old MS. romances in Burgundian French. There can be no doubt that Lord Ashburnham was one of the very few persons, if he was not the only one, of whom his nephew stood in awe. If the poet was fractious, the peer could be tumultuous, and I have been told that nowhere was Algernon so primly on his "p's and q's" as at Ashburnham. But a real affectionate appreciation existed between the old bibliophile and the glowing young poet. When Lord Ashburnham died, over eighty, in 1878, it was with sorrow as well as respect that his nephew mourned him.

Outside poetry, and, in lesser measure, his family life, Swinburne's interests were curiously limited. He had no "small talk," and during the discussion of the common topics of the day his attention at once flagged and fell off, the glazed eye betraying that the mind was far away. For science he had no taste whatever, and his lack of musical ear was a byword among his acquaintances. I once witnessed a practical joke played upon him, which made me indignant at the time, but which now seems innocent enough, and not without interest. A lady, having taken the rest of the company into her confidence, told Swinburne that she would render on the piano a very ancient Florentine ritornello which had just been discovered. She then played "Three Blind Mice," and Swinburne was enchanted. He found that it reflected to perfection the cruel beauty of the Medicis—which perhaps it does But this exemplifies the fact that all impressions with him were intellectual, and that an appeal to his imagination would gild the most common object with romance.

In the days I speak of, Swinburne lived in large, rather empty rooms on the first floor of an old house in Great James Street, which used to remind me of one of Dickens's London houses in "Great Expectations" or "Little Dorrit." But until the death of his father, who died at a

great age in the early autumn of 1877, Swinburne always had a country home in Holmwood, near Henley-on-Thames. At Admiral Swinburne's death I think he stayed on with his mother at Holmwood till the end of that year. Such months on the banks of the Thames were always beneficial to his health, and he wrote there without interruption. I find a note (1875): "How exuberant S. always is when he comes back; it is partly pleasure at being in London again, and partly refreshment from his country captivity." Of his visits to the sea-coast of Norfolk and Suffolk others must speak, for I never had the pleasure of accompanying him.

When he came back from the country to town he was always particularly anxious to recite or read aloud his own poems. In doing this he often became very much excited, and even, in his overwhelming sense of the movement of the metre, would jump about the room in a manner somewhat embarrassing to the listener. His method of procedure was uniform. He would arrive at a friend's house with a breast-pocket obviously bulging with manuscript, but buttoned across his chest. After floating about the room and greeting his host and hostess with many little becks of the head, and affectionate smiles, and light wavings of the fingers, he would settle at last upright on a chair, or, by preference, on a sofa, and sit there in a state of rigid immobility, the toe of one foot pressed against the heel of the other. Then he would say, in an airy, detached way, as though speaking of some absent person, "I have brought with me my 'Thalassius' or my 'Wasted Garden' (or whatever it might happen to be), which I have just finished." Then he would be folded again in silence, looking at nothing. We then were to say, "Oh, do please read it to us! Will you?" Swinburne would promptly reply, "I had no intention in the world of boring you with it, but since you ask me——" and out would come the MS. I do not remember that there was ever any variation in this little ceremony, which sometimes preluded many hours of recitation and reading. His delivery, especially of his own poetry, was delightful as long as he sat quietly in his seat. His voice, which was of extraordinary beauty, "the pure Ashburnham voice," as his cousin explains to me, rose and fell monotonously, but with a flute-like note which was very agreeable, and the pulse of the rhythm was strongly yet delicately felt. I shall never forget the successive evenings on which he read "Bothwell" aloud in his lodgings, in particular one on which Edward Burne-Jones, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, P. B. Marston, and I sat with him at his round marble-topped table—lighted only by candles in two giant candlesticks

of serpentine he had brought from the Lizard—and heard him read the magnificent second act of that tragedy. He surpassed himself in vigour and melody of utterance that night. But sometimes, in reading, he lost control of his emotions, the sound became a scream, and he would dance about the room, the paper fluttering from his finger-tips, like a pennon in a gale of wind.

He was not, in my recollection, very ready to recite old published poems of his own, though always glad, and even imperiously anxious, to read new ones. Almost the only exception which I remember was in favour of "The Triumph of Time," a poem which Swinburne deliberately impressed upon me, and doubtless upon other friends as well, as being, in a very peculiar sense, a record of personal experience. It was always difficult to know where the frontier ran between hard fact and Swinburne's mind illuminated by a sweeping limelight of imagination. He had a real love of truth, but no certain recognition of fact. Unless, however, he curiously deceived himself, a set of very definite emotions and events is embalmed in "The Triumph of Time," of which I have more than once heard him chant fragments with extraordinary poignancy. On these occasions his voice took on strange and fife-like notes, extremely moving and disconcerting, since he was visibly moved himself. The sound of Swinburne wailing forth in his thrilling semitones such stanzas as that addressed to the Sea:

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
  Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
  I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf tips
  With splendid summer and perfume and pride,

is something which will not fade out of memory as long as life lasts; and, perhaps, most of all, in the recitation of the last four lines of the following very wonderful verses:

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
  Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure,
  Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
  To feel you tread it to dust and death,

Swinburne seemed to achieve, or to go far towards achieving, an entirely novel and original form of expression. His whole body shook with passion, his head hung on one side with the eyes uplifted, his tongue seemed burdened by the weight of the syllables, and in the concentrated emphasis of his slow utterance he achieved something like the real Delphic ecstasy, the transfiguration of the Pythia quivering on her tripod. It was surpassingly strange, but it was without a touch of conscious oddity or affectation. It was a case of poetic "possession," pure and simple.

V

Swinburne was a prodigious worker, and the bulk of his productions in prose and verse is the more surprising since the act of writing was extremely disagreeable to him, as, we may remember, it was to Wordsworth. He should have been born an improvisatore. I brought him once a picture of the Swedish poet Bellmann, whose genius (a hundred years earlier) had a certain resemblance to his own. Bellmann was represented with a lute, improvising his verses in the open air. "Ah!" said Swinburne, "that is what I should like to do! I should like to stand on a promontory in Sark, in the full blaze of the sun, and shout my verses till all the gulls come fawning to my feet. That would be better than scraping and spluttering over a filthy pen." In spite of a real physical difficulty in writing, however, Swinburne got through an astonishing amount. In the autumn of 1874, for instance, I find he was finishing "Bothwell"; he was preparing a volume of essays for the press; he was composing lyrics for a volume to be called "Songs in Time of Change," and then "Poems of Revolution" (ultimately, I suppose, "Songs of Two Nations"); he was writing criticism of Poe and Blake (which did not, I think, please him enough to be printed); he was busy with a book about Chapman; and he was engaged on a revival of Wells's "Joseph and His Brethren." In connexion with the last-mentioned, I remember his showing me the recast he was making of an essay on Wells he had written in 1861, and he said, "At all events, I can write better prose now than I could then."

The habit of centenaries had not seized the British public forty years ago. The anniversary of Landor's birth passed quite unobserved, and even Swinburne did not recollect the date till the day itself, when he was at *Holmwood*, and could do nothing. He was extremely vexed; oddly enough, he had always believed Landor to be two or three years older than he was, and he had taken for granted that the centenary had

passed. However, it providentially transpired that Charles Lamb was born only eleven days later than Landor, so on February 1, 1875, Swinburne came up to town, with delightful fussiness, on purpose to organize a Lamb dinner. So far as I know, it was the only time in his life that he ever "organized" anything. He was magnificent; very grave and important; and he smoothed over the awkward circumstance of his having forgotten (for the moment) his own beloved Landor by saying that the same libations might fitly and gracefully be mingled in an affectionate remembrance of the two great men.

Landor, however, was ultimately merged in Lamb, in whose honour a very small group ate a mediocre dinner in a Soho tavern on February 10. We were only five, if I recollect rightly, the others being Mr. Theodore Watts, our ardent and sanguine William Minto (whose bright life burned out untimely some nineteen years ago), and a curious friend of Swinburne's, Thomas Purnell, always to me rather a disturbing element. Swinburne was in the chair, and I never saw him in better "form." He took upon himself an air of dignity which presupposed the idea that our little banquet was, symbolically, a large public affair; and when Purnell "went too far," as people say, it was wonderful to hear Swinburne recall him to a more decorous choice of language. I feel as if there had been "speeches"; but that is merely caused by a recollection of the very high grade along which the conversation moved until the waiters turned us out into the street.

Of the relations between Swinburne and Browning something should, I believe, be put on record. In the earliest times the former had shared the Pre-Raphaelite enthusiasm for what Browning had published up to "Men and Women." But the two poets came into no close contact, and I think that Swinburne's natural instinct was not attracted to Browning's personality. When, in 1874, I began eagerly to talk of the elder to the younger poet, my zeal was checked by Swinburne's courteous indifference. He found no pleasure whatever in Browning's plays, nor much, which astonished me, in his lyrics. Yet there was no aversion, and when we came to "The Ring and the Book" Swinburne's praise was unaffected. Moreover, he more and more warmly admired the series of psychological studies beginning with "Fifine at the Fair." "This," he said, "is far better than anything Browning has yet written. Here is his true province." The result of this development of taste was the page of almost extravagant laudation in the "George Chapman" of 1875, which amazed some of Swinburne's friends, and bewildered Browning himself as much as it gratified him.

But, unfortunately, in 1877, at the height of Swinburne's violent controversy with the New Shakspere Society, Browning accepted the presidency of that body. This gave Swinburne not merely deep offence, but great and lasting pain, and no invectives became too sharp for him in speaking of Browning. It distressed me beyond measure that such a misunderstanding should exist between men whom I loved and venerated, and I ventured to tell Browning how much Swinburne was hurt. He was, of course, entirely innocent of all intentional offence, expressed himself shocked, and begged me to explain to Swinburne how little any intention of slighting him had crossed his mind. At the same time, for my private ear, Browning suggested that one's conduct really could not be regulated by the dread lest some eminent person one scarcely knew might disapprove of it. I did what I could, not without some success, to moderate Swinburne's anger, but the damage was done. There was a native incompatibility between the two poets which prevented either of them from according complete justice to the other. The character of Browning had the breadth of a lake, which is sometimes swept by storms; that of Swinburne, the unceasing impetuosity of a mountain torrent.

Before his fortieth year there had set in a curious ossification of Swinburne's intellect. He ceased to form new impressions, while reverting with all his former exuberance to the old. This was extraordinary in one who had waved the banner of rebellion and had led youthful enthusiasm so heroically when it affected writers just earlier than himself. Whether he changed his tone in familiar talk later on I do not know, but certainly between 1874 and 1884 he showed no intelligent comprehension whatever of the new elements in literature. He was absolutely indifferent to Stevenson, to Ibsen, to Dostoieffsky, each of whom was pressed upon his notice, and his hostility to Zola was grotesque. In 1877 "L'Assommoir" was published periodically in a Paris review called, I think, *La Republique des Lettres*, a journal which had languished from the first, and now expired in its third volume. Swinburne attributed, of course jocosely, the fact of its failure to the effect of a most dignified protest against Zola which he had printed somewhere. I remember his ecstasy, and his expression of a belief (which proved quite unfounded) that Zola would never dare to publish another page.

This attitude to the French Naturalists was unusual. Swinburne's native temper was generous, and the idea of attacking a genuine talent of any species would have been dreadful to him. But he did not think

that Stevenson—to take a particularly distressing instance—had any talent, and he was therefore silent about what he wrote. It was curious, however, to note that Swinburne was always capable of being affected along straight lines of reminiscence. At the very moment when he was hewing at the French realists, root and branch, he spoke to me with generous approval of one of the least gifted and most extreme of their precursors, Léon Cladel. I was greatly astonished, but the mystery was soon explained. Cladel had attacked Napoleon III with peculiar virulence, and he was an open worshipper at the altar of Victor Hugo. No matter how Zolaesque his stories might be, he had these two unquestionable claims on Swinburne's approbation.

There is no doubt that a wonderful aura of charm hung about the person of this astonishing man of genius. Swinburne might be absurd; he could not fail to be distinguished. He might be quixotic; he was never mean or timid or dull. He represented, in its most flamboyant shape, revolt against the concessions and the hypocrisies of the mid-Victorian era, "this ghastly, thin-faced time of ours." An extraordinary exhilaration accompanied his presence, something uplifted, extravagant, and yet unselfish. No one has ever lived who loved poetry more passionately, found in it more inexhaustible sources of pleasure, cultivated it more thoroughly for itself, more sincerely for nothing which it might be persuaded to offer as a side issue. Half Swinburne's literary influence depended upon little, unregarded matters, such as his unflinching attitude of worship towards the great masters, his devotion to unpopular causes, his uncompromising arrogance in the face of conventionality. It is becoming difficult to recapture even the thrill he caused by his magic use of "unpoetic" monosyllables, such as "bloat," "pinch," "rind," "fang," "wince," embedded in the very heart of his ornate melody. But his meteoric flight across the literary heavens, followed by the slow and dignified descent of the glimmering shower of sparks, will long excite curiosity, even when the sensation it caused has ceased to be quite intelligible. Yet those who stood under the apparition, and stared in amazement at its magnificent audacity, must not be over-much surprised if a generation is arising that fails to comprehend what the phenomenon meant to the original spectators.

Portraits and Sketches.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–94)

At first he turned to law and was called to the Scottish Bar, but took up letters and quickly forced his way into the front rank of contemporary writers. He travelled extensively and finally settled in Samoa on account of his health. His "A Child's Garden of Verse" stands almost by itself as imaginative realism of the make-believe of children, and "Treasure Island" of the make-believe of youth and men. He died prematurely before finishing "Weir of Hermiston," which promised to be his greatest work and remains a tragic torso.

THE LANTERN BEARERS

These boys congregated every autumn about a certain easterly fisher-village, where they tasted in a high degree the glory of existence. The place was created seemingly on purpose for the diversion of young gentlemen. A street or two of houses, mostly red and many of them tiled; a number of fine trees clustered about the manse and the kirkyard, and turning the chief street into a shady alley; many little gardens more than usually bright with flowers; nets a-drying, and fisher-wives scolding in the backward parts; a smell of fish, a genial smell of seaweed; whiffs of blowing sand at the street corners; shops with golf-balls and bottled lollipops; another shop with penny pickwicks (that remarkable cigar) and the *London Journal*, dear to me for its startling pictures, and a few novels, dear for their suggestive names: such, as well as memory serves me, were the ingredients of the town. These, you are to conceive posted on a spit between two sandy bays, and sparsely flanked with villas—enough for the boys to lodge with their subsidiary parents, not enough (not yet enough) to cocknify the scene: a haven in the rocks in front: in front of that, a file of grey islets: to the left, endless links and sand-wreaths, a wilderness of hiding-holes, alive with popping rabbits and soaring gulls; to the right, a range of seaward crags, one rugged brow beyond another; the ruins of a mighty and ancient fortress on the

brink of one; coves between—now charmed into sunshine quiet, now whistling with wind and clamorous with bursting surges; the dens and *sheltered hollows redolent of thyme and southernwood, the air at the* cliff's edge brisk and clean and pungent of the sea—in front of all, the Bass Rock, tilted seaward like a doubtful bather, the surf ringing it with white, the solan-geese hanging round its summit like a great and glittering smoke. This choice piece of sea-board was sacred, besides, to the wrecker; and the Bass, in the eye of fancy, still flew the colours of King James; and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still *rang with horseshoe iron and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat.*

There was nothing to mar your days, if you were a boy summering in that part, but the embarrassment of pleasure. You might golf if you wanted; but I seem to have been better employed. You might secrete yourself in the Lady's Walk, a certain sunless dingle of elders, *all mossed over by the damp as green as grass, and dotted here and there* by the stream-side with roofless walls, the cold homes of anchorites. To fit themselves for life, and with a special eye to acquire the art of smoking, it was even common for the boys to harbour there; and you *might have seen a penny pickwick, honestly shared in lengths with a* blunt knife, bestrew the glen with these apprentices. Again, you might join our fishing-parties, where we sat perched as thick as solan-geese, a covey of little anglers, boy and girl, angling over each other's heads, to the much entanglement of lines and loss of podleys and consequent shrill recrimination—shrill as the geese themselves Indeed, had that been all, you might have done this often; but though fishing be a fine pastime, the podley is scarce to be regarded as a dainty for the table; and it was a point of honour that a boy should eat all that he had taken. Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smoke and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather, that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth of the great breakers casting you headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of springs, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another, groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retr

then you might go Crusoeing, a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging perhaps a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the sea-ware, and cooking apples there—if they were truly apples, for I sometimes suppose the merchant must have played us off with some inferior and quite local fruit, capable of resolving, in the neighbourhood of fire, into mere sand and smoke and iodine, or perhaps pushing to Tantallon, you might lunch on sandwiches and visions in the grassy court, while the wind hummed in the crumbling turrets; or clambering along the coast, eat geans [wild cherries] (the worst, I must suppose, in Christendom) from an adventurous gean-tree that had taken root under a cliff, where it was shaken with an ague of east wind, and silvered after gales with salt, and grew so foreign among its bleak surroundings that to eat of its produce was an adventure in itself.

There are mingled some dismal memories with so many that were joyous. Of the fisher-wife, for instance, who had cut her throat at Canty Bay; and of how I ran with the other children to the top of the Quadrant, and beheld a posse of silent people escorting a cart, and on the cart, bound in a chair, her throat bandaged, and the bandage all bloody—horror!—the fisher-wife herself, who continued to hag-ride my thoughts, and even to-day (as I recall the scene) darkens daylight. She was lodged in the little old jail in the chief street; but whether or not she died there, with a wise terror of the worst, I never inquired. She had been tippling; it was but a dingy tragedy; and it seems strange and hard that, after all these years, the poor crazy sinner should still be pilloried on her cart in the scrap-book of my memory. Nor shall I readily forget a certain house in the Quadrant where a visitor died, and a dark old woman continued to dwell alone with the dead body; nor how this old woman conceived a hatred to myself and one of my cousins, and in the dread hour of the dusk, as we were clambering on the garden-walls, opened a window in that house of mortality and cursed us in a shrill voice and with a marrowy choice of language. It was a pair of very colourless urchins that fled down the lane from this remarkable experience! But I recall with a more doubtful sentiment, compounded out of fear and exultation, the coil of equinoctial tempests; trumpeting squalls, scouring flaws of rain; the boats with their reefed lug-sails scudding for the harbour mouth, where danger lay, for it was hard to make when the wind had any east in it; the wives clustered with blowing shawls at the pierhead, where (if fate was against them) they might see boat and husband and sons—their whole wealth and their

whole family—engulfed under their eyes; and (what I saw but once) a troop of neighbours forcing such an unfortunate homeward, and she squalling and battling in their midst, a figure scarcely human, a tragic Mænad.

These are things I recall with interest; but what my memory dwells upon the most I have been all this while withholding. It was a sport peculiar to the place, and indeed to a week or so of our two months' holiday there. Maybe it still flourishes in its native spot; for boys and their pastimes are swayed by periodic forces inscrutable to man; so that tops and marbles reappear in their due season, regular like the sun and moon; and the harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the United States. It may still flourish in its native spot, but nowhere else, I am persuaded; for I tried myself to introduce it on Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that cannot be exported.

The idle manner of it was this:

Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist on a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint, but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we might have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory cc

none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked; or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might rustle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the conquering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of bull's-eye at his belt.

It would be hard to pick out a career more cheerless than that of Dancer, the miser, as he figures in the "Old Bailey Reports," a prey to the most sordid persecutions, the butt of his neighbourhood, betrayed by his hired man, his house beleagured by the impish schoolboy, and he himself grinding and fuming and impotently fleeing to the law against these pin-pricks. You marvel at first that anyone should willingly prolong a life so destitute of charm and dignity; and then you will call to memory that had he chosen, had he ceased to be a miser, he could have been freed at once from these trials, and might have built himself a castle and gone escorted by a squadron. For the love of more recondite joys, which we cannot estimate, which, it may be, we should envy,

the man had willingly forgone both comfort and consideration. "His mind to him a kingdom was"; and sure enough, digging into that mind, which seems at first a dust-heap, we unearth some priceless jewels. For Dancer must have had the love of power and the disdain of using it, a noble character in itself; disdain of many pleasures, a chief part of what is commonly called wisdom; disdain of the inevitable end, that finest trait of mankind; scorn of men's opinions, another element of virtue; and at the back of all, a conscience just like yours and mine, whining like a cur, swindling like a thimble-rigger, but still pointing (there or thereabouts) to some conventional standard. Here was a cabinet portrait to which Hawthorne perhaps had done justice; and yet not Hawthorne either, for he was mildly minded, and it lay not in him to create for us that throb of the miser's pulse, his fretful energy of gusto, his vast arms of ambition clutching in he knows not what: insatiable, insane, a god with a muck-rake. Thus, at least, looking in the bosom of the miser, consideration detects the poet in the full tide of life, with more, indeed, of the poetic fire than usually goes to epics; and tracing that mean man about his cold hearth, and to and fro in his discomfortable house, spies within him a blazing bonfire of delight. And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons, or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, *in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints.* We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but Heaven knows in what they pride themselves! Heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life; the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable. And just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate

which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

The case of these writers of romance is most obscure. They have been boys and youths; they have lingered outside the window of the beloved, who was then most probably writing to some one else; they have sat before a sheet of paper, and felt themselves mere continents of congested poetry, not one line of which would flow; they have walked alone in the woods, they have walked in cities under the countless lamps; they have been to sea, they have hated, they have feared, they have longed to knife a man, and maybe done it; the wild taste of life has stung their palate. Or, if you deny them all the rest, one pleasure at least they have tasted to the full—their books are there to prove it—the keen pleasure of successful literary composition. And yet they fill the globe with volumes, whose cleverness inspires me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence, with despairing wrath. If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never been an hour of mine gone not quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross.

These writers would retort (if I take them properly) that this was very true; that it was the same with themselves and other persons of (what they call) the artistic temperament; that in this we are exceptional, and should apparently be ashamed of ourselves; but that our works must deal exclusively with (what they call) the average man, who was a prodigious dull fellow, and quite dead to all but the paltriest considerations. I accept the issue. We can only know others by ourselves. The artistic temperament (a plague on the expression!) does not make us different from our fellow-men, or it would make us incapable of writing novels; and the average man (a murrain on the word!) is just like you and me, or he would not be average. It was Whitman who stamped a kind of Birmingham sacredness upon the latter phase; but Whitman knew very well, and showed very nobly, that the average man was full

of joys and full of poetry of his own. And this harping on life's dullness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*. To draw a life without delights is to prove that I have not realized it. To picture a man without some sort of poetry—well, it goes to prove my case, for it shows an author may have little enough. To see Dancer only as a dirty, old, small-minded, impotently fuming man, in a dirty house, besieged by Harrow boys, and probably beset by small attorneys, is to show myself as keen an observer as . . . the Harrow boys. But these young gentlemen (with a more becoming modesty) were content to pluck Dancer by the coat-tails; they did not suppose they had surprised his secret or could put him living in a book: and it is there my error would have lain. Or say that in the same romance—I continue to call these books romance, in the hope of giving pain—say that in the same romance, which now begins really to take shape, I should leave to speak of Dancer, and follow instead the Harrow boys; and say that I came on such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links, and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by the flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded, all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. I might upon these lines, and had I Zola's genius, turn out, in a page or so, a gem of literary art, render the lantern-light with the touches of a master, and lay on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love; and when all was done, what a triumph would my picture be of shallowness and dullness! and how it would have missed the point! how it would have belied the boys! To the ear of the stenographer, the talk is merely silly and indecent; but ask the boys themselves, and they are discussing (as it is highly proper they should) the possibilities of existence. To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an evil-smelling lantern.

For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern, it may reside, like Dancer's, in the mysterious inwards of psychology. It may consist with perpetual failure, and find exercise in the continued chase. It has so little bond with externals (such as the observer scribbles in his notebook) that it may even touch them not; and the man's true life, for which he consents to live, lie altogether in the field of fancy. The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing

ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that they chose; like the poet's house-builder, who, after all, is cased in stone,

> By his fireside, as impotent fancy prompts,
> Rebuilds it to his liking.

In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns, the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. Hence, when we read the English realists, the incredulous wonder with which we observe the hero's constancy under the submerging tide of dullness, and how he bears up with his jibbering sweetheart, and endures the chatter of idiot girls, and stands by his whole unfeatured wilderness of an existence, instead of seeking relief in drink or foreign travel. Hence in the French, in that meat-market of middle-aged sensuality, the disgusted surprise with which we see the hero drift sidelong, and practically quite untempted, into every description of misconduct and dishonour. In each, we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colours of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

Of this falsity we have had a recent example from a man who knows far better—Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness." Here is a piece full of force and truth, yet quite untrue. For before Mikita was led into so dire a situation he was tempted, and temptations are beautiful at least in parts; and a work which dwells on the ugliness of crime and gives no hint of any loveliness in the temptation, sins against the modesty of life,

and even when a Tolstoy writes it, sinks to melodrama. The peasants are not understood; they saw their life in fairer colours; even the death girl was clothed in poetry for Mikita, or he had never fallen. And so, once again, even in Old Bailey melodrama, without some brightness of poetry and lustre of existence, falls into the inconceivable and ranks with fairy tales.

In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is very variously provoked. We are so moved when Levine labours in the field, when Andreé sinks beyond emotion, when Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet beside the river, when Anthony "not cowardly, puts off his helmet," when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear, when, in Dostoieffsky's "Despised and Rejected," the uncomplaining hero drains his cup of suffering and virtue. These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also.

We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air.

Itur in antiquam silvam.

HENRY ASQUITH, EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH (1852–1928)

He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first-class in classics. He won the Craven and a Fellowship. He succeeded Campbell-Bannerman as Premier in 1908 and, winning two general elections in 1910, held the Premiership continuously for eight years and eight months. Upon his resignation (December 5, 1916) he was succeeded by Mr. Lloyd George. Always a lover of literature and the classics, he wielded an effective official style suitable to most public occasions.

ALFRED LYTTELTON

(A Speech delivered in the House of Commons, July 7, 1913)

We should not, I think, be doing justice to the feelings which are uppermost in many of our hearts if we passed to the business of the day without taking notice of the fresh gap which has been made in our ranks by the untimely death of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. It is a loss of which I dare hardly trust myself to speak; for apart from ties of relationship, there had subsisted between us, for thirty-three years, a close friendship and affection which no political differences were ever allowed to loosen or even to invade. Nor can I better describe him than by saying that he perhaps, of all men in this generation, came nearest to the mould and ideal of manhood which every English father would like to see his son aspire to, and if possible to attain. The bounty of nature, enriched and developed, not only by early training, but by constant self-discipline through life, blended in him gifts and grace which, taken alone, are rare, and in such attractive union are rarer still. Body, mind, and character—the schoolroom, the cricket-field, the Bar, the House of Commons—each made its separate contribution of faculty and of experience to a many-sided and harmonious whole. But what he was he gave; gave with such ease and exuberance that I think it may be said without

exaggeration that wherever he moved he seemed to radiate vitality and charm. He was, as we know, a strenuous fighter. He has left behind him no resentments and no enmities; nothing but a gracious memory of a manly and winning personality; the memory of one who served with an unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country. He has been snatched away in what we thought was the full tide of a buoyant life, still full of promise and of hope. What more can we say? We can only bow once again before the decrees of the Supreme Wisdom. Those who loved him—and they are many—in all schools of opinion, in all ranks and walks of life, when they think of him will say to themselves:

> This was the happy Warrior; this was He
> That every Man in arms should wish to be

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857–1924)

Of Polish parentage, born in the Ukraine, he took to the sea as a lad, and joined the British Merchant Service. He retired in the forties and had hardly written a word before then. Yet, although his mother tongue was Polish and his adopted language French, he produced book after book in perfect English. No similar portentous achievement is recorded anywhere in literature. He became a master of thrilling description and a creator of tragic types at loggerheads with Life, in an atmosphere loaded with Fate.

TURGENEV

(A Letter to Edward Garnett)

Dear Edward,—

I am glad to hear that you are about to publish a study of Turgenev, that fortunate artist who has found so much in life for us and no doubt for himself, with the exception of bare justice. Perhaps that will come to him, too, in time. Your study may help the consummation. For his luck persists after his death. What greater luck could an artist like Turgenev wish for than to find in the English-speaking world a translator who had missed none of the most delicate, most simple beauties of his work, and a critic who has known how to analyse and point out its high qualities with perfect sympathy and insight.

After twenty odd years of friendship (and my first literary friendship too) I may well permit myself to make that statement, while thinking of your wonderful Prefaces as they appeared from time to time in the volumes of Turgenev's complete edition, the last of which came into the light of public indifference in the ninety-ninth year of the nineteenth century.

With that year one may say, with some justice, that the age of Turgenev had come to an end too; yet work so simple and human, so

independent of the transitory formulas and theories of art, belongs as you point out in the preface to "Smoke" "to all time."

Turgenev's creative activity covers about thirty years. Since it came to an end the social and political events in Russia have moved at an accelerated pace, but the deep origins of them, in the moral and intellectual unrest of the souls, are recorded in the whole body of his work with the unerring lucidity of a great national writer. The first stirrings, the first gleams of the great forces can be seen almost in every page of the novels, of the short stories and of "A Sportsman's Sketches"—those marvellous landscapes peopled by unforgettable figures.

Those will never grow old. Fashions in monsters do change, but the truth of humanity goes on for ever, unchangeable and inexhaustible in the variety of its disclosures. Whether Turgenev's art, which has captured it with such mastery and such gentleness, is for "all time" it is hard to say. Since, as you say yourself, he brings all his problems and characters to the test of love we may hope that it will endure at least till the infinite emotions of love are replaced by the exact simplicity of perfected Eugenics. But even by then, I think, women would not have changed much; and the women of Turgenev who understood them so tenderly, so reverently and so passionately—they, at least, are certainly for all time.

Women are, one may say, the foundation of his art. They are Russian of course. Never was a writer so profoundly, so wholesouledly national. But for non-Russian readers, Turgenev's Russia is but a canvas on which the incomparable artist of humanity lays his colours and his forms in the great light and the free air of the world. Had he invented them all and also every stick and stone, brook and hill and field in which they move, his personages would have been just as true and as poignant in their perplexed lives. They are his own and also universal. Anyone can accept them with no more question than one accepts the Italians of Shakespeare.

In the larger, non-Russian view, what should make Turgenev sympathetic and welcome to the English-speaking world, is his essential humanity.. All his creations, fortunate and unfortunate, oppressed and oppressors, are human beings, not strange beasts in a menagerie or damned souls knocking themselves to pieces in the stuffy darkness of mystical contradictions. They are human beings, fit to live, fit to suffer, fit to struggle, fit to win, fit to lose, in the endless and inspiring game of pursuing from day to day the ever-receding future.

I began by calling him lucky, and he was, in a sense

ends by having some doubts. To be so great without the slightest parade and so fine without any tricks of "cleverness" must be fatal to any man's influence with his contemporaries.

Frankly, I don't want to appear as qualified to judge of things Russian. It wouldn't be true. I know nothing of them. But I am aware of a few general truths, such as, for instance, that no man, whatever may be the loftiness of his character, the purity of his motives and the peace of his conscience—no man, I say, likes to be beaten with sticks during the greater part of his existence. From what one knows of his history it appears clearly that in Russia almost any stick was good enough to beat Turgenev with in his latter years. When he died the characteristically chicken-hearted Autocracy hastened to stuff his mortal envelope into the tomb it refused to honour, while the sensitive Revolutionists went on for a time flinging after his shade those jeers and curses from which that impartial lover of *all* his countrymen had suffered so much in his lifetime. For he, too, was sensitive. Every page of his writing bears its testimony to the fatal absence of callousness in the man.

And now he suffers a little from other things. In truth it is not the convulsed terror-haunted Dostoievski but the serene Turgenev who is under a curse. For only think! Every gift has been heaped on his cradle: absolute sanity and the deepest sensibility, the clearest vision and the quickest responsiveness, penetrating insight and unfailing generosity of judgment, an exquisite perception of the visible world and an unerring instinct for the significant, for the essential in the life of men and women, the clearest mind, the warmest heart, the largest sympathy—and all that in perfect measure. There's enough there to ruin the prospects of any writer. For you know very well, my dear Edward, that if you had Antinous himself in a booth of the world's fair, and killed yourself in protesting that his soul was as perfect as his body, you wouldn't get one per cent of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of the Double-headed Nightingale or of some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse collar.

OSCAR WILDE (1858–1900)

In 1878 he secured at Magdalene College, Oxford, the Newdigate Prize for his poem, "Ravenna." His play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was produced in 1892 and his novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," in 1891. He led the decadent revival and outraged convention in dress, writing, and finally, in conduct. He spent two years in prison, which inspired "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (1898) *and "De Profundis"* (1905), *perhaps, to-day, his best-known works. The essay here published reveals the reality of his beliefs, which were wantonly concealed behind years of pose and extravagance.*

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM

1 THE chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact, scarcely anyone at all escapes.

2. *Now and then, in the course of the century*, a great man of science, like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats; a fine critical spirit, like M. Renan; a supreme artist, like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of reach of the clamorous claims of others, to stand, "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realize the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions. The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, so to spoil them. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this. The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; and, as I pointed out some time ago in an article on the function of criticism, it is much more easy to have sympathy with

suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable, though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor.

But this is not a solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible. And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good; and at last we have had the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East End—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence, and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair.

Under Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger-pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If a frost comes we shall not have a hundred thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbours for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunch of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of the society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if a frost comes no one will practically be anything the worse.

Upon the other hand, Socialism itself will be of value simply because it will lead to Individualism.

Socialism, Communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth, and substituting co-

operation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community. It will, in fact, give Life its proper basis and its proper environment. But, for the full development of Life to its highest mode of perfection, something more is needed. What is needed is Individualism. If the Socialism is Authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. At present, in consequence of the existence of private property, a great many people are enabled to develop a certain very limited amount of Individualism. They are either under no necessity to work for their living, or are enabled to choose the sphere of activity that is really congenial to them, and gives them pleasure. These are the poets, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of culture—in a word, the real men, the men who have realized themselves, and in whom all Humanity gains a partial realization. Upon the other hand, there are a great many people who, having no private property of their own, and being always on the brink of sheer starvation, are compelled to do the work of beasts of burden, to do work that is quite uncongenial to them, and to which they are forced by the peremptory, unreasonable, degrading Tyranny of want. These are the poor; and amongst them there is no grace of manner, or charm of speech, or civilization, or culture, or refinement in pleasures, or joy of life. From their collective force Humanity gains much in material prosperity. But it is only the material result that it gains, and the man who is poor is in himself absolutely of no importance. He is merely the infinitesimal atom of a force that, so far from regarding him, crushes him: indeed, prefers him crushed, as in that case he is far more obedient.

7 Of course, it might be said that the Individualism generated under conditions of private property is not always, or even as a rule, of a fine or wonderful type, and that the poor, if they have not culture and charm, have still many virtues. Both these statements would be quite true. *The possession of private property is very often extremely demoralizing*, and that is, of course, one of the reasons why Socialism wants to get rid of the institution. In fact, property is really a nuisance. Some years ago people went about the country saying that property has duties. They said it so often and so tediously that, at last, the Church has begun to say it. One hears it now from every pulpit. It is perfectly true. Property not merely has duties, but has so many duties that its possession

to any large extent is a bore. It involves endless claims upon one, endless attention to business, endless bother. If property had simply pleasures, we could stand it; but its duties make it unbearable. In the interest of the rich we must get rid of it. The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted. We are often told that the poor are grateful for charity. Some of them are, no doubt, but the best amongst the poor are never grateful. They are ungrateful, discontented, disobedient, and rebellious. They are quite right to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalist to tyrannize over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board, and are beginning to know it. As for being discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country labourer to practise thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badly-fed animal. He should decline to live like that, and should either steal or go on the rates, which is considered by many to be a form of stealing. As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg. No: a poor man who is ungrateful, unthrifty, discontented, and rebellious, is probably a real personality, and has much in him. He is at any rate a healthy protest. As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them. They have made private terms with the enemy, and sold their birthright for very bad pottage. They must also be extraordinarily stupid. I can quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, as long as he himself is able under those conditions to realize some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.

However, the explanation is not really difficult to find. It is simply this. Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading, and exercise such a paralysing effect over the nature of men, that no class is ever really conscious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by

other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them. What is said by great employers of labour against agitators is unquestionably true. Agitators are a set of interfering, meddling people, who come down to some perfectly contented class of the community, and sow the seeds of discontent amongst them. That is the reason why agitators are so absolutely necessary. Without them, in our incomplete state, there would be no advance towards civilization. Slavery was put down in America, not in consequence of any action on the part of the slaves, or even any express desire on their part that they should be free. It was put down entirely through the grossly illegal conduct of certain agitators in Boston and elsewhere, who were not slaves themselves, nor owners of slaves, nor had anything to do with the question really. It was, undoubtedly, the Abolitionists who set the torch alight, who began the whole thing. And it is curious to note that from the slaves themselves they received not merely very little assistance, but hardly any sympathy even; and when at the close of the war the slaves found themselves free, found themselves indeed so absolutely free that they were free to starve, many of them bitterly regretted the new state of things. To the thinker, the most tragic fact in the whole of the French Revolution is not that Marie Antoinette was killed for being a queen, but that the starved peasant of the Vendée voluntarily went out to die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

9. It is clear, then, that no Authoritarian Socialism will do. For while under the present system a very large number of people can lead lives of a certain amount of freedom and expression and happiness, under an industrial-barrack system, or a system of economic tyranny, nobody would be able to have any such freedom at all. It is to be regretted that a portion of our community should be practically in slavery, but to propose to solve the problem by enslaving the entire community is childish. Every man must be left quite free to choose his own work. No form of compulsion must be exercised over him. If there is, his work will not be good for him, will not be good in itself, and will not be good for others. And by work I simply mean activity of any kind.

10. I hardly think that any Socialist, nowadays, would seriously propose that an inspector should call every morning at each house to see that each citizen rose up and did manual labour for eight hours. Humanity [illegible] the people [illegible] als. But I [illegible] across seem to me to be tainted with ideas of authority, if not of actual compulsion.

Of course, authority and compulsion are out of the question. All association must be quite voluntary. It is only in voluntary associations that man is fine.

But it may be asked how Individualism, which is now more or less dependent on the existence of private property for its development, will benefit by the abolition of such private property. The answer is very simple. It is true that, under existing conditions, a few men who have had private means of their own, such as Byron, Shelley, Browning, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and others, have been able to realize their personality more or less completely. Not one of these men ever did a single day's work for hire. They were relieved from poverty. They had an immense advantage. The question is whether it would be for the good of Individualism that such an advantage should be taken away. Let us suppose that it is taken away. What happens then to Individualism? How will it benefit?

It will benefit in this way. Under the new conditions Individualism will be far freer, far finer, and far more intensified than it is now. I am not talking of the great imaginatively-realized Individualism of such poets as I have mentioned, but of the great actual Individualism latent and potential in mankind generally. For the recognition of private property has really harmed Individualism, and obscured it, by confusing a man with what he possesses. It has led Individualism entirely astray. It has made gain, not growth, its aim. So that man thought that the important thing was to have, and did not know that the important thing is to be. The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is. Private property has crushed true Individualism, and set up an Individualism that is false. It has debarred one part of the community from being individual by starving them. It has debarred the other part of the community from being individual by putting them on the wrong road, and encumbering them. Indeed, so completely has man's personality been absorbed by his possessions that the English law has always treated offences against a man's property with far more severity than offences against his person, and property is still the test of complete citizenship. The industry necessary for the making of money is also very demoralizing. In a community like ours, where property confers immense distinction, social position, honour, respect, titles, and other pleasant things of the kind, man, being naturally ambitious, makes it his aim to accumulate this property, and goes on wearily and tediously accumulating it long after he has got far more than he wants, or can use, or enjoy, or perhaps even know of. Man will kill himself by overwork

in order to secure property, and really, considering the enormous advantages that property brings, one is hardly surprised. One's regret is that society should be constructed on such a basis that man has been forced into a groove in which he cannot freely develop what is wonderful, and fascinating, and delightful in him—in which, in fact, he misses the true pleasure and joy of living. He is also, under existing conditions, very insecure. An enormously wealthy merchant may be—often is—at every moment of his life at the mercy of things that are not under his control. If the wind blows an extra point or so, or the weather suddenly changes, or some trivial thing happens, his ship may go down, his speculations may go wrong, and he finds himself a poor man, with his social position quite gone. Now, nothing should be able to harm a man except himself. Nothing should be able to rob a man at all. What a man really has, is what is in him. What is outside of him should be a matter of no importance.

13 With the abolition of private property, then, we shall have true, beautiful, healthy Individualism. Nobody will waste his life in accumulating things, and the symbols for things. One will live. To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.

14 It is a question whether we have ever seen the full expression of a personality, except on the imaginative plane of art. In action, we never have. Cæsar, says Mommsen, was the complete and perfect man. But how tragically insecure was Cæsar! Wherever there is a man who exercises authority, there is a man who resists authority. Cæsar was very perfect, but his perfection travelled by too dangerous a road. Marcus Aurelius was the perfect man, says Renan. Yes; the great emperor was a perfect man. But how intolerable were the endless claims upon him! He staggered under the burden of the empire. He was conscious how inadequate one man was to bear the weight of that Titan and too vast orb. What I mean by a perfect man is one who develops under perfect conditions; one who is not wounded, or worried, or maimed, or in danger. Most personalities have been obliged to be rebels. Half their strength has been wasted in friction. Byron's personality, for instance, was terribly wasted in its battle with the stupidity, and hypocrisy, and Philistinism of the English Such battles do not always intensify strength; they often exaggerate weakness. Byron was never able to give us what he might have given us. Shelley escaped better. Like Byron, he got out of England as soon as possible. But he was not so well known. If the English had realized what a great poet he really was, they would have fallen on him with tooth and nail,

and made his life as unbearable to him as they possibly could. But he was not a remarkable figure in society, and consequently he escaped, to a certain degree. Still, even in Shelley the note of rebellion is sometimes too strong. The note of the perfect personality is not rebellion, but peace.

It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything, and whatever one takes from it, it will still have, so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet while it will not meddle with others, it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us, by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child.

In its development it will be assisted by Christianity, if men desire that; but if men do not desire that, it will develop none the less surely. For it will not worry itself about the past, nor care whether things happened or did not happen. Nor will it admit any laws but its own laws; nor any authority but its own authority. Yet it will love those who sought to intensify it, and speak often of them. And of these Christ was one.

"Know thyself" was written over the portal of the antique world. Over the portal of the new world, "Be thyself" shall be written. And the message of Christ to man was simply "Be thyself." That is the secret of Christ.

When Jesus talks about the poor He simply means personalities, just as when He talks about the rich He simply means people who have not developed their personalities. Jesus moved in a community that allowed the accumulation of private property just as ours does, and the gospel that He preached was, not that in such a community it is an advantage for a man to live on scanty, unwholesome food, to wear ragged, unwholesome clothes, to sleep in horrid, unwholesome dwellings, and a disadvantage for a man to live under healthy, pleasant, and decent conditions. Such a view would have been wrong there and then, and would, of course, be still more wrong now and in England; for as man moves northward the material necessities of life become of more vital

importance, and our society is infinitely more complex, and displays far greater extremes of luxury and pauperism than any society of the antique world. What Jesus meant, was this. He said to man, "You have a wonderful personality. Develop it. Be yourself. Don't imagine that your perfection lies in accumulating or possessing external things. Your affection is inside of you. If only you could realize that, you would not want to be rich. Ordinary riches can be stolen from a man. ✓ Real riches cannot. In the treasury-house of your soul, there are infinitely precious things, that may not be taken from you. And so, try to so shape your life that external things will not harm you. And try also to get rid of personal property. It involves sordid preoccupation, endless industry, continual wrong. Personal property hinders Individualism at every step." It is to be noted that Jesus never says that impoverished people are necessarily good, or wealthy people necessarily bad. That would not have been true. Wealthy people are, as a class, better than impoverished people, more moral, more intellectual, more well-behaved. There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor. The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor. What Jesus does say, is that man reaches his perfection, not through what he has, not even through what he does, but entirely through what he is. And so the wealthy young man who comes to Jesus is represented as a thoroughly good citizen, who has broken none of the laws of his state, none of the commandments of his religion. He is quite respectable, in the ordinary sense of that extraordinary word. Jesus says to him, "You should give up private property. It hinders you from realizing your perfection. It is a drag upon you. It is a burden. Your personality does not need it. It is within you, and not outside of you, that you will find what you really are, and what you really want." To His own friends He says the same thing. He tells them to be themselves, and not to be always worrying about other things. What do other things matter? Man is complete in himself. When they go into the world, the world will disagree with them. That is inevitable. The world hates Individualism. But that is not to trouble them. They are to be calm and self-centred. If a man takes their cloak, they are to give him their coat, just to show that material things are of no importance. If people abuse them, they are not to answer back. What does it signify? The things people say of a man do not alter a man. He is what he is. Public opinion is of no value whatsoever. Even if people employ actual violence, they are not to be violent in

turn. That would be to fall to the same low level. After all, even in prison, a man can be quite free. His soul can be free. His personality can be untroubled. He can be at peace. And, above all things, they are not to interfere with other people or judge them in any way. Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does. He may keep the law, and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine. He may be bad, without ever doing anything bad. He may commit a sin against society, and yet realize through that sin his true perfection.

There was a woman who was taken in adultery. We are not told the history of her love, but that love must have been very great; for Jesus said that her sins were forgiven her, not because she repented, but because her love was so intense and wonderful. Later on, a short time before His death, as He sat at a feast, the woman came in and poured costly perfumes on His hair. His friends tried to interfere with her, and said that it was extravagance, and that the money that the perfume cost should have been expended on charitable relief of people in want, or something of that kind. Jesus did not accept that view. He pointed out that the material needs of Man were great and very permanent, but that the spiritual needs of Man were greater still, and that in one divine moment, and by selecting its own mode of expression, a personality might make itself perfect. The world worships the woman, even now, as a saint.

Yes; there are suggestive things in Individualism. Socialism annihilates family life, for instance. With the abolition of private property, marriage in its present form must disappear. This is part of the programme. Individualism accepts this and makes it fine. It converts the abolition of legal restraint into a form of freedom that will help the full development of personality, and make the love of man and woman more wonderful, more beautiful, and more ennobling. Jesus knew this. He rejected the claims of family life, although they existed in His day and community in a very marked form. "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers?" He said, when He was told that they wished to speak to Him. When one of His followers asked leave to go and bury His father, "Let the dead bury the dead," w terrible answer. He would allow no claim whatsoever to be m personality.

And so he who would lead a Christlike life is he who is p and absolutely himself. He may be a great poet, or a great m science; or a young student at a University, or one who watche

upon a moor; or a maker of dramas, like Shakespeare, or a thinker about God, like Spinoza; or a child who plays in a garden, or a fisherman who throws his net into the sea. It does not matter what he is, as long as he realizes the perfection of the soul that is within him. All imitation in morals and in life is wrong. Through the streets of Jerusalem at the present day crawls one who is mad and carries a wooden cross on his shoulders. He is a symbol of the lives that are marred by imitation. Father Damièn was Christlike when he went out to live with the lepers, because in such service he realized fully what was best in him. But he was not more Christlike than Wagner when he realized his soul in music; or than Shelley, when he realized his soul in song. There is no one type for man. There are as many perfections as there are imperfect men. And while to the claims of charity a man may yield and yet be free, to the claims of conformity no man may yield and remain free at all.

Individualism, then, is what through Socialism we are to attain to. As a natural result the State must give up all idea of government. It must give it up because, as a wise man once said many centuries before Christ, there is such a thing as leaving mankind alone; there is no such thing as governing mankind. All modes of government are failures. Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many, and ochlocracies are unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. It has been found out. I must say that it was high time, for all authority is quite degrading. It degrades those who exercise it, and degrades those over whom it is exercised. When it is violently, grossly, and cruelly used, it produces a good effect, by creating, or at any rate bringing out, the spirit of revolt and Individualism that is to kill it. When it is used with a certain amount of kindness, and accompanied by prizes and rewards, it is dreadfully demoralizing. People, in that case, are less conscious of the horrible pressure that is being put on them, and so go through their lives in a sort of coarse comfort, like petted animals, without ever realizing that they are probably thinking other people's thoughts, living by other people's standards, wearing practically what one may call other people's second-hand clothes, and never being themselves for a single moment. "He who would be free," says a fine thinker, "must not conform." And authority, by bribing people to conform, produces a very gross kind of over-fed barbarism amongst us.

Now as the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association that will organize labour, and be the manufacturer and distributer of necessary commodities. The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful. And as I have mentioned the word labour, I cannot help saying that a great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labour. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labour at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labour are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral, or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine.

And I have no doubt that it will be so. Up to the present, man has been, to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve. This, however, is, of course, the result of our property system and our system of competition. One man owns a machine which does the work of five hundred men. Five hundred men are, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and, having no work to do, become hungry and take to thieving. The one man secures the produce of the machine and keeps it, and has five hundred times as much as he should have, and probably, which is of much more importance, a great deal more than he really wants. Were that machine the property of all, everybody would benefit by it. It would be an immense advantage to the community. All unintellectual labour, all monotonous, dull labour, all labour that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, must be done by machinery. Machinery must work for us in coal mines, and do all sanitary services, and be the stoker of steamers, and clean the streets, and run messages on wet days, and do anything that is tedious or distressing. At present machinery competes against man. Under proper conditions machinery will serve man. There is no doubt at all that this is the future of machinery; and just as trees grow while the country gentleman is asleep, so while Humanity will be amusing itself, or enjoying cultivated leisure—which, and not labour, is the aim of man—or making beautiful things, or reading beautiful things, or simply contemplating the world with admiration

and delight, machinery will be doing all the necessary and unpleasant work. The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends. And when scientific men are no longer called upon to go down to a depressing East End and distribute bad cocoa and worse blankets to starving people, they will have delightful leisure in which to devise wonderful and marvellous things for their own joy and the joy of every one else. There will be great storages of force for every city, and for every house if required, and this force man will convert into heat, light, or motion, according to his needs. Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.

Now, I have said that the community by means of organization of machinery will supply the useful things, and that the beautiful things will be made by the individual. This is not merely necessary, but it is the only possible way by which we can get either the one or the other. An individual who has to make things for the use of others, and with reference to their wants and their wishes, does not work with interest, and consequently cannot put into his work what is best in him. Upon the other hand, whenever a community or a powerful section of a community, or a government of any kind, attempts to dictate to the artist what he is to do, Art either entirely vanishes, or becomes stereotyped, or degenerates into a low and ignoble form of craft. A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want. Indeed, the moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or a dishonest tradesman. He has no further claim to be considered as an artist. Art is the most intense mode of Individualism that the world has known. I am inclined to say that it is the only real mode of Individualism that the world has known. Crime, which, under certain conditions, may seem to have created Individualism, must take cognizance of other people and interfere with them. It belongs to the sphere of action. But alone, without any

reference to his neighbours, without any interference, the artist can fashion a beautiful thing; and if he does not do it solely for his own pleasure, he is not an artist at all.

And it is to be noted that it is the fact that Art is this intense form of Individualism that makes the public try to exercise over it an authority that is as immoral as it is ridiculous, and as corrupting as it is contemptible. It is not quite their fault. The public has always, and in every age, been badly brought up. They are continually asking Art to be popular, to please their want of taste, to flatter their absurd vanity, to tell them what they have been told before, to show them what they ought to be tired of seeing, to amuse them when they feel heavy after eating too much, and to distract their thoughts when they are wearied of their own stupidity. Now Art should never try to be popular. The public should try to make itself artistic. There is a very wide difference. If a man of science were told that the results of his experiments, and the conclusions that he arrived at, should be of such a character that they would not upset the received popular notions on the subject, or disturb popular prejudice, or hurt the sensibilities of people who knew nothing about science; if a philosopher were told that he had a perfect right to speculate in the highest spheres of thought, provided that he arrived at the same conclusions as were held by those who had never thought in any sphere at all—well, nowadays the man of science and the philosopher would be considerably amused. Yet it is really a very few years since both philosophy and science were subjected to brutal popular control, to authority in fact—the authority of either the general ignorance of the community, or the terror and greed for power of an ecclesiastical or governmental class. Of course, we have to a very great extent got rid of any attempt on the part of the community, or the Church, or the Government, to interfere with the individualism of speculative thought, but the attempt to interfere with the individualism of imaginative art still lingers. In fact, it does more than linger; it is aggressive, offensive, and brutalizing.

In England, the arts that have escaped best are the arts in which the public take no interest. Poetry is an instance of what I mean. We have been able to have fine poetry in England because the public do not read it, and consequently do not influence it. The public like to insult poets because they are individual, but once they have insulted them, they leave them alone. In the case of the novel and the drama, arts in which the public do take an interest, the result of the exercise of popular authority has been absolutely ridiculous. No country produces

such badly-written fiction, such tedious, common work in the novel form, such silly, vulgar plays as England. It must necessarily be so. The popular standard is of such a character that no artist can get to it. It is at once too easy and too difficult to be a popular novelist. It is too easy, because the requirements of the public as far as plot, style, psychology, treatment of life, and treatment of literature are concerned are within the reach of the very meanest capacity and the most uncultivated mind. It is too difficult, because to meet such requirements the artist would have to do violence to his temperament, would have to write not for the artistic joy of writing, but for the amusement of half- [illegible] in him. In the case of the drama, things are a little better: the theatre-going public like the obvious, it is true, but they do not like the tedious; and burlesque and farcical comedy, the two most popular forms, are distinct forms of art. Delightful work may be produced under burlesque and farcical conditions, and in work of this kind the artist in England is allowed very great freedom. It is when one comes to the higher forms of the drama that the result of popular control is seen. The one thing that the public dislike is novelty. Any attempt to extend the subject-matter of art is extremely distasteful to the public; and yet the vitality and progress of art depend in a large measure on the continual extension of subject-matter. The public dislike novelty because they are afraid of it. It represents to them a mode of Individualism, an assertion on the part of the artist that he selects his own subject, and treats it as he chooses. The public are quite right in their attitude. Art is Individualism, and Individualism is a disturbing and disintegrating force. Therein lies its immense value. For what it seeks to disturb is monotony of type, slavery of custom, tyranny of habit, and the reduction of man to the level of a machine. In Art, the public accept what has been, because they cannot alter it, not because they appreciate it. They swallow their classics whole, and never taste them. They endure them as the inevitable, and as they cannot mar them, they mouth about them. Strangely enough, or not strangely, according to one's own views, this acceptance of the classics does a great deal of harm. The uncritical admiration of the Bible and Shakespeare in England is an instance of what I mean. With regard to the Bible, considerations of ecclesiastical authority enter into the matter, so that I need not dwell upon the point.

But in the case of Shakespeare it is quite obvious that the public really see neither the beauties nor the defects of his plays. If they saw

the beauties, they would not object to the development of the drama; and if they saw the defects, they would not object to the development of the drama either. The fact is, the public make use of the classics of a country as a means of checking the progress of Art. They degrade the classics into authorities. They use them as bludgeons for preventing the free expression of Beauty in new forms. They are always asking a writer why he does not write like somebody else, or a painter why he does not paint like somebody else, quite oblivious of the fact that if either of them did anything of the kind he would cease to be an artist. A fresh mode of Beauty is absolutely distasteful to them, and whenever it appears they get so angry and bewildered that they always use two stupid expressions—one is that the work of art is grossly unintelligible; the other, that the work of art is grossly immoral. What they mean by these words seems to me to be this. When they say a work is grossly unintelligible, they mean that the artist has said or made a beautiful thing that is new; when they describe a work as grossly immoral, they mean that the artist has said or made a beautiful thing that is true. The former expression has reference to style; the latter to subject-matter. But they probably use the words very vaguely, as an ordinary mob will use ready-made paving-stones. There is not a single real poet or prose-writer of this century, for instance, on whom the British public have not solemnly conferred diplomas of immorality, and these diplomas practically take the place, with us, of what in France is the formal recognition of an Academy of Letters, and fortunately make the establishment of such an institution quite unnecessary in England. Of course, the public are very reckless in their use of the word. That they should have called Wordsworth an immoral poet was only to be expected. Wordsworth was a poet. But that they should have called Charles Kingsley an immoral novelist is extraordinary. Kingsley's prose was not of a very fine quality. Still, there is the word, and they use it as best they can. An artist is, of course, not disturbed by it. The true artist is a man who believes absolutely in himself, because he is absolutely himself. But I can fancy that if an artist produced a work of art in England that immediately on its appearance was recognized by the public, through their medium, which is the public Press, as a work that was quite intelligible and highly moral, he would begin seriously to question whether in its creation he had really been himself at all, and consequently whether the work was not quite unworthy of him, and either of a thoroughly second-rate order, or of no artistic value whatsoever.

[illegible] ie public in limiting them to [illegible] "exotic," and "unhealthy." [illegible] at word is "morbid." They do not use it often. The meaning of the word is so simple that they are afraid of using it. Still, they use it sometimes, and, now and then, one comes across it in popular newspapers. It is, of course, a ridiculous word to apply to a work of art. For what is morbidity but a mood of emotion or a mode of thought that one cannot express? The public are all morbid, because the public can never find expression for anything. The artist is never morbid. He expresses everything. He stands outside his subject, and through its medium produces incomparable and artistic effects. To call an artist morbid because he deals with morbidity as his subject-matter is as silly as if one called Shakespeare mad because he wrote *King Lear*.

Within the last few years two other adjectives, it may be mentioned, have been added to the very limited vocabulary of art-abuse that is at the disposal of the public. One is the word "unhealthy," the other is the word "exotic." The latter merely expresses the rage of the momentary mushroom against the immortal, entrancing, and exquisitely lovely orchid. It is a tribute, but a tribute of no importance. The word "unhealthy," however, admits of analysis. It is a rather interesting word. In fact, it is so interesting that the people who use it do not know what it means.

What does it mean? What is a healthy or an unhealthy work of art? All terms that one applies to a work of art, provided that one applies them rationally, have reference to either its style or its subject, or to both together. From the point of view of style, a healthy work of art is one whose style recognizes the beauty of the material it employs, be that material one of words or of bronze, of colour or of ivory, and uses that beauty as a factor in producing the æsthetic effect. From the point of view of subject, a healthy work of art is one the choice of whose subject is conditioned by the temperament of the artist, and comes directly out of it. In fine, a healthy work of art is one that has both perfection and personality. Of course, form and substance cannot be separated in a work of art, they are always one. But for purposes of analysis, and setting the wholeness of æsthetic impression aside for a moment, we can intellectually so separate them. An unhealthy work of art, on the other hand, is a work whose style is obvious, old-fashioned, and common, and whose subject is deliberately chosen, not because the artist has any pleasure in it, but because he thinks that the publ

him for it. In fact, the popular novel that the public calls healthy ways a thoroughly unhealthy production; and what the public call unhealthy novel is always a beautiful and healthy work of art. I need hardly say that I am not, for a single moment, complaining t the public and the public Press misuse these words. I do not see w, with their lack of comprehension of what Art is, they could possibly them in the proper sense. I am merely pointing out the misuse; d as for the origin of the misuse and the meaning that lies behind it , the explanation is very simple. It comes from the barbarous con-eption of authority. It comes from the natural inability of a com-unity corrupted by authority to understand or appreciate Individualism. n a word, it comes from that monstrous and ignorant thing that is alled Public Opinion, which, bad and well-meaning as it is when it tries to control action, is infamous and of evil meaning when it tries to control Thought or Art.

Indeed, there is much more to be said in favour of the physical force of the public than there is in favour of the public's opinion. The former may be fine. The latter must be foolish. It is often said that force is no argument. That, however, entirely depends on what one wants to prove. Many of the most important problems of the last few centuries, such as the continuance of personal government in England, or of feudalism in France, have been solved entirely by means of physical force. The very violence of a revolution may make the public grand and splendid for a moment. It was a fatal day when the public discovered that the pen is mightier than the paving-stone, and can be made as offensive as the brickbat. They at once sought for the journalist, found him, developed him, and made him their industrious and well-paid servant. It is greatly to be regretted, for both their sakes. Behind the barricade there may be much that is noble and heroic. But what is there behind the leading article but prejudice, stupidity, cant, and twaddle? And when these four are joined together they make a terrible force, and constitute the new authority.

In old days men had the rack. Now they have the Press. That is an improvement certainly. But still it is very bad, and wrong, and demoralizing. Somebody—was it Burke?—called journalism the fourth estate. That was true at the time, no doubt. But at the present moment it really is the only estate. It has eaten up the other three. The Lords Temporal say nothing, the Lords Spiritual have nothing to say, and the House of Commons has nothing to say and says it. We are dominated by Journalism. In America the President reigns for

four years, and Journalism governs for ever and ever. Fortunately, in America Journalism has carried its authority to the grossest and most brutal extreme. As a natural consequence it has begun to create a spirit of revolt. People are amused by it, or disgusted by it, according to their temperaments. But it is no longer the real force it was. It is not seriously treated. (In England, Journalism, except in a few well-known instances, not having been carried to such excesses of brutality, is still a great factor, a really remarkable power.) The tyranny that it proposes to exercise over people's private lives seems to me to be quite extraordinary. The fact is that the public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything, except what is worth knowing. Journalism, conscious of this, and having tradesmen-like habits, supplies their demands. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse. And what aggravates the mischief is that the journalists who are most to blame are not the amusing journalists who write for what are called Society papers. The harm is done by the serious, thoughtful, earnest journalists, who solemnly, as they are doing at present, will drag before the eyes of the public some incident in the private life of a great statesman, of a man who is a leader of political thought as he is a creator of political force, and invite the public to discuss the incident, to exercise authority in the matter, to give their views and not merely to give their views, but to carry them into action, to dictate to the man upon all other points, to dictate to his party, to dictate to his country; in fact, to make themselves ridiculous, offensive, and harmful. The private lives of men and women should not be told to the public. The public have nothing to do with them at all.

However, let us leave what is really a very sordid side of the subject, and return to the question of popular control in the matter of Art, by which I mean Public Opinion dictating to the artist the form which he is to use, the mode in which he is to use it, and the materials with which he is to work. I have pointed out that the arts which have escaped best in England are the arts in which the public have not been interested. They are, however, interested in the drama, and as a certain advance has been made in the drama within the last ten or fifteen years, it is important to point out that this advance is entirely due to a few individual artists refusing to accept the popular want of taste as their standard, and refusing to regard Art as a mere matter of demand and supply. With his marvellous and vivid personality, with a style that has really a true

colour-element in it, with his extraordinary power, not over mere mimicry but over imaginative and intellectual creation, Mr. Irving, had his sole object been to give the public what they wanted, could have produced the commonest plays in the commonest manner, and made as much success and money as a man could possibly desire. But his object was not that. His object was to realize his own perfection as an artist, under certain conditions and in certain forms of Art. At first he appealed to the few: now he has educated the many. He has created in the public both taste and temperament. The public appreciate his artistic success immensely. I often wonder, however, whether the public understand that that success is entirely due to the fact that he did not accept their standard, but realized his own. With their standard the Lyceum would have been a sort of second-rate booth, as some of the popular theatres in London are at present. Whether they understand it or not, the fact however remains, that taste and temperament have, to a certain extent, been created in the public, and that the public is capable of developing these qualities. The problem then is, why do not the public become more civilized? They have the capacity. What stops them?

The thing that stops them, it must be said again, is their desire to exercise authority over the artists and over works of art. To certain theatres, such as the Lyceum and the Haymarket, the public seem to come in a proper mood. In both of these theatres there have been individual artists, who have succeeded in creating in their audiences—and every theatre in London has its own audience—the temperament to which Art appeals. And what is that temperament? It is the temperament of receptivity. That is all.

If a man approaches a work of art with any desire to exercise authority over it and the artist, he approaches it in such a spirit that he cannot receive any artistic impression from it at all. The work of art is to dominate the spectator: the spectator is not to dominate the work of art. The spectator is to be receptive. He is to be the violin on which the master is to play. And the more completely he can suppress his own silly views, his own foolish prejudices, his own absurd ideas of what Art should be, or should not be, the more likely he is to understand and appreciate the work of art in question. This is, of course, quite obvious in the case of the vulgar theatre-going public of English men and women. But it is equally true of what are called educated people. For an educated person's ideas of Art are drawn naturally from what Art has been, whereas the new work of art is beautiful by being what

Art has never been; and to measure it by the standard of the past is to measure it by a standard on the rejection of which its real perfection depends. A temperament capable of receiving, through an imaginative medium, and under imaginative conditions, new and beautiful impressions, is the only temperament that can appreciate a work of art. And true as this is in a case of the appreciation of sculpture and painting, it is still more true of the appreciation of such arts as the drama. For a picture and a statue are not at war with Time. They take no account of its succession. In one moment their unity may be apprehended. In the case of literature it is different. Time must be traversed before the unity of effect is realized. And so, in the drama, there may occur in the first act of the play something whose real artistic value may not be evident to the spectator till the third or fourth act is reached. Is the silly fellow to get angry and call out, and disturb the play, and annoy the artists? No. The honest man is to sit quietly, and know the delightful emotions of wonder, curiosity, and suspense. He is not to go to the play to lose a vulgar temper. He is to go to the play to realize an artistic temperament. He is to go to the play to gain an artistic temperament. He is not the arbiter of the work of art. He is one who is admitted to contemplate the work of art, and, if the work be fine, to forget in its contemplation all the egotism that mars him—the egotism of his ignorance, or the egotism of his information. This point about the drama is hardly, I think, sufficiently recognized. I can quite understand that were *Macbeth* produced for the first time before a modern London audience, many of the people present would strongly and vigorously object to the introduction of the witches in the first act, with their grotesque phrases and their ridiculous words. But when the play is over one realizes that the laughter of the witches in *Macbeth* is as terrible as the laughter of madness in *Lear*, more terrible than the laughter of Iago in the tragedy of the Moor. No spectator of Art needs a more perfect mood of receptivity than the spectator of a play. The moment he seeks to exercise authority he becomes the avowed enemy of Art and of himself. Art does not mind. It is he who suffers.

With the novel it is the same thing. Popular authority and the recognition of popular authority are fatal. Thackeray's "Esmond" is a beautiful work of art because he wrote it to please himself. In his other novels, in "Pendennis," in "Philip," in "Vanity Fair" even, at times, he is too conscious of the public, and spoils his work by appealing directly to the sympathies of the public, or by directly mocking at them.

A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public. The public are to him non-existent. He has no poppied or honeyed cakes through which to give the monster sleep or sustenance. He leaves that to the popular novelist. One incomparable novelist we have now in England, Mr. George Meredith. There are better artists in France, but France has no one whose view of life is so large, so varied, so imaginatively true. There are tellers of stories in Russia who have a more vivid sense of what pain in fiction may be. But to him belongs philosophy in fiction. His people not merely live, but they live in thought. One can see them from myriad points of view. They are suggestive. There is soul in them and around them. They are interpretative and symbolic. And he who made them, those wonderful quickly-moving figures, made them for his own pleasure, and has never asked the public what they wanted, has never cared to know what they wanted, has never allowed the public to dictate to him or influence him in any way, but has gone on intensifying his own personality, and producing his own individual work. At first none came to him. That did not matter. Then the few came to him. That did not change him. The many have come now. He is still the same. He is an incomparable novelist.

With the decorative arts it is not different. The public clung with really pathetic tenacity to what I believe were the direct traditions of the Great Exhibition of international vulgarity, traditions that were so appalling that the houses in which people lived were only fit for blind people to live in. Beautiful things began to be made, beautiful colours came from the dyer's hand, beautiful patterns from the artist's brain, and the use of beautiful things and their value and importance were set forth. The public were really very indignant. They lost their temper. They said silly things. No one minded. No one was a whit the worse. No one accepted the authority of public opinion. And now it is almost impossible to enter any modern house without seeing some recognition of good taste, some recognition of the value of lovely surroundings, some sign of appreciation of beauty. In fact, people's houses are, as a rule, quite charming nowadays. People have been to a very great extent civilized. It is only fair to state, however, that the extraordinary success of the revolution in house-decoration and furniture and the like has not really been due to the majority of the public developing a very fine taste in such matters. It has been chiefly due to the fact that the craftsmen of things so appreciated the pleasure of making what was beautiful, and woke to such a vivid consciousness

of the hideousness and vulgarity of what the public had previously wanted, that they simply starved the public out. It would be quite impossible at the present moment to furnish a room as rooms were furnished a few years ago, without going for everything to an auction of second-hand furniture from some third-rate lodging-house. The things are no longer made. However they may object to it, people must nowadays have something charming in their surroundings. Fortunately for them, their assumption of authority in these art-matters came to entire grief.

It is evident, then, that all authority in such things is bad. People sometimes inquire what form of government is most suitable for an artist to live under. To this question there is only one answer. The form of government that is most suitable to the artist is no government at all. Authority over him and his art is ridiculous. It has been stated that under despotisms artists have produced lovely work. This is not quite so. Artists have visited despots, not as subjects to be tyrannized over, but as wandering wonder-makers, as fascinating vagrant personalities, to be entertained and charmed and suffered to be at peace, and allowed to create. There is this to be said in favour of the despot, that he, being an individual, may have culture, while the mob, being a monster, has none. One who is an Emperor and King may stoop down to pick up a brush for a painter, but when the democracy stoops down it is merely to throw mud. And yet the democracy have not so far to stoop as the emperor. In fact, when they want to throw mud they have not to stoop at all. But there is no necessity to separate the monarch from the mob; all authority is equally bad.

There are three kinds of despots. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the body. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul and body alike. The first is called the Prince. The second is called the Pope. The third is called the People. The Prince may be cultivated. Many Princes have been. Yet in the Prince there is danger. One thinks of Dante at the bitter feast in Verona, of Tasso in Ferrara's madman's cell. It is better for the artist not to live with Princes. The Pope may be cultivated. Many Popes have been; the bad Popes have been. The bad Popes loved Beauty, almost as passionately, nay, with as much passion as the good Popes hated Thought. To the wickedness of the Papacy humanity owes much. The goodness of the Papacy owes a terrible debt to humanity. Yet, though the Vatican has kept the rhetoric of its thunders, and lost the rod of its lightning, it is better for the artis

not to live with Popes. It was a Pope who said of Cellini to a conclave of Cardinals that common laws and common authority were not made for men such as he; but it was a Pope who thrust Cellini into prison, and kept him there till he sickened with rage, and created unreal visions for himself, and saw the gilded sun enter his room, and grew so enamoured of it that he sought to escape, and crept out from tower to tower, and falling through dizzy air at dawn, maimed himself, and was by a vine-dresser covered with vine-leaves, and carried in a cart to one who, loving beautiful things, had care of him. There is danger in Popes. And as for the People, what of them and their authority? Perhaps of them and their authority one has spoken enough. Their authority is a thing blind, deaf, hideous, grotesque, tragic, amusing, serious, and obscene. It is impossible for the artist to live with the People. All despots bribe. The People bribe and brutalize. Who told them to exercise authority? They were made to live, to listen, and to love. Some one has done them a great wrong. They have marred themselves by imitation of their inferiors. They have taken the sceptre of the Prince. How should they use it? They have taken the triple tiara of the Pope. How should they carry its burden? They are as a clown whose heart is broken. They are as a priest whose soul is not yet born. Let all who love Beauty pity them. Though they themselves love not Beauty, yet let them pity themselves. Who taught them the trick of tyranny?

There are many other things that one might point out. One might point out how the Renaissance was great, because it sought to solve no social problem, and busied itself not about such things, but suffered the individual to develop freely, beautifully, and naturally, and so had great and individual artists, and great and individual men. One might point out how Louis XIV, by creating the modern state, destroyed the individualism of the artist, and made things monstrous in their monotony of repetition, and contemptible in their conformity to rule, and destroyed throughout all France all those fine freedoms of expression that had made tradition new in beauty, and new modes one with antique form. But the past is of no importance. The present is of no importance. It is with the future that we have to deal. For the past is what man should not have been. The present is what man ought not to be. The future is what artists are.

It will, of course, be said that such a scheme as is set forth here is quite unpractical, and goes against human nature. This is perfectly true. It is unpractical, and it goes against human nature. This is why it is worth carrying out, and that is why one proposes it. For

what is a practical scheme? A practical scheme is either a scheme that is already in existence, or a scheme that could be carried out under existing conditions. But it is exactly the existing conditions that one objects to; and any scheme that could accept these conditions is wrong and foolish. The conditions will be done away with, and human nature will change. The only thing that one really knows about human nature is that it changes. Change is the one quality we can predicate of it. The systems that fail are those that rely on the permanency of human nature, and not on its growth and development. The error of Louis XIV was that he thought human nature would always be the same. The result of his error was the French Revolution. It was an admirable result. All the results of the mistakes of governments are quite admirable.

It is to be noted that Individualism does not come to man with any sickly cant about duty, which merely means doing what other people want because they want it; or any hideous cant about self-sacrifice, which is merely a survival of savage mutilation. In fact, it does not come to man with any claims upon him at all. It comes naturally and inevitably out of man It is the point to which all development tends. It is the differentiation to which all organisms grow. It is the perfection that is inherent in every mode of life, and towards which every mode of life quickens. And so Individualism exercises no compulsion over man. On the contrary, it says to man that he should suffer no compulsion to be exercised over him. It does not try to force people to be good. It knows that people are good when they are let alone. Man will develop Individualism out of himself. Man is now so developing Individualism. To ask whether Individualism is practical is like asking whether Evolution is practical. Evolution is the law of life, and there is no evolution except towards Individualism. Where this tendency is not expressed, it is a case of artificially-arrested growth, or of disease, or of death.

Individualism will also be unselfish and unaffected It has been pointed out that one of the results of the extraordinary tyranny of authority is that words are absolutely distorted from their proper and simple meaning, and are used to express the obverse of their right signification. What is true about Art is true about Life A man is called affected, nowadays, if he dresses as he likes to dress. But in doing that

views, as they are the views of the majority, will probably be extremely

stupid. Or a man is called selfish if he lives in the manner that seems to him most suitable for the full realization of his own personality; if, in fact, the primary aim of his life is self-development. But this is the way in which every one should live Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live. And unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type. Unselfishness recognizes infinite variety of type as a delightful thing, accepts it, acquiesces in it, enjoys it. It is not selfish to think for oneself. A man who does not think for himself does not think at all. It is grossly selfish to require of one's neighbour that he should think in the same way, and hold the same opinions. Why should he? If he can think, he will probably think differently. If he cannot think, it is monstrous to require thought of any kind from him. A red rose is not selfish because it wants to be a red rose. It would be horribly selfish if it wanted all the other flowers in the garden to be both red and roses. Under Individualism people will be quite natural and absolutely unselfish, and will know the meanings of the words, and realize them in their free, beautiful lives. Nor will men be egotistic as they are now. For the egotist is he who makes claims upon others, and the Individualist will not desire to do that. It will not give him pleasure. When man has realized Individualism, he will also realize sympathy and exercise it freely and spontaneously. Up to the present man has hardly cultivated sympathy at all. He has merely sympathy with pain, and sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. All sympathy is fine, but sympathy with suffering is the least fine mode. It is tainted with egotism. It is apt to become morbid. There is in it a certain element of terror for our own safety. We become afraid that we ourselves might be as the leper or as the blind, and that no man would have care of us. It is curiously limiting, too. One should sympathize with the entirety of life, not with life's sores and maladies merely, but with life's joy and beauty and energy and health and freedom. The wider sympathy is, of course, the more difficult. It requires more unselfishness. Anybody can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature—it requires, in fact, the nature of a true Individualist—to sympathize with a friend's success.

In the modern stress of competition and struggle for place, such sympathy is naturally rare, and is also very much stifled by the immoral ideal of uniformity of type and conformity to rule which is so prevalent everywhere, and is perhaps most obnoxious in England.

Sympathy with pain there will, of course, always be. It is one the *first instincts of man. The animals which are individual,* higher animals, that is to say, share it with us. But it must be reme [illegible]

Sympathy with consumption does not cure consumption; that is wh Science does. And when Socialism has solved the problem of pover and Science solved the problem of disease, the area of the sentimentali will be lessened, and the sympathy of man will be large, healthy, a spontaneous. Man will have joy in the contemplation of the joyc life of others.

For it is through joy that the Individualism of the future will devel itself. Christ made no attempt to reconstruct society, and consequen the Individualism that He preached to man could be realized only throu pain or in solitude. The ideals that we owe to Christ are the ide of the man who abandons society entirely, or of the man who resi society absolutely. But man is naturally social. Even the Theba became peopled at last. And though the cenobite realizes his perso ality, it is often an impoverished personality that he so realizes. Up the other hand, the terrible truth that pain is a mode through whi man may realize himself exercises a wonderful fascination over the wor Shallow speakers and shallow thinkers in pulpits and on platforms oft talk about the world's worship of pleasure, and whine against it. B it is rarely in the world's history that its ideal has been one of joy a beauty. *The worship of pain has far more often dominated the wor* Mediævalism, with its saints and martyrs, its love of self-torture, wild passion for wounding itself, its gashing with knives, and whipping with rods—Mediævalism is real Christianity, and t mediæval Christ is the real Christ. When the Renaissance dawn upon the world, and brought with it *the new ideals of the beau* of life and the joy of living, men could not understand Chri Even Art shows us that. The painters of the Renaissance dr Christ as a little boy playing with another boy in a palace or garden, or lying back in his mother's arms, smiling at her, or at a flow or at a bright bird; or as a noble, stately figure moving nobly throu [illegible] figure rising in a sort of ecstasy from dea [illegible] occupy them much. What delighted them was to paint the men a

ever been. Pain is not the ultimate mode of perfection. It is merely provisional and a protest. It has reference to wrong, unhealthy, unjust surroundings. When the wrong, and the disease, and the injustice are removed, it will have no further place. It was a great work, but it is almost over. Its sphere lessens every day.

Nor will man miss it. For what man has sought for is, indeed, neither pain nor pleasure, but simply Life. Man has sought to live intensely, fully, perfectly. When he can do so without exercising restraint on others, or suffering it ever, and his activities are all pleasurable to him, he will be saner, healthier, more civilized, more himself. Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When man is happy, he is in harmony with himself and his environment. The new Individualism, for whose service Socialism, whether it wills it or not, is working, will be perfect harmony. It will be what the Greeks sought for, but could not, except in Thought, realize completely, because they had slaves, and fed them; it will be what the Renaissance sought for, but could not realize completely, except in Art, because they had slaves, and starved them. It will be complete, and through it each man will attain to his perfection. The new Individualism is the new Hellenism.

women whom they admired, and to show the loveliness of this lovely earth. They painted many religious pictures—in fact, they painted far too many, and the monotony of type and motive is wearisome, and was bad for art. It was the result of the authority of the public in art-matters, and is to be deplored. But their soul was not in the subject. Raphael was a great artist when he painted his portrait of the Pope. When he painted his Madonnas and infant Christs, he was not a great artist at all. Christ had no message for the Renaissance, which was wonderful because it brought an ideal at variance with His, and to find the presentation of the real Christ we must go to mediæval art. There He is one maimed and marred; one who is not comely to look on, because Beauty is a joy; one who is not in fair raiment, because that may be a joy also: He is a beggar who has a marvellous soul; He is a leper whose soul is divine; He needs neither property nor health; He is a God realizing His perfection through pain.

The evolution of man is slow. The injustice of men is great. It was necessary that pain should be put forward as a mode of self-realization. Even now, in some places in the world, the message of Christ is necessary. No one who lived in modern Russia could possibly realize His perfection except by pain. A few Russian artists have realized themselves in Art; in a fiction that is mediæval in character, because its dominant note is the realization of men through suffering. But for those who are not artists, and to whom there is no mode of life but the actual life of fact, pain is the only door to perfection. A Russian who lives happily under the present system of government in Russia must either believe that man has no soul, or that, if he has, it is not worth developing. A Nihilist who rejects all authority because he knows authority to be evil, and welcomes all pain, because through that he realizes his personality, is a real Christian. To him the Christian ideal is a true thing.

And yet, Christ did not revolt against authority. He accepted the imperial authority of the Roman Empire and paid tribute. He endured the ecclesiastical authority of the Jewish Church, and would not repel its violence by any violence of his own. He had, as I said before, no scheme for the reconstruction of society. But the modern world has schemes. It proposes to do away with poverty and the suffering that it entails. It desires to get rid of pain, and the suffering that pain entails. It trusts to Socialism and to Science as its methods. What it aims at is an Individualism expressing itself through joy. This Individualism will be larger, fuller, lovelier than any Individualism has

ever been. Pain is not the ultimate mode of perfection. It is merely provisional and a protest. It has reference to wrong, unhealthy, unjust surroundings. When the wrong, and the disease, and the injustice are removed, it will have no further place. It was a great work, but it is almost over. Its sphere lessens every day.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1861–1922)

His first critical publication was "The English Novel," which appeared in 1894. This was followed by other critical and literary works, chief among which was his "Shakespeare," in the "English Men of Letters" series. "Romance" was written for the Princetown University Press. Professor of Literature at Liverpool and Glasgow, Raleigh was appointed Professor of English Literature at Oxford in 1904. Always a romantic and lover of action, the War gave him the chance he wanted and he followd an Air Unit to the East, and saw service, if only as an onlooker. He was an inspirer in speech and the written word.

THE ORIGIN OF ROMANCE

THE period of English political history which falls between Pitt's acceptance of office as prime minister, in 1783, and the passing of the Reform Bill, in 1832, is a period rich in character and event. The same period of fifty years is one of the most crowded epochs of our national literature. In 1783 William Blake produced his "Poetical Sketches," and George Crabbe published "The Village." In 1832 Scott died, not many months after the death of Goethe. Between these two dates a great company of English writers produced a literature of immense bulk, and of almost endless diversity of character. Yet one dominant strain in that literature has commonly been allowed to give a name to the whole period, and it is often called the Age of the Romantic Revival.

We do not name other notable periods of our literature in this fashion. The name itself contains a theory, and so marks the rise of a new philosophical and æsthetic criticism. It attempts to describe as well as to name, and attaches significance not to kings, or great authors, but to the kind of writing which flourished conspicuously in that age. A less ambitious and much more secure name would have been the Age of George III;

but this name has seldom been used, perhaps because the writers of his time who reverenced King George III were not very many in number. The danger of basing a name on a theory of literature is that the theory may very easily be superseded, or may prove to be inadequate, and then the name, having become immutable by the force of custom, is left standing, a monument of ancient error. The terminology of the sciences, which pretends to be exact and colourless, is always being reduced to emptiness by the progress of knowledge. The thing that struck the first observer is proved to be less important than he thought it. Scientific names, for all their air of learned universality, are merely fossilized impressions, stereotyped portraits of a single aspect. The decorous obscurity of the ancient languages is used to conceal an immense diversity of principle. Mammal, amphibian, coleoptera, dicotyledon, cryptogam, —all these terms, which, if they were translated into the language of a peasant, would be seen to record very simple observations, yet do lend a kind of formal majesty to ignorance.

So it is with the vocabulary of literary criticism; the first use of a name, because the name was coined by someone who felt the need of it, is often striking and instructive; the impression is fresh and new. Then the freshness wears off it, and the name becomes an outworn print, a label that serves only to recall the memory of past travel. What was created for the needs of thought becomes a thrifty device, useful only to save thinking. The best way to restore the habit of thinking is to do away with the names. The word Romantic loses almost all its meaning and value when it is used to characterize whole periods of our literature. Landor and Crabbe belong to a Romantic era of poetry, Steele and Sterne wrote prose in an age which set before itself the Classic ideal. Yet there is hardly any distinctively Classical beauty in English verse which cannot be exemplified from the poetry of Landor and Crabbe; and there are not very many characteristics of Romantic prose which find no illustration in the writings of Steele and Sterne. Nevertheless the very name of romance has wielded such a power in human affairs, and has so habitually impressed the human imagination, that time is not misspent in exhibiting its historical bearings. These great vague words, invented to facilitate reference to whole centuries of human history—Middle Ages, Renaissance, Protestant Reformation, Revival of Romance—are very often invoked as if they were something ultimate, as if the names themselves were a sufficient explanation of all that they include. So an imperfect terminology is used to gain esteem for an artificial and rigid conception of things which were as *fluid as life itself*. The Renaissance, for instance,

in its strict original meaning, is the name for that renewed study of the classical literatures which manifested itself throughout the chief countries of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In Italy, where the movement had its origin, no single conspicuous event can be used to date it. The traditions inherited from Greece and Rome had never lost their authority; but with the increase of wealth and leisure in the city republics they were renewed and strengthened. From being remnants and memories they became live models; Latin poetry was revived, and Italian poetry was disciplined by the ancient masters. But the Renaissance, when it reached the shores of England, so far from giving new life to the literature it found there, at first degraded it. It killed the splendid prose school of Malory and Berners, and prose did not run clear again for a century. It bewildered and confused the minds of poets, and blending itself with the national tradition, produced the rich lawlessness of the English sixteenth century. It was a strong tributary to the stream of our national literature; but the popular usage, which assigns all that is good in the English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to a mysterious event called the Renaissance, is merely absurd. Modern scholars, if they are forced to find a beginning for modern literature, would prefer to date it from the wonderful outburst of vernacular poetry in the latter part of the twelfth century, and, if they must name a birthplace, would claim attention for the Court of King Henry II.

In some of its aspects, the Romantic Revival may be exhibited as a natural consequence of the Renaissance. Classical scholarship at first scorned the vernacular literatures, and did all its work of criticism and imitation in the Latin tongue. By degrees the lesson was widened, and applied to the modern languages. Study; imitation in Latin; extension of classical usages and principles to modern literature,—these were the regular stages in the progress of the classical influence. When the poets of France and England, to name no others, had learned as much as they were able and willing to learn from the masters of Greece and Rome, the work of the Renaissance was done. By the middle of the eighteenth century there was no notable kind of Greek or Latin literature—historical, philosophical, poetical; epic, elegy, ode, satire—which had not worthy disciples and rivals in the literatures of France and England. Nothing remained to do but to go further afield and seek for new masters. These might easily have been found among the poets and prophets of the East, and not a few notable writers of the time began to forage in that direction. But the East was too remote and strange, and its languages were too

little known, for this attempt to be carried far; the imitation of Chinese and Persian models was practised chiefly by way of fantasy and joke. The study of the neglected and forgotten matter of mediæval times, on the other hand, was undertaken by serious scholars. The progress of the mediæval influence reproduced very exactly the successive phases of the Classical Renaissance. At first there was study; and books like Sainte Palaye's "Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry," and Paul Henri Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," enjoyed a European reputation. Then followed the period of forgery and imitation, the age of Ossian and Chatterton, Horace Walpole and Bishop Percy. Lastly, the poets enrolled themselves in the new school, and an original literature, suggested by the old, was created by Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge and Keats. It was the temper of the antiquary and the sceptic, in the age of Gibbon and Hume, that begot the Romantic Revival; and the rebellion of the younger age against the spirit of the eighteenth century was the rebellion of a child against its parents.

It is not needful, nor indeed is it possible, to define Romance. In the mathematical sciences definitions are all-important, because with them the definition is the thing. When a mathematician asks you to describe a circle, he asks you to create one. But the man who asks you to describe a monkey is less exacting; he will be content if you mention some of the features that seem to you to distinguish a monkey from other animals. Such a description must needs be based on personal impressions and ideas; some features must be chosen as being more significant than the rest. In the history of literature there are only two really significant things—men, and books. To study the ascertained facts concerning men and books is to study biography and bibliography, two sciences which between them supply the only competent and modest part of the history of literature. To discern the significance of men and books, to classify and explain them, is another matter. We have not, and we never shall have, a calculus sufficient for human life even at its weakest and poorest. Let him who conceives high hopes from the progress of knowledge and the pertinacity of thought tame and subdue his pride by considering, for a moment, the game of chess. That game is played with thirty-two pieces, of six different kinds, on a board of sixty-four squares. Each kind of piece has one allotted mode of action, which is further cramped by severe limitations of space. The conditions imposed upon the game are strict, uniform and mechanical. Yet those who have made of chess a lifelong study are ready to confess their complete ignorance of the fundamental merits of particular moves; one game

another; and from the most commonplace of developments there may spring up, on the sudden, wild romantic possibilities and situations that are like miracles. If these surprising flowers of fancy grow on the chess-board, how shall we set a limit to the possibilities of human life, which is chess, with variety and uncertainty many million times increased? It is prudent, therefore, to say little of the laws which govern the course of human history, to avoid, except for pastime, the discussion of tendencies and movements, and to speak chiefly of men and books. If an author can be exhibited as the effect of certain causes (and I do not deny that some authors can plausibly be so exhibited) he loses his virtue as an author. He thought of himself as a cause, a surprising intruder upon the routine of the world, an original creator. I think that he is right, and that the profitable study of a man is the study which regards him as an oddity, not a quiddity.

A general statement of the law that governs literary history may perhaps be borrowed from the most unreasonable of the arts—the art of dress. One of the powerful rulers of men, and therefore of books, is Fashion, and the fluctuations of literary fashion make up a great part of literary history. If the history of a single fashion in dress could ever be written, it would illuminate the literary problem. The motives at work are the same; thoughtful wearers of clothes, like thoughtful authors, are all trying to do something new, within the limits assigned by practical utility and social sympathy. Each desires to express himself and yet in that very act to win the admiration and liking of his fellows. The great object is to wear the weeds of humanity with a difference. Some authors, it is true, like timid or lazy dressers, desire only to conform to usage. But these, as M. Brunetiere remarks in one of his historical essays, are precisely the authors who do not count. An author who respects himself is not content if his work is mistaken for another's, even if that other be one of the gods of his idolatry. He would rather write his own signature across faulty work than sink into a copyist of merit. This eternal temper of self-assertion, this spirit of invention, this determination to add something or alter something, is no doubt the principle of life. It questions accepted standards, and makes of reaction from the reigning fashion a permanent force in literature. The young want something to do; they will not be loyal subjects in a kingdom where no land remains to be taken up, nor will they allow the praise of the dead to be the last word in criticism. Why should they paraphrase old verdicts?

The sway of Fashion often bears hardest on a good author just dead, when the generation that discovered him and acclaimed him begins to

pass away. Then it is not what he did that attracts the notice of the younger sort, but what he left undone. Tennyson is discovered to be no great thinker. Pope, who, when his star was in the ascendant, was "Mr. Pope, the new Poet," has to submit to examination by the Headmaster of Winchester, who decides that he is not a poet, except in an inferior sense. Shakespeare is dragged to the bar by Thomas Rymer, who demonstrated, with what degree of critical ability is still disputed, but certainly in clear and vigorous English, that Shakespeare has no capacity for tragic writing. Dante is banished, by the critics of the Renaissance, into the Gothic darkness. So the pendulum of fashion swings to and fro, compelled, even in the shortest of its variable oscillations, to revisit the greatest writers, who are nearest to the centre of rest. Wit and sense, which are raised by one age into the very essentials of good poetry, are denied the name of poetry by the next; sentiment, the virtue of one age, is the exploded vice of another; and Romance comes in and goes out with secular regularity.

The meaning of Romance will never come home to him who seeks for it in modern controversies. The name Romance is itself a memorial of the conquest of Europe by the Romans. They imposed their language on half Europe, and profoundly influenced the other half. The dialectical, provincial Latin, of various kinds, spoken by the conquered peoples, became the Romance speech; and Romance literature was the new literature which grew up among these peoples from the ninth century onwards, —or from an earlier time, if the fringe of Celtic peoples, who kept their language but felt the full influence of Christianity, be taken into the account. The chief thing to be noted concerning Romance literature is that it was a Christian literature, finding its background and inspiration in the ideas to which the Christian Church gave currency. While Rome spread her conquests over Europe, at the very heart of her empire Christianity took root, and by slow process transformed that empire. During the Middle Ages the Bishops of Rome sat in the seat of the Roman Emperors. This startling change possessed Gibbon's imagination, and is the theme of his great work. But the whole of Gibbon's history was anticipated and condensed by Hobbes in a single sentence—"If a man considers the original of this great ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive that the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof. For so did the Papacy start up on a sudden out of the ruins of that heathen power."

Here, then, is the answer to a question which at once suggests itself.

How do we get this famous opposition between the older Latin literature and the literature of those countries which had inherited or accepted the Latin tradition? Why did not the Romans hand over their literature and teach it, as they handed over and taught their law? They did teach it in their schools; grammar and rhetoric, two of the chief subjects of a liberal education, were purely literary studies, based on the work of the literary masters of Rome. Never was there an education so completely literary as the organized education of Rome and of her provinces. How came it that there was any breach between the old and the new?

A question of this kind, involving centuries of history, does not admit of a perfectly simple answer. It may be very reasonably maintained that in Rome education killed literature. A carefully organized, universal system of education, which takes for its material the work of great poets and orators, is certain to breed a whole army of slaves. The teachers, employed by the machine to expound ideas not their own, soon erect systems of pedantic dogma, under which the living part of literature is buried. The experience of ancient Rome is being repeated in the England of to-day. The officials responsible for education, whatever they may uneasily pretend, are forced by the necessities of their work to encourage uniformity, and national education becomes a warehouse of second-hand goods, presided over by men who cheerfully explain the mind of Burke or of Shakespeare, adjusting the place of each, and balancing faults against merits. But Roman education throughout the Empire had further difficulties to encounter. To understand these it must be remembered what Latin literature was. The Latins, when we first discern them in the dim light of the past, were a small, strenuous, political people, with a passion for government and war. They first subdued Italy, and no very serious culture-problem resulted from that conquest. The Etruscans certainly contributed much to Latin civilization, but their separate history is lost. No one knows what the Etruscans thought. The Romans do not seem to have cared. They welded Italy together, and thereafter came into contact with the older, richer civilizations of the Mediterranean shores. The chief of these, in its influence, was the Greek civilization, as it had developed in that famous group of free city states, fostered by the sun and air, and addicted to life. In Athens, at the time of her glory, life was not a habit, but an experiment. Even the conservative Romans were infected. They fell under the sway of Greek thought. When a practical man of business becomes intimate with an artist, he is never the same

man again. The thought of that disinte[illegible]hip of transl[illegible] life haunts his dreams. So Rome, though she had paid lit[illegible]led [illegible]rd to the other ancient peoples with whom she had had traffic and war, put herself to school to the Greeks. She accepted the Greek pantheon, renamed the Greek gods and goddesses, and translated and adopted Greek culture. The real Roman religion was a religion of the homestead, simple, pious, domestic, but they now added foreign ornaments. So also with literature; their own native literature was scanty and practical—laws and rustic proverbs—but they set themselves to produce a new literature, modelled on the Greek. Virgil followed Homer; Plautus copied Menander; and Roman literature took on that secondary and reminiscent character which it never lost. It was a literature of culture, not of creed. This people had so practical a genius that they could put the world in harness; for the decoration of the world they were willing to depend on foreign loans.

In so far as Latin literature was founded on the Greek, that is, in so far as it was a derivative and imitative literature, it was not very fit for missionary purposes. One people can give to another only what is its own. The Greek gods were useless for export. An example may be taken from the English rule in India. We can give to the people of India our own representative institutions. We can give them our own authors, Shakespeare, Burke, Macaulay. But we cannot give them Homer and Virgil, who nevertheless continue to play an appreciable part in training the English mind; and we can hardly give them Milton, whose subtlest beauties depend on the niceties of the Latin speech. The trial for Latin literature came when obscurely, in the purlieus and kennels of Rome, like a hidden fermentation, Christianity arose. The earliest Christians were for the most part illiterate; but when at last Christianity reached the high places of the government, and controlled the Empire, a problem of enormous difficulty presented itself for solution. The whole elaborate educational system of the Romans was founded on the older literature and the older creeds. All education, law and culture were pagan. How could the Christians be educated; and how, unless they were educated, could they appeal to the minds of educated men? So began a long struggle, which continued for many centuries, and swayed this way and that. Was Christianity to be founded barely on the Gospel precepts and on a way of life, or was it to seek to subdue the world by yielding to it? This, the religious problem, is the chief educational problem in recorded history. There were the usual parties; and the fiercest, on both sides, cou[illegible]

no surrender. This famous or ity of the new religion, held it an unla ure of t o become teachers in the Roman schools. Julian the Apostate, an edict forbade Christians hools, but this time for another reason, lest they shou the youth from the older faith. In the end the result was ical compromise, arranged by certain ecclesiastical politicians, themselves lovers of letters, between the old world and the new. It was agreed, in effect, that the schools should teach humane letters and mythology, leaving it to the Church to teach divine doctrine and the conduct of life. All later history bears the marks of this compromise. Here was the beginning of that distinction and apportionment between the secular and the sacred which is so much more conspicuous in Christian communities than ever it has been among the followers of other religions. Here also was the beginning of that strange mixture, familiar to all students of literature, whereby the Bible and Virgil are quoted as equal authorities, Plato is set over against St. Paul, the Sibyl confirms the words of David, and, when a youth of promise, destined for the Church, is drowned, St. Peter and a river-god are the chief mourners at his poetic obsequies. This mixture is not a fantasy of the Renaissance; it has been part and parcel, from the earliest times, of the tradition of the Christian Church.

History is larger than morality; and a wise man will not attempt to pass judgment on those who found themselves in so unparalleled a position. A new religion, claiming an authority not of this world, prevailed in this world, and was confronted with all the resources of civilization, inextricably entangled with the ancient pagan faiths. What was to be done? The Gospel precepts seemed to admit of no transaction. "They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly." The material prosperity and social order which Law and Politics take such pains to preserve and increase are no part of their care. They are strangers and pilgrims in the country where they pitch their tent for a night. How dare they spend time on cherishing the painted veil called Life, when their desires are fixed on what it conceals? When Tacitus called the Christian religion "a deadly superstition," he spoke as a true Roman, a member of the race of Empire-builders. His subtle political instinct scented danger from those who looked with coldness on the business and desire of this world. The Christian faith, which

presents no social difficulties [illegible] ip of translation, mere by a lonely saint or seer, is another thi[illegible] lled them formal creed of a nation. The Christians themselv[illegible] was used themselves off from the country of their birth would [illegible] d, vital choice, so far as this world is concerned. Their ultimate [illegible] oem was to accept Roman civilization and Roman culture, and to add Christianity to it.

Then followed an age-long attempt to Christianize Latin literature, to supply believers with a new poetry, written in polished and accomplished verse, and inspired by Christian doctrine. Of those who attempted this task, Prudentius is perhaps the greatest name. The attempt could never have been very successful; those who write in Latin verse must submit to be judged, not by the truth of their teaching, but by the formal beauties of their prosody, and the wealth of their allusive learning. Even Milton, zealot though he be, is esteemed for his manner rather than for his matter. But the experiment was cut short by the barbarian invasions. When the Empire was invaded, St. Jerome and St. Augustine, Prudentius and Symmachus, Claudian and Paulinus of Nola, were all alive. These men, in varying degrees, had compounded and blended the two elements, the pagan and the Christian. They have been compounded ever since. The famous seventeenth-century controversy concerning the fitness of sacred subjects for poetic treatment is but a repetition and an echo of that older and more vital difference. The two strains could never be perfectly reconciled, so that a certain impurity and confusion was bequeathed to modern European literature. Ours is a great and various literature, but its rarest virtue is simplicity. Our best ballads and lyrics are filled with the matter of faith, but as often as we try the larger kinds of poetry, we inevitably pass over into reminiscence, learning, criticism,—in a word, culture.

The barbarians seized, or were granted, land; and settled down under their chiefs. They accepted Christianity, and made it into a warlike religion. They learned and "corrupted" the Latin language. In their dialects they had access neither to the literature of ancient Rome, nor to the imitative scholarly Christian literature, poetry and homily, which competed with it. Latin continued to be the language of religion and law. It was full of terms and allusions which meant nothing to them. They knew something of government,—not of the old republic, but of their own men and estates. They believed wholly and simply in Christianity, especially the miraculous part of it. To them (as to all whom it has most profoundly influenced) it was not a

philosopl der. his famous When, by the operation of soc unla ure o a new literature, unlike anything t pols. come, grew up among them. This was K tians form of the Middle Ages. It was a sincere i y sh their pride in arms and their simple religious faith. s and ballads, chanted in the Romance speech, have all rom a later time there have come down to us the "Chanso Geste," narrative poems composed by the professional caste of po s to celebrate the deeds and adventures of the knights who fought the battles of Charlemagne against the Saracen invader.

The note of this Romance literature is that it was actual, modern, realistic, at a time when classical literature had become a remote convention of bookish culture. It was sung in the banqueting-hall, while Latin poetry was read in the cells of monks. It flourished enormously, and extended itself to all the matter of history and legend, to King Arthur, Theseus, Alexander, ancient heroes and warriors who were brought alive again in the likeness of knights and emperors. Its triumph was so complete, that its decadence followed swiftly. Like the creatures that live in the blood of man, literary forms and species commonly die of their own excess. Romances were multiplied, and imitated; professional poets, not content with marvels that had now become familiar, sought for a new sensation in extravagant language and incident. The tales became more and more sophisticated, elaborate, grotesque, and unreal, until in the fourteenth century, a stout townsman, who ticketed bales in a custom-house, and was the best English poet of his time, found them ridiculous. In "Sir Thopas" Chaucer parodies the popular literature of his day. Sir Thopas is a great reader of romances; he models himself on the heroes whose deeds possess his imagination, and scours the English countryside, seeking in vain for the fulfilment of his dreams of prowess.

So Romance declined; and by the end of the seventeenth century the fashion is completely reversed; the pendulum has swung back; now it is the literature inspired by the old classical models that is real, and handles actual human interests, while Romantic literature has become remote, fictitious, artificial. This does not mean that the men of the later seventeenth century believed in the gods and Achilles, but not in the saints and Arthur. It means that classical literature was found best to imitate for its form. The greater classical writers had described the life of man, as they saw it, in direct and simple language, carefully

ordered by art. After a long apprenticeship of translation and imitation, modern writers adopted the old forms, and filled them with modern matter. *The old mythology, when it was kept, was used allegorically* and allusively. Common sense, pointedly expressed, with some traditional ornament and fable, became the matter of poetry.

A rough summary of this kind is enough to show how large a question is involved in the history of Romance. All literary history is a long record of the struggle between those two rival teachers of man —books, and *the experience of life.* Good books describe the world and teach whole generations to interpret the world. Because they throw light on the life of man, they enjoy a vast esteem, and are set up in a position of authority. Then they generate other books; and literature, receding further and further from the source of truth, becomes bookish and conventional, until those who have been taught to see *nature through the spectacles of books grow uneasy,* and *throw* away the distorting glasses, to look at nature afresh with the naked eye. They also write books, it may be, and attract a crowd of imitators, who produce a literature no less servile than the literature it supplants.

This movement of the sincere and independent human mind is found in the great writers of all periods, and is called the Return to Nature. *It is seen in Pope no less than in Wordsworth; in* "The Rape of the Lock" no less than in "Peter Bell." Indeed the whole history of the mock-heroic, and the work of Tassoni, Boileau, and, Pope, the three chief masters in that kind, was a reassertion of sincerity and nature against the stilted conventions of the late literary epic. The "Iliad" is the story of a quarrel. What do men really quarrel *about? Is there any more distinctive mark of human quarrels than* the eternal triviality of the immediate cause? The insulting removal of a memorial emblem from an Italian city; the shifting of a reading-desk from one position to another in a French church; the playful theft of a lock of hair by an amorous young English nobleman—these were enough, in point of fact, to set whole communities by the ears, and *these are the events* celebrated in "The Rape of the Bucket," "The Rape of the Lectern," "The Rape of the Lock." How foolish it is to suppose that nature and truth are to be found in one school of poetry to the exclusion of another! The eternal virtues of literature are sincerity, clarity, breadth, force, and subtlety. They are to be found, in diverse combinations, now here and now there. While the late Latin Christian poets were bound over to Latin models—to elegant reminiscences of a faded mythology and the tricks of a professional rhetoric

did he concern himself with Merlin, Tristram, and the Lady of the Lake. He shunned what is derived from other books. His theme is man, nature and human life. Scott, in rich and careless fashion, dealt in every kind of material that came his way. He described his own country and his own people with loving care, and he loved also the melodrama of historical fiction and supernatural legend. "His romance and antiquarianism," says Ruskin, "his knighthood and monkery, are all false, and he knows them to be false." Certainly, "The Heart of Midlothian" and "The Antiquary" are better than "Ivanhoe." Scott's love for the knighthood and monkery was real, but it was playful. His heart was with Fielding.

There is nothing inconsistent in the best of the traditions of the two parties. The Classical School taught simplicity, directness, and modesty of speech. They are right; it is the way to tell a ghost story. The Romantic School taught a wider imaginative outlook and a more curious analysis of the human mind. They also are right; it is the way to investigate a case in the police courts. Both were cumbered, at times, with the dead things that they found in the books they loved. All literature, except the strongest and purest, is cumbered with useless matter—the conventional epithet, the grandiose phrase, the out-worn classical quotations, the self-conscious apology, the time-honoured joke. But there are only two schools of literature—the good, and the bad. As for national legend, its growth is the same in all ages. The Greeks told tales of Achilles, the Romans of Æneas, the French of Charlemagne, the British of Arthur. It is a part of the same process, and an expression of the same humanity.

I have tried to show that the Renaissance bears the same relation to classical literature as the Revival of Romance bears to mediæval literature, and that the whole history of the literature of Europe is an oscillation between Christian and Pagan ideals during that long and wavering process whereby Christianity was partially established as the creed and way of life of a group of diverse nations. The historical meaning of the word Romance is exact and easy to define. But in common usage the word means something much vaguer than this. It is a note, an atmosphere, a kind of feeling that is awakened not only by literature but by the behaviour of men and the disposition of material objects. John Evelyn, the diarist, enjoys the reputation of having been the first to speak of a "romantic site,"—a phrase which leads the way to immeasurable possibilities in the application of the word. Accuracy in the definition of this larger meaning is unattainable; and would

certainly be false, for the word has taken its meaning from centuries of usage by inaccurate thinkers. A whole cluster of feelings, impressions, and desires, dimly recognized as cognate, has grown around the word, which has now been a centre of critical discussion and controversy for the better part of a century. Heine, in his dissertation on the Romantic School, takes the Christianity of the Middle Ages as his starting-point, and relates everything to that. Perhaps he makes too much of allegory and symbolism, which have always been dear to the church, but are not conspicuous in early Romance. Yet no one can go far astray who keeps in touch, as Heine does, with the facts of history. Goethe, impatient of the wistful intensities of youth, said that the Classical is health, and the Romantic disease. Much has been made, by many critics, of the statue and the picture, as types of ancient and modern art, the one complete in itself, the other suggesting more than it portrays. Mr. Walter Pater, borrowing a hint from a sentence of Bacon, finds the essence of Romance in the addition of strangeness to beauty, of curiosity to desire. It would be easy to multiply these epigrammatic statements, which are all not obscurely related to the fundamental changes wrought on the world by Christian ideas. No single formula can hope to describe and distinguish two eras, or define two tempers of mind. If I had to choose a single characteristic of Romance as the most noteworthy, I think I should choose Distance, and should call Romance the magic of Distances What is the most romantic line in Virgil? Surely it is the line which describes the ghosts, staying for waftage on the banks of the river, and stretching out their hands in passionate desire to the further shore:

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore

Scott expounds the harmonizing power of distance in his "Journal," where he describes the funeral of his friend Laidlaw's infant:

> I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdness, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be [illegible]
>
> cession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his dark

be carried on the last long road—not one of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident—seeming just accessories, and no more—this is affecting.

The same idea is the subject of T. E. Brown's poem, "The Schooner":

Just mark that schooner westward far at sea—
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro,
And tugged and stamped, and shoved, and pushed
and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.
* * * * *
And now, behold! a shadow or repose
Upon a line of gray,
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps, and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest.
All jars and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes,
'Neath the broad benediction of the West.

Shelley finds the suggestion of distance in beautiful music:

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

Wordsworth hears it in the song of the Highland Girl:

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

These quotations are enough to show what a width of view is given to modern Romantic poetry. Man is, in one sense, more truly seen in a wide setting of the mountains and the sea than close at hand in the street. But the romantic effect of distance may delude and conceal as well as glorify and liberate. The weakness of the modern Romantic poet is that he must keep himself aloof from life, that he may see it. He rejects the authority, and many of the pleasures, along with the duties, of society. He looks out from his window on the men fighting in the plain, and sees them transfigured under the rays of the setting sun. He enjoys the battle, but not as the fighters enjoy it. He nurses

himself in all the luxury of philosophic sensation. He does not help to bury the child, or to navigate the schooner, or to discover the Fortunate Islands. The business of every poet, it may be said, is vision, not action. But the epic poet holds his reader fast by strong moral bonds of sympathy with the actors in the poem. "I should have liked to do that," is what the reader says to himself. He is asked to think and feel as a man, not as a god.

The weakness of revived Romance found the most searching of its critics in Tennyson, who was fascinated, when he was shaping his own poetic career, by the picture and the past, yet could not feel satisfied with the purely æsthetic attitude of art to life. In poem after poem he returns to the question, Is poetry an escape from life? Must it lull the soul in a selfish security? The struggle that went on in his mind has left its mark on "The Lady of Shalott," "The Palace of Art," "The Voyage," "The Vision of Sin," "The Lotos-Eaters," and others of his poems. The Lady of Shalott loves secluded in her bower, where she weaves a magic web with gay colours. She has heard that a curse will fall on her if she looks out on the world and down to the city of Camelot. She sees the outer world only in a mirror, and

In her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,

—villages, market-girls, knights riding two and two, funerals, or pairs of lovers wandering by. At last she grows half-sick of seeing the world only in shadows and reflections. Then a sudden vivid experience breaks up this life of dream. Sir Lancelot rides past, in shining armour, singing as he rides. She leaves her magic web and mirror, and looks upon the real world.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

She goes into the world, and there she meets her death. The poem is not an allegory, but there is no mistaking the thought that generated it. The mirror and the web are the emblems of Romantic art. The feelings which stir the heart to action, which spring to meet the occasion or the object, are contrasted, in the poem, with the more pensive feelings which are excited by the sight of the object in a mirror, and the suggestions of colour and design which are to be transferred to the embroidery. The mirror is a true and subtle symbol. When Shake-

speare treated the same problem, he made King Richard II, the most romantically minded of all his kings, call for a mirror. The thing that it is easiest for a man to see in a mirror is himself; egotism in its many forms, self-pity, self-cultivation, self-esteem, dogs Romanticism like its shadow. The desire to be the spectator of your own life, to see yourself in all kinds of heroic and pathetic attitudes is the motive-power of Romantic poetry in many of its later developments. Yet life must be arrested and falsified before the desire can be fulfilled. No one has ever seen himself in a mirror as he is seen by others. He cannot catch himself looking away, self-forgetful, intent on something outward; yet only when he is in these attitudes does his true character show itself in his face. Nor, if he could so see himself, would he be a witness of the truth. The sensation of drowning, or of leading an assault in war, is very unlike the sentiment which is aroused in the spectator of either of these adventures. Romanticism, in its decline, confuses the sentiment with the sensation and covets the enjoyment of life on the easy terms of a bystander.

These faults and failings of late Romance are far enough removed from the simple heroism of the death of Roland in the Pass of Roncesvalles. Later Romance is known everywhere by its derivative, secondary, consciously literary character. Yet it draws sometimes from the original source of inspiration, and attains, by devious ways, to poetic glories not inferior to the old.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK (1868–1924)

After leaving Oxford he was called to the Bar in 1893, and practised during the next ten years. Then he took to journalism, became literary editor of the "Speaker" from 1904–6, and was on the staff of "The Times" from 1908. His essays in the "Times Literary Supplement" on the outbreak of war made him almost famous, and they can still be read for their Christian tolerance and wisdom. He was supersensitive to the reactions of Art and Music and Religion, but wrote the simplest English.

SUNDAY BEFORE THE WAR

ON Sunday, in a remote valley in the West of England, where the people are few and scattered and placid, there was no more sign among them than among the quiet hills of the anxiety that holds the world. They had no news and seemed to want none. The postmaster had been ordered to stay all day in his little post-office, and that was something unusual that interested them, but only because it affected the postmaster.

It rained in the morning, but the afternoon was clear and glorious and shining, with all the distances revealed far into the heart of Wales and to the high ridges of the Welsh mountains. The cottages of that valley are not gathered into villages, but two or three together or lonely among their fruit-trees on the hill-side; and the cottagers, who are always courteous and friendly, said a word or two as one went by, but just what they would have said on any other day and without any question about the war. Indeed, they seemed to know, or to wish to know, as little about that as the earth itself, which, beautiful there at any time, seemed that afternoon to wear an extreme and pathetic beauty. That country, more than any other in England, has the secret of peace. It is not wild, though it looks into the wildness of Wales; but all its cultivation, its orchards and hop-yards and fields of golden wheat, seem to have the beauty of time upon them, as if men there had long lived happ

the earth with no desire for change or fear of decay. It is not the sad beauty of a past cut off from the present, but a mellowness that the present inherits from the past; and in this mellowness all the hill-side seems a garden to the spacious farm-houses and the little cottages, each led up to by its own narrow, flowery lane. There the meadows are all lawns with the lustrous green of spring even in August, and often overshadowed by old fruit-trees—cherry, or apple, or pear; and on Sunday after the rain there was an April glory and freshness added to the quiet of the later summer.

Nowhere and never in the world can there have been a deeper peace; and the bells from the little red church down by the river seemed to be the music of it, as the song of birds is the music of spring. There one saw how beautiful the life of man can be, and how men by the innocent labours of many generations can give to the earth a beauty it has never known in its wildness. And all this peace, one knew, was threatened; and the threat came into one's mind as if it were a soundless message from over the great eastward plain; and with it the beauty seemed unsubstantial and strange, as if it were sinking away into the past, as if it were only a memory of childhood.

So it is always when the mind is troubled among happy things, and then one almost wishes they could share one's troubles and become more real with it. It seemed on that Sunday that a golden age had lasted till yesterday, and that the earth had still to learn the news of its ending. And this change had come, not by the will of God, not even by the will of man, but because some few men far away were afraid to be open and generous with each other. There was a power in their hands so great that it frightened them. There was a spring that they knew they must not touch, and, like mischievous and nervous children, they had touched it at last, and now all the world was to suffer for their mischief.

So the next morning one saw a reservist in his uniform saying good-bye to his wife and children at his cottage gate and then walking up the hill that leads out of the valley with a cheerful smile still on his face. There was the first open sign of trouble, a very little one, and he made the least of it; and, after all, this valley is very far from any possible war, and its harvest and its vintage of cider and perry will surely be gathered in peace.

But what happiness can there be in that peace, or what security in the mind of man, when the madness of war is let loose in so many other valleys? Here there is a beauty inherited from the past, and added

to the earth by man's will; but the men here are of the same nature and subject to the same madness as those who are gathering to fight on the frontiers. We are all men with the same power of making and destroying, with the same divine foresight mocked by the same animal blindness. We ourselves may not be in fault to-day, but it is human beings in no way different from us who are doing what we abhor and what they abhor even while they do it. There is a fate, coming from the beast in our own past, that the present man in us has not yet mastered; and for the moment that fate seems a malignity in the nature of the universe that mocks us even in the beauty of these lonely hills. But it is not so, for we are not separate and indifferent like the beasts; and if one nation for the moment forgets our common humanity and its future, then another must take over that sacred charge and guard it without hatred or fear until the madness is passed. May that be our task now, so that we may wage war only for the future peace of the world and with the lasting courage that needs no stimulant of hate.

Thoughts on the War.

THOMAS MICHAEL KETTLE (1880–1916)

Born in County Dublin, 1880. Killed at Ginchy, 1916. Poet, journalist, lawyer and member of Parliament. This Irish idealist died prematurely before his full force as a politician or as a writer could mature. The following essay from his book "The Day's Burden" was referred to by him in a letter home from France, when already he anticipated death on the battle-field. His life was a fight for freedom, and his writings express the nobility of his thought and action.

ON SAYING GOOD-BYE

THE smell of the sea, so raw and stringent in a landsman's nostrils, brings thoughts with it and a strange spume of memories. To me it brings a perception of what people mean when they toss in the air that dusty adjective, "cynical." A cynic is a man who, finding himself, for all striving, incurably sad from the lips in, sets himself to be incorrigibly gay from the lips out. It is a triumph of will over temperament, a way of courage, and, by times, even a way of nobleness.

So it appears to me at least with the wash of the river about the brattling boat. But why should cables and gangways, cranes and the throb of steam, waved white handkerchiefs and all that apparatus of adieu, set anyone framing definitions of "cynicism"? It is because a dead Frenchman, who had not wit enough even to keep himself from being forgotten, a cynic as they say, one Brizeux, murmurs to himself in one of his comedies as I murmur to myself every time I leave Ireland: "Do not cry out against *la patrie*. Your native land after all will give you the two most exquisite pleasures of your life, that of leaving her and that of coming back." He left many other sharp sentences along his way, but I only remember that of Cécile after she had transferred her affections. "And to think that six months ago I loved Alphonse! Mon Dieu! How he has changed!"

There are no taxis in my native city of Dublin. But the depressed jarvey who drove me to the North Wall knows that they are coming.

He starts already in his dreams at the hoot of their horns. You cannot stand against science, he says: look at Corbett, and Tommy Burns, and Johnson. A man can't get bread at it nowadays, although, of course, "when a body meets a free-spoken, free-handed gentleman like yourself, sir; none o' these mane divils that'd be resthrictin' you to your legal *fare, mind you* . . ." *The electric trams were bad enough, but* this other would be the end. The Merrion Square doctors were good friends of the poor man, would think nothing of taking your car for two or three hours and leaving a sovereign in your palm, but first one got a motor, and now they all have motors. What is one to say?

A member of Parliament ought to be a minister of consolation, at all events in matters of livelihood. All that occurs to me to tell my driver is that he is an element in an interesting transition in the organizing of transport. The domestication of horses created him and his tribe, the domestication of petrol is in course of blotting them out. Mr. Galsworthy will write a play on the subject and make us *quiver unhelpfully; and there is always the workhouse coffin to* look at, and an absolutely gratuitous burial. Meantime, he had better be rehearsing his adieus. But it seems hardly worth while dropping that oil into his wounds. There will, one fears, be more hunger than dignity in his leave-taking. Semi-starvation, mitigated by a gay heart and an incessant tongue, will take him, and not gently, by the hand, and show him, the Way Out. And by way of monument he shall have, perhaps, the one-ten-millionth part of a paragraph in some economic history that will be written by some sociologist of Teutonic extraction

An old woman, once questioned by a journalist, declared that the only bothersome thing about walking was that the miles began at the wrong end. Kant, who could talk to Time and Space *like an equal*, is dead, and so nobody will ever know what the old lady meant. I record the observation here merely because it sounds so horribly intelligent.

But there is a constant heart-break in travel which comes from this, that every departure is a sort of geographical suicide. To be anywhere even for an hour or a day is to become inwoven into a manifold tissue, material and spiritual. You cannot pluck yourself suddenly out *without* carrying a fringe of destruction, and it is your own personality that dies in every snapped fibre. Philosophers have thought of the soul as a spiritus—a rapid gust of breath blown along the world and quickly dissipated. In truth our conscious life is like a white [illegible] [illegible] that leaves a vestige *of itself clinging to every* object that [illegible] is a sustained good-bye. I cannot reach any thought except [illegible]

another. Even so common and kindly an experience as dinner is not exempt from this spiritual succession duty: your coffee is bitter with the unspoken adieus of the soup, and the fish and the fowl, and the roast over whose graves you have marched to fulfilment. Life is a cheap table d'hôte in a rather dirty restaurant, with Time changing the plates before you have had enough of anything.

We were bewildered at school to be told that walking was a perpetual falling. But life is, in a far more significant way, a perpetual dying. Death is not an eccentricity, but a settled habit of the universe. The drums of to-day call to us, as they call to young Fortinbras in the fifth act of *Hamlet*, over corpses piled up in such abundance as to be almost ridiculous. We praise the pioneer, but let us not praise him on wrong grounds. His strength lies not in his leaning out to new things—that may be mere curiosity—but in his power to abandon old things. All his courage is a courage of adieus.

The romance of travel appealed to many in old days, and now, after menace of extinction, it has been conclusively restored by the Tariff Reform deputations. Others were light enough to think that no one can travel without striking one day upon the path of wisdom. But this cannot altogether be granted. We Leinstermen used to hit off the idealism of distance in a proverb: "All the cows in Connaught have long horns." Clarence Mangan was of the same mind:

> Moor, Egyptian, Persian, Turk and Roman
> Tread one common downhill path of doom;
> Everywhere the world is man and woman,
> Everywhere the old sad sins find room.

But Brizeux cuts deeper when he shows that the true value of going away is that it enables one to come back. I once knew a man who was commissioned by a railway company to write a booklet on the attractions of certain towns, among others Xyz. He produced this page: "Attractions of Xyz. Print here in large type all the trains by which it is possible to leave Xyz." He was a native of it, and in such a light must one's native place sometimes appear. You burn to break the monotone with a great shout, to shake its trivial dust off your feet, to strain to yours the throbbing bosom of life, to mix brooks and stars and art and love and youth into one crashing orchestra of experience. And then, when you have taken this wide way, you find yourself burning to come back to that native place of yours where, as you now remember, the water was more cordial than wine, and the women sweeter than

There is only one journey, as it seems to me, in this inweaving of parables and facts, in which we attain our ideal of going away and going home at the same time. Death, normally encountered, has all the attractions of suicide without any of its horrors. The old woman when she comes to that road will find the miles beginning at the right end. We shall all bid our first real adieu to those brother-gaolers of ours, Time and Space; and though the handkerchiefs flutter, no lack of courage will have power to cheat or defeat us. "However amusing the comedy may have been," wrote Pascal, "there is always blood in the fifth act. They scatter a little dust on your face; and then all is over for ever." Blood there may be, but blood does not necessarily mean tragedy. The wisdom of humility bids us pray that in that fifth act we may have good lines and a timely exit; but, fine or feeble, there is comfort in breaking the parting word into its two significant halves, à Dieu. Since life has been a constant slipping from one good-bye to another, why should we fear that sole good-bye which promises to cancel all its forerunners?

The Day's Burden.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY (1847–1929)

On Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1894, he became Prime Minister. A spokesman for Imperial Federation, he was Imperialist during the Boer War, and as head of the Liberal League from 1902, represented a policy, first set forth in a famous speech at Chesterfield, but not accepted by official Liberals. As a writer his famous study of Lord Randolph Churchill and of the "last phase" of Napoleon's career (1900) are the best remembered. But the following Essay is characteristic of his felicitous style and sense of historical perspective.

CROMWELL

(A Speech delivered at the Cromwell Tercentenary Celebration, 1899)

I am very glad to be here to-night. We are all, I imagine, glad to be here to-night, even if we are not proud to be here. For, after all, this is no great occasion for pride, as we are commemorating the erection of the first statue to Cromwell in London—a statue which ought to have been erected long ago, and which has even now met with some not unimportant difficulties.

I do not know whether you remember the history of the inception of this statue. It was promised by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as First Commissioner of Works under the late Government; then under pressure in the House of Commons that promise was withdrawn, and immediately on that promise being withdrawn an individual, who, I understand, felt that Cromwell's immortal memory should not be made a football for contending factions in the House of Commons, wrote to offer to bear the cost of the memorial. The Government of the day accepted that offer, and it was ratified by the Government now in power. Since that time a new opposition has sprung up. It is slender in numbers, but I do not pretend to say that it is not representative of a considerable volume of prejudice and even of passion; but as far as it has gone it has not assumed a very serious complexion. It has, indeed, carried in the

House of Lords, when the House of Lords was not very crowded, a resolution denouncing the *present position of the statue; and though* the Government loyally stood to their pledges, they were unfortunately defeated by a majority of six to four.

I for one do not complain of that opposition; but there are two features in connexion with it to which I would call attention for a moment. The first is that it is not very logical, because in the very heart of the House of Commons—that sacred shrine of the Constitution, to which the presence, I presume, of Oliver Cromwell was supposed by the majority in the House of Lords to be deleterious—there has been placed by the present Government, not by arrangement with the late Government and not under any pressure whatever, a bust of Oliver Cromwell. I do not, therefore, quite understand that tenderness of conscience which protests against a statue in the open air and outside Parliament, *but which raises no objection to a bust in the very heart* and centre of Parliament itself. Secondly, I would urge this—that if this opposition were to be raised, it would have been more graceful and fair had it been urged some four years ago. A statue was promised, *and the sculptor was commissioned somewhere about June, 1895, for* I remember it preceded almost immediately the fall of the late Government—not that I associate the two facts in the slightest degree. Some four years ago the commission was given, and it is not till the pedestal has been actually erected, and the statue itself is rumbling on its way to occupy that pedestal, that the opposition lifts up its voice, and in the House of Lords even goes to a division. I think that that was, to speak in the vernacular, hardly playing the game, and I hope that we shall hear no more on this subject.

But there is an evil fate which attends statues of Cromwell, and Manchester, I believe, had the honourable distinction of being the only city that possessed one. Scotland was prepared to erect a statue to Oliver, although he had inflicted a considerable defeat upon her forces; yet so *great was her gratitude for the good government that came from this* unwelcome source that a statue was ordered to be erected to Cromwell on the site now occupied by a statue of his successor, Charles II. Unfortunately, the statue was not more than rough-hewn at the time of the Protector's death, and therefore it lay an almost shapeless mass, a figure in a shroud, at Leith, until it was put up in some obscurer part of Edinburgh, and ultimately went no man knows whither. We, at any rate, are more fortunate, for we have a statue which, so far as I can judge from seeing it in the Academy, is worthy of the subject.

worthy of the genius of the sculptor—I am glad that the sculptor is here to listen to your applause.

Sir, you have insinuated that I am going to give to-night an exhaustive description of Oliver Cromwell. That is exactly what I shall not attempt to do; for to do so in a speech would be inevitably to fall short of my object, and also altogether to mistake the character of a speech. Were I going to write you an essay it might be possible to make some such attempt; but the character of a speech must be of necessity comparatively shallow, and must not attempt more than it can well achieve. Moreover, so as to make my survey in its very inception imperfect, there are two great acts in the Protector's career on which I propose to offer none but the very fewest and sparsest observations. The first is his policy towards Ireland. With regard to that, I am bound to say that it admits of explanation, but it hardly admits of excuse. I am one of those who feel that were I an Irishman I, at any rate, should not be a contributor to a statue to Oliver Cromwell. I am not sure that even as a Scotsman I may not have to bear some little censure for being present on this occasion. But to our Irish friends I may say that as we do not interfere with the statues which they choose to put up in Dublin, they might refrain from interfering with the statues which we choose to put up in London. It is true that the policy of Cromwell towards Ireland was ruthless and cruel in the extreme, but two things should be remembered, not by way of palliation, but of explanation. In the first place there was great provocation; and in the second place the Puritans, of whom he was the leader, were deeply imbued, for reasons which it would take too long to explain, with the lessons of the Old Testament. They believed that they were the chosen people of God, and had the right to deal with their enemies as the Israelites dealt with the Amalekites. The Amalekites, it should be noted, were not the Irish, but the Roman Catholics. It is indeed stated on high authority that the majority of the garrison of Drogheda, which was put to the sword, consisted of English people. However that may be, this Old Testament view is the explanation, but not the palliation, of Cromwell's conduct towards Ireland.

Nor will I say anything about the execution of Charles I. That was an act which I think was barely justified by the circumstances. But it was an act as to which one or two facts are generally forgotten, if they were ever known, by the critics of the memory of Cromwell. The first is that it was not a willing act on the part of Cromwell. He endeavoured as far as he could to work with the king; and it was not

until he found that the king would accept no position short of the absolute ideal of kingship which he had formed for himself that Cromwell was forced to desist from the attempt. You must remember also that he had found from painful experience that Charles held no measure with his opponents; that he was in no respect to be trusted; and you must also recollect what is now better known—that it is not possible for a feudal monarch to be his own constitutional successor. The two things cannot combine in one man. That was made clear nearly a century and a half later in the case of Louis XVI of France, who was willing to be a constitutional sovereign, to be his own constitutional successor, which Charles I was not. But it was not possible. If then, you were to have a constitutional sovereign, you were bound in one way or another to get rid of Charles I; though it seems to me that as a stroke of policy means much more gentle might have been adopted, which would have prevented the act being, as in essence it was, not merely a crime, if crime you call it, but a political blunder as well. There is only one further remark that I will make on this subject. Happy is the dynasty which can permit without offence or without fear the memory of a regicide to be honoured in its capital. Happy the sovereign and happy the dynasty that, secure in their constitutional guarantees and in the world-wide love of their subjects, can allow such a ceremonial as this to take place without a shadow of annoyance or distrust.

What manner of man was this Cromwell whom we seek to honour to-night? Probably we shall get as many answers as there are people in this hall. Every one has his own theory of Cromwell, and they are apt to be jarring theories. There is, of course, the popular but perhaps illiterate view which you sometimes hear expressed, that he was "a damned psalm-singing old humbug, who cut off the head of his king." To a considerable number of those who talk about Cromwell, the knowledge of him is limited to that simple assertion. I do not know whether that is the opinion of the majority of the House of Lords. At any rate let me quote two or three testimonies on the other side. Lord Macaulay said of him that he was "the greatest prince that ever ruled England." The greatest living authority on that period—Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who by no means is a favourable critic of all the policy of Cromwell, sums him up in these words: "It is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings—in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought; the greatest because most

typical Englishman of all time." But there is one testimony which I regard as more valuable because—I cannot say it is more unbiased—it is more naturally biased in the other direction: it is the testimony of Southey, the great Tory man of letters in his day—not Conservative, remember, but the Tory historian of his day. He speaks of Cromwell thus: "Lord of these three kingdoms and indisputably the most powerful potentate in Europe, and certainly the greatest man of an age in which the race of great men was not extinct in any country, no man was so worthy of the station which he filled." I balance these testimonies against the majority in the House of Lords.

But if I am asked on what grounds I personally admire him, I could not give them all to-night; but I should say that in the first place he was a great soldier; that in the second place he was a great ruler; and that in the third place he was a great raiser and maintainer of British influence and power abroad.

Let me take him as a soldier. I am not, of course, competent to give any technical opinion upon his merits as a soldier; but I believe that the experts of the day do now pronounce the opinion that Cromwell was one of the great soldiers of his day and of all days. But, at any rate, whether we can judge of him as a strategist or not, we laymen who are not soldiers can, at any rate, understand certain broad features of Cromwell's military career which appeal to us all. In the first place, it was so marvellously short. It was begun at so late a period of life, I think he was forty-three when he entered the Army, and fifty-two when he finally sheathed his sword. His military career lasted only nine years. That seems to me to be a most remarkable feature. I think that no man ever entered the Army so late who rose to so great a position, except, perhaps, that still more singular and startling instance, considering the time in which he lived, of Lord Lynedoch, who entered the Army at about forty-six and who lived to be a Field-Marshal. Another peculiarity about Cromwell was that he won every battle that he fought. And we also know the fervour of enthusiasm which he managed to inspire in his soldiers; the coolness and judgment with which, even on the battle-field, he managed to guide and restrain that enthusiasm; the extraordinary instinct by which he was able to detect the weakest point of the enemy's battle array and to direct his full force on that weak point. In a word, it was his eye for battle. No one who has read the account of the battles of Cromwell can doubt that he was a born soldier; that he had military capacity in its truest sense and in the highest degree.

Let me take him now as a ruler. I have deliberately not called him a statesman, because Cromwell had no *opportunity of showing* what were his qualities as a statesman. His reign was too short; his life was too short. He died at an age at which a man would be thought almost young for a Prime Minister in these days. But there is also this to be recollected of him—he was always ruling on behalf of a minority. It is perfectly true that he was fighting the battle of freedom. It is perfectly true that he was fighting the battle of toleration. But I think it is equally and indisputably true that the majority of the nation were not favourable to his policy, and that if he were fighting for their rights he had to fight against their instincts and prejudices. That I believe to be the explanation of his parliamentary difficulties—the Parliaments that he had to dissolve, the Parliaments that he had to watch, the Parliaments that he had to sift, the Parliaments in which he had to guard the doors, so that no member of the Opposition could possibly gain entrance. If we consider what Cromwell's position really was—how in truth he was a destructive agent, appointed as it were to put an end to the feudal monarchy, and to be the introducer of a new state of things—and consider also that he had to do all this not resting upon the will of the people, but upon the will of the army, I think we shall feel that Cromwell achieved extraordinary results. Even in Scotland, where he was no welcome intruder, he governed the country as Scotland—and I am sorry to say that it was no great compliment—had never been governed before, and was not governed for a long time afterwards. He effected the union between Scotland and England, and he effected what was practically far more important to Scotland—freedom of trade between Scotland and England: a measure which was regarded with so much prejudice that it was one of the causes of the opposition to him in England. These alone are great achievements in any reign, especially so short a one as Oliver's.

There is one more feature which has been already alluded to in his policy as a ruler, and on which we cannot lay too great an emphasis. He was the first ruler who really understood and practised toleration. It is quite true that it was by no means universal. For example, it did not extend, generally speaking, to Episcopalians. It is quite true that some Episcopalians were not allowed to practise their faith so freely as they might have desired; but I believe that in that case the reasons were political, and that it was the Royalist and not the Episcopalian who was forbidden to influence the people. But we do know that he was capable of an act of toleration almost incredible in those

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days, and not even in these days by any means universal. He was the first prince who reigned in England who welcomed and admitted the Jews. I am glad to see that the heads of that community, such as Lord Rothschild, Sir Samuel Montagu, and Mr. Benjamin Cohen, are here to-night to show their appreciation of that act of beneficence.

It is a peculiarity of great men that they have a tendency to wreck the throne on which they sit. Take Frederick the Great: he led the life of a drill sergeant, of an estate steward, of a bureaucrat, of a minister and a general, all in one, making the details of every department of government centre in himself. He indeed absorbed everything, and nothing could be done without his sanction and knowledge. Such a man makes himself the mainspring of the machine, and when he withdraws the machine collapses and has to be constructed afresh. Take Napoleon: he differed from Frederick in that he did not find a throne, and had to construct one, but, being on it, one of his objects would appear to have been to make it impossible for anyone else to occupy it. Combining the activity of a score of men with a mind embracing the largest questions and the smallest details, directing everything, making everything derive light and guidance from him, so completely did he centralize all in himself, that, had he died as Emperor, his disappearance would have caused not a vacancy, but a gulf in which the whole apparatus of government must have disappeared. And so of Cromwell, but in a different sense. He, too, has a throne resting on the support of 60,000 armed men, so that if it loses their support it falls, because it is antagonistic to the nation at large. Cromwell soon sees his throne is held on a personal tenure. So fully does he realize that he could not bequeath to anyone the power on which his rule rested, that it is by no means certain that he ever thought it worth while to name a successor. He dies, and the fabric disappears. The real founder of a dynasty is one who produces not merely a throne, but institutions, and if the institutions are sound the throne remains part of the fabric. That is why so few lasting dynasties are founded: the founder is ordinarily the only potent institution, and he is essentially mortal.

Then I take Cromwell as the raiser and maintainer of the power and empire of England. I do not propose to-night to trace the method by which he made his name and the name of his country honoured and respected; it would take me too long, and indeed, it is not particularly easy to define. But there is one ground, one clear ground, upon which he fixed the attention of Europe. He was not born to the title as were his predecessors and successors, but he was essentially the Defender of

the Faith. You know what he did with regard to the Waldenses, those persecuted Protestants, the massacres and horrors perpetrated upon whom remain so black a page in European history. Cromwell spoke—he did not interfere by arms, though I have seen his action on this subject cited as a precedent for religious interference by arms—he did not interfere by arms, but he wrote despatches, and by the force of diplomacy, backed by a great army and his supreme reputation, he achieved his object, and what remained of the Waldenses were saved. When Europe saw that Cromwell was in earnest, Europe had no hesitation as to the course it had to adopt. Indeed it is very remarkable—it is not, as I have said, wholly explicable—the extraordinary deference, I had almost said the adoration, that Europe paid to him. Spain and France contended for his alliance. Two great Roman Catholic countries strove for the honour of the alliance with the Defender of the Protestant Faith. The great Roman Catholic monarch, Louis XIV, put on mourning for him. Cardinal Mazarin, a Prince of the Roman Church, earnestly, almost humbly, sought his alliance; and, as *showing the position of power and honour Cromwell held, I may quote* a letter from the great Condé, the greatest general on the continent of Europe at a time when the continent of Europe produced many great generals: "I am exceedingly delighted," he says, "with the justice which has been paid to your Highness's merit and virtue. I consider that the people of the three kingdoms are in the height of their glory in seeing their goods and their lives entrusted at last to the management of so great a man." That is no republican sentiment, that is no Protestant testimony; it is that of a great Roman Catholic French Prince.

Well, I would ask, What is the secret of this extraordinary power? As I said before, you will all of you probably give one answer or another, *many of them likely to conflict. There is one answer I* suppose everybody here would give—that the secret of Cromwell's strength rested in his religious faith. I discard that answer, because it would be begging the question. No, my answer is this—that he was *a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations.* A man who combines inspiration apparently derived—in my judgment really derived—from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial, a man who has that inspiration and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and when he pleases to come down to this world below seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the *Almighty Himself.*

Let me take him first as a man of action. I present to you the ortrait of Cromwell as he has come down to us depicted by contemorary writers such as Sir Philip Warwick, and, having given you his ortrait as the man of action, then we will get glimpses of him from the ther side. How does he appear to us? He comes tramping down o us through the ages in his great wide boots, a countenance swollen nd reddish, a voice harsh, sharp and untunable, with a country-made uit, a hat with no band, doubtful linen with a speck of blood upon it. He tramps over England, he tramps over Scotland, he tramps over reland, his sword in one hand, his Bible in the other. Then he ramps back to London, from whence he puts forth that heavy foot of his into Europe, and all Europe bows before him. When he is not cattering enemies and battering castles he is scattering Parliaments and battering general assemblies. He seems to be the very spirit of destruction, an angel of vengeance permitted to reign for a season to efface what he had to efface and then to disappear. Then there comes the end. The prophetic Quaker sees the "waft of death" go out against that man, there is a terrible storm, and he lies dying in Whitehall, groaning out that his work is done, that he will not drink or sleep, that he wishes to "make what haste he can to be gone," and the sun as it rises on his great day, the 3rd of September, the day of Dunbar and of Worcester, finds Cromwell speechless, and, as it sets, leaves him dead. That is practically the view that we get from contemporary portraits.

Yet there is another side; for with all his vigorous characteristic personality there is something impersonal about Cromwell. Outside the battle-field he never seems a free agent, but rather the instrument of forces outside and about him. The crises of nations, like the crises of nature, have their thunderbolts, and Cromwell was one of these; he seems to be propelled, to be ejected into the world in the agony of a great catastrophe, and to disappear with it. On the field of battle he is a great captain, ready, resourceful, and overwhelming; off the field he seems to be a creature of invisible influences, a strange mixture of a strong practical nature with a sort of unearthly fatalism, with a sort of spiritual mission. It is this combination, in my judgment, which makes the strength of Cromwell. This mysterious symbolism appears to have struck the Eastern Jews so much that they sent a deputation to England to inquire if he was the Messiah indeed. That is not exactly a combination that can be produced in bronze or any known metal, but Mr. Thornycroft has given us in his statue the nearest equivalent to it

He has given us Cromwell with sword in one hand and Bible in the other. Well, I suppose our critics will say there is no question whatever about the appropriateness of the sword, but there is a great deal of doubt about the genuineness of the Bible; indeed the whole controversy as to Cromwell really hinges on the question, Was he a hypocrite or not? That is why I told you the answer resting his success on his religious faith would be begging the question, and that is why I discarded it. It is a question that must stand unanswered until the secrets of all *hearts are revealed; for it is a secret between Cromwell and his God.*

Those who hate his memory for other reasons are determined to believe that he was a hypocrite, but, at any rate, we who are here to-night do not believe that he was a hypocrite, or we should not be here. I think those who call Cromwell a hypocrite can never have read his letters to his children. Those are not State documents. Those were not meant to be published in blue-books—it was a happy age when there were no blue-books—they were not meant to put the Governor and Protector in a favourable light. They were the genuine outpourings of a sincere soul. Let me take a further incident of Cromwell's life not familiar perhaps to those who have called him hypocrite. The pious Quaker, George Fox, not then in the position that Quakers occupy now in this country—for they were harried, imprisoned and persecuted —he, an outcast among men, was brought in bonds to see the great Protector. He did not beg compassion for his people or ask for any particular favour. He came to testify to the great man, to preach to the great man, and in his leathern jerkin he did preach to him. I think the account of this little interview, which I will not read at length, but only summarize, is one of the most interesting and touching episodes in the whole of Cromwell's career. George Fox, when he came in, said nothing apologetic. He uttered a prayer: "Peace be in this house." Some Sovereigns might have been annoyed at this condescension from a man continually within the grasp of the law, one who was still a prisoner. But Cromwell receives it with humility.

"I exhorted him," says Fox, "to keep in the fear of God that he might be directed, and order all things under his hand to God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth, and much discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately." Then Fox and Cromwell held a discussion on "priests, whom he (Cromwell) called *ministers*. . . . As I spoke he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. . . . Many more words I had with him, but people coming in I drew a little back; and, as I was turning, he caught

me by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer one to the other'; adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul."

What had Cromwell to gain by being civil to this man and by listening to what many people would have thought rodomontade? Most people would have thought it a duty to hand him back to justice; but Cromwell saw the sincerity of the man, welcomed him, released him, and took him to his heart.

Let me tell you another little story you may not have heard before—not much in itself, but curious for the directness with which it comes. It was told me by a friend of mine, a Bishop of the Established Church—by no means one of the oldest of the Bishops, because he is of my own age—and he was told it by a gentleman who had it from a doctor—that makes three people—and the doctor heard it from the Sir Charles Slingsby of his day, who had it from a nurse. That is but five people, and covers a long period. Sir Charles Slingsby heard it from the nurse, who as a girl was the heroine of the story. The day before Marston Moor, Cromwell arrived at Knaresborough, and while there he disappeared from among his troops. Search was made for him for two hours but he could not be found; but this girl, who afterwards became a nurse, remembered an old disused room at the top of the tower; it was the only possible place where Cromwell could be, and the girl, peeping through the keyhole of the locked door, saw the Protector on his knees with his Bible before him, wrestling, as he would have said, in prayer, as he had been wrestling for the two hours he had been missing. Was there anything to be gained by this? Was there any effect to be made by his locking himself in the neglected, ruined chamber, and imploring the blessing of the God of battles on the contest of the following day? I at any rate see nothing to be gained, and if those who read the story still think him a hypocrite, why then he must have become a hypocrite so consummate that hypocrisy became as much part of his being as the air he breathed.

But I will give a more practical reason for my belief that Cromwell was not a hypocrite. Had he been, he could not have achieved such enormous success; he could not have wielded the prodigious force that he did. A religious force which is based on hypocrisy is no force at all. It may stand inspection for a moment, like a house built upon the sands, but when the storms come, when the rain descends, and when the winds blow, under the stress of adverse circumstances, the house and

the fabric disappear. I believe, then, that had Cromwell been a hypocrite he would have been found out; I believe that if he had been a hypocrite he would not have been able to maintain himself in the dazzling position which he attained; and had he been a hypocrite he could not have formed that army which he commanded, and which was indubitably the greatest army in Europe at the time of his death.

Let me take the point of the army. He early became aware of the overwhelming force which religious fervour would give to his army, but he did not utilize this conviction by making hypocrites of his army. He utilized it by selecting those men who he knew were of good repute among their neighbours; steady, earnest, God-fearing men who would be equal to sustaining the onset of the brilliant army commanded by the King and his cousin. Cromwell told his friend and kinsman, the illustrious Hampden—and I think that we have the pleasure of seeing a descendant of Hampden and the possessor of Hampden's house here to-night—he told Hampden that the men whom he was leading were no match for the chivalry of the King's army. Let me give Cromwell's account. "I told him . . . 'You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still!' I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could do somewhat in it. I did so, and the result was—impute it to what you please—I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually." With these men he won his battles and beat down the chivalry of England. Are we to believe, then, that these Ironsides were merely canting hypocrites, that they rode to death with a lie on their lips and a lie in their hearts? Surely not. To believe that would be to misunderstand the nature of the forces that sway mankind. Nor did the lives of these men belie them. As a contemporary chronicler says: "The countries where they come leap for joy of them"—which I believe is not always the welcome given to an army by the peaceful inhabitants of the country they traverse—"and come in and join with them." And so by his selection, and by influence, he welded that impregnable force, that iron band which he himself at the last could hardly sway to his will. Had they been hypocrites this could not have been; and as they could not have been hypocrites, their exemplar,

their prophet, their commander could scarcely have been a hypocrite either.

It is quite true that Cromwell's action not unfrequently jars with Christianity as we in this nineteenth century understand it. But, as I have said, his religion and that of the Puritans was based largely on constant, literal, daily reading of the Old Testament. The newer criticism would have found no patron in Cromwell. Indeed, I believe that its professors would have fared but ill at his hands. He himself lived with an absolutely childlike faith in the atmosphere and with the persons of the Old Testament. Joshua and Samuel and Elijah were as real and living beings to him as any people in history, or any of the persons by whom he was surrounded. His favourite psalm, we are told, was the 68th—the psalm that, even in the tumult of the victory of Dunbar, he shouted on the field of battle before he ordered the pursuit of the retreating army. But it always seemed to me that another psalm, the 149th, much more closely reproduces the character, the ideas, and the practice of Cromwell: "Let the saints be joyful in glory. . . . Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand; To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people; To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; To execute upon them the judgment written: This honour have all his saints." It is not a comfortable or patient or long-suffering creed, it is true; but, remember, it is the creed that first convulsed and then governed England—the faith of men who carried their iron gospel into their iron lives, who could not have done what they did had they been hypocrites, and who would not have received their incomparable inspiration from a hypocrite.

To the end of time the contest will rage as to the merits and the sincerity of Cromwell. Cowley, in a noble piece of prose, such prose as was only produced in the seventeenth century, pictures himself as returning from the funeral of the Protector. He records the pomp of the obsequies, and continues thus: "But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed that, methought, it somewhat expressed the life of him for whom it was made—much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory, briefly a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight." Cowley was a Royalist, and he wrote when no unbiased opinion was possible. But his words are striking enough, and I make a present of them to the opponents of the Cromwell statue. But was it indeed a splendid administration, a masculine and honest career, or, as Cowley says, an ill sight? On that

point, at any rate, my mind is clear. I will go so far as to say that great and opulent and powerful as we are, so far from banishing his memory, we could find employment for a few Cromwells now. The Cromwell of the *nineteenth or the Cromwell of the twentieth century* would not be the Cromwell of the seventeenth century, for great men are coloured by the age in which they live. He would, at any rate, not be Cromwell in his externals. He would not decapitate; he would not rise in rebellion; he would not speak the Puritan language. But he would retain his essential qualities as a general, as a ruler, as a statesman. He would be strenuous. He would be sincere. He would not compromise with principles. His faith would be in God and in freedom, and in the influence of Great Britain as promoting, as asserting, both. In that faith he lived, by those lines he governed, imperfectly no doubt, as mortals must be imperfect, but honestly. In that faith, by those principles, he lived, and governed, and died.

I hope that we, too, as a nation, are animated in our patriotism by no lower an ideal. I speak of the nation as a whole, for I know that there are some individuals to whom this theory is cant, and the worst of cant. I know it, and I am sorry for them. But, on the other hand, I believe that the vast majority of our people are inspired by a nobler creed; that their Imperialism, as it is called, is not the lust of dominion or the pride of power, but rather the ideal of Oliver. If that be so he is influencing us yet, and a statue more or less matters little. So long *as his tradition pervades the nation the memory of* Cromwell is not likely to suffer disparagement for the want of an effigy. And, even were it otherwise, he has a surer memorial still. Every man, I think—every man, at any rate, who is worth anything—has in his heart of hearts a Pantheon of historical demi-gods, a shrine of those who are demi-gods for him; not even demi-gods, for they would then be too far and too aloof from mankind, but the best and noblest of born men. In that Pantheon, in many English hearts, and those not the worst—whether the effigy of Cromwell be outside or inside Parliament, or altogether invisible—will be found eternally engraved the monument and the memory of the Great Protector.

Miscellanies Literary and Historical.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY (*b.* 1845)

From 1868–86 *he was a schoolmaster at Manchester, Guernsey and Elgin, but soon after established himself as one of the most active critics of his day. All his work is characterized by clearness of thought, fullness of knowledge, and force, if not always grace, of style. He has been an active contributor to the magazines, and edited "Macmillan's."*

CARLYLE

I BELIEVE it will be generally admitted that there is nowadays no more distinct sign of a man's having reached the fogey, and of his approaching the fossil, stage of intellectual existence than the fact that he has an ardent admiration for Carlyle. I have collected this inference from a large number of observations; and, if I am not mistaken, have seen it more than once definitely laid down as a starting-point and premise by the younger sort. This is not only interesting in itself, but also and perhaps still more as an instance of the truth of the ancient saying that old age cometh upon a man without his perceiving it. For it was but, so to speak, the other day that to admire Carlyle was still a mark, not indeed of intense or daring innovation (that stage was over when the present writer was in his nurse's arms), but yet of heresy and opposition to the settled precepts of the sages. It cannot be said that up to Carlyle's own death the constituted authorities in things literary and intellectual were ever fully reconciled to his style, his thought, or his general attitude; and great as is the influence which—especially perhaps during the third quarter of the century—he exercised over individuals, no party in politics, no school in letters or philosophy, ever could claim him or stomach him, as a whole stomachs a whole.

It is the proudest memory of my own life that a person of distinction once said to me in a rage, "You like Carlyle because he has made you more of a Tory than the Devil had made you already." But without admitting or denying the justice of this soft impeachment in the individual

case, it is quite certain that Tories as a class did *not* like Mr. Carlyle, nor he them. They did not like him because of his flings and crotchets on separate parts of their creed; he did not like them because, I think, he knew himself to be one of them and yet would not confess it. The average mid-century Liberal, on the other hand, could not help—unless he was a very dull or a very clever man indeed—regarding Mr. Carlyle as something like Antichrist, a defender of slavery, a man whose dearest delight it was to gore and toss and trample the sweetest and most sacred principles of the Manchester school; a stentorian scoffer who roared sarcasms over Progress and Perfectibility, and to whom Houses of Commons, manufacturing centres, Great Exhibitions, and so forth, were only different kinds of filthy and futile bauble shops. It was impossible, I say, that the mid-century Liberal, whether his Liberalism was of the common-sense type of Macaulay, or the doctrinaire type of Mill, or the sentimental type of Dickens, should do anything but regard Carlyle as a kind of hippopotamus, ravaging and trampling the fair fields of promise.

But the curious thing is that no reaction of the usual kind has come to his rescue. The parties, or the names, (for I own that I see uncommonly little difference between Tories and Liberals now,) that represent the modifications of public opinion by the results of the Second and Third Reform Bills, have not gone as a rule nearer to, but farther from Carlyle's ideal. It is impossible to imagine anything more anti-Carlylian than the washy semi-Socialism, half sentimental, half servile, which is the governing spirit of all but a very few politicians to-day. Nor is it surprising that a world which, whether with tongue in cheek or not, praises, blesses, and magnifies "democracy," should be enthusiastic in favour of a prophet whose relation to democracy was pretty exactly the relation of Elijah to Baal. Add to this the existence of a considerable literary class which takes very little interest in politics, a good deal in art (for which Carlyle cared absolutely nothing), and most of all in mere literature (which he always attempted to scorn and snub), and it is not very surprising that Carlyle is not popular nowadays with our youth, and that to *admire him is, as I have said, the mark of a fogey* and a fossil.

So be it. Yet the fossil is a thing that abides, and has not even Mr. Thackeray sung the joys of being a fogey? At any rate, as for me and my intellectual house, we intend to continue to serve Carlyle. Whether it be due to those preliminary operations of the Devil, to which my friend referred, or to some other reason, I cannot remember a period at

which the reading of Carlyle was not to me as the reading of something that one had always thought but had never been able to express. It was a lucky accident, no doubt, that I began at the beginning, to wit, with "Sartor Resartus," which I remember reading at so early an age that a great part of it must have been the merest Abracadabra to me. But there is nothing like providing children (accidentally, if possible) with good abracadabras which as they grow up shall become clear to them. If anybody had preached Carlyle to me, I dare say I should have been much longer before the honey in that lion won my tongue, but as it was, the process of discovery was sure, if not excessively rapid. The "Cromwell" did indeed a little stick in my gizzard until I was old enough to discover the truth that Carlyle's particular fads and fancies are, as a rule, matters of no particular importance, and that his general attitude is the pearl of price. And by some happy chance the "Latter Day Pamphlets" did not come in my way till I had already begun to take a considerable interest in politics. That book, with all its divagations, all its extravagances, all its occasional lapses of taste and unadvised speaking about things which Carlyle miscomprehended, partly owing to education and partly owing to pride, seems to me the very gospel of English politics in modern times, a sort of modern "Politicus" in the spirit and tone of which every Englishman should strive to soak and saturate himself. It seemed to me so then: it has never failed to seem so since.

It is, I think, the mistake of demanding a positive gospel instead of negative warnings in the first place, and in the second the inability to appreciate "the humour of it" to the full, which have been at the root of most recent depreciation of Carlyle, though no doubt also reaction from the violent mannerisms of his style and a not ungenerous but rather unintelligent disgust at the inordinately voluminous and very ill-managed personal revelations of his life must also be allowed for. People have insufficiently appreciated the symbolism which plays so very large a part in his work. The two largest individual parts of that work are occupied, the one with an apotheosis, from the point of view of a denouncer of cant, of a man who canted against despotism his way to the headship of the Commonwealth of England, and then continued to cant as a despot to the day of his death; the other with the glorification of a selfish and sordid scoundrel whose chief merits were that he had an indomitable will, and could have written a sincere and forcible treatise *De Contemptu Vitæ.* But, by a paradox which I have never been able to make up my mind whether to attribute to a completely or a partially humoristic

view, the Cromwell and the Frederick of Carlyle, though he has delineated them for the benefit of other people with a fidelity and a vigour of biographical art beside which even Boswell, even Lockhart, are tame and shadowy, are as objects of admiration pure symbols. The unctuous butcher of Tredagh, who pretended to revenge the massacres committed by the Irish of 1641 on a garrison which he knew to consist very largely of pure English troops, the filibuster of Silesia and the fribble of Rheinsberg, who had all vices but those that are amiable and hardly any virtues but those which are unattractive, live as they lived in his pages. Nobody but a mere idiot can accuse Carlyle of garbling out a damning or foisting in a flattering trait. And yet all the while he is glorifying and extolling in the one a symbol of upright humanity, in the other a symbol of patriotic heroism.

These apparent contradictions run throughout not only these books, but a great part of Carlyle's other works, and they seem to have been too much for many. "Am I to admire a brute like Frederick?" says, and says not ungenerously, the neophyte. "I won't do anything of the kind!" And he does not see that what he is required to admire is—not the actual Frederick who was a kind of crowned bandit in public life, *and in private a harsh master, a fickle friend, a stingy patron, a man of* the worst possible taste in æsthetics and ethics, spiteful, treacherous, mean—but a Frederick who is a kind of abstraction of the Ruler, a personified and incarnate Government. Indeed, the fact of this being practically Carlyle's last book, and the only one which he wrote for a very large public, with the further facts of its enormous size, of its being written in a sort of shorthand of mannerism and of its containing besides the panegyric of Frederick himself, the apology at least of his father, must be admitted to have been unfortunate, and to have accounted to some extent for that sudden falling off of Carlylians which has been noted. For it so happened that the very generation which in the natural course of things grew up prepared to be his admirers was, to speak vernacularly, choked off by the issue of this huge and not altogether grateful history for years running. No book probably could be worse to begin a study of Carlyle upon.

And this, I think, is a pretty full account of the various adverse influences to which the Carlylian impressions of a man who began Carlyle, as I did, thirty or five and thirty years ago, have been exposed in the meantime. I will now say something of the effect, whether of correction or confirmation, that they have undergone in consequence.

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It will perhaps have appeared already that, after having passed

through, or at least been contemporary with, all the fluxes and gusts of opinion there mentioned, I am an impenitent and hardened Carlylian. Of course a great deal has to be added to Carlyle, and, as has been already admitted and asserted, something has to be taken away from him—in the sense that no man in his senses would attempt to endorse every particular Carlylian utterance. He was often bilious; he was not seldom blind; and as for his strange contemporary and counterpart across the Channel, who for half a dozen years less at the beginning, and half a dozen more at the end, represented the French genius just as Carlyle did the English, it was almost impossible for him not to caricature and reduce to the absurd his own views and formulas, though he and Victor Hugo achieved this result in very different ways. The Carlylians pure and simple, though they included some men of genius such as were at different times Kingsley and Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Froude, were apt to be rather terrible as well as brilliant examples. When they were not brilliant they were terrible purely. They are not very rampant now, and it would be unkind to specify them by name; but it may be most frankly confessed that "middle-class Carlylese" was one of the worst dialects ever known, both in form and in matter.

Indeed, there are not inconsiderable regions of interest where Carlyle does not count. For the whole domain of the plastic arts he seems to have had no kind of fancy or faculty. Even in literature, though at his best and in his earlier days, when he had not begun to "pontify" and in the solitude of Craigenputtock took real trouble to master his subjects, he attained the very first rank as a literary critic, there were large gaps and rents in his faculty of appreciation. He seems to have wanted—a want which, I fear, is more common than is allowed to appear—all affection, all sense of any kind for poetry as poetry. Some of the greatest expression on things which he did care for is to be found in poets, and then he cared for them; but it was not as poets. The same exactly may be said of his attitude to prose fiction. Except on the purely mathematical side, he did not, I think, care much for science. For all forms of theology he had a disdain which was partly ignorant and a mere expression of personal distaste, partly, I fear, a form of personal arrogance. In philosophy itself I do not know that he was very great on the purely metaphysical side. But, like Henry the Eighth, he "loved a man," and I am not quite sure that (in this respect not resembling that sovereign) he qualified the affection by any others. Such a historian on the biographical and anthropological side the world has never seen. To his own contemporaries he was often foolishly and scandalously

unjust; and probably nothing has done him so much harm with those who are apt to fly off at tangents when special points of their own fancy are touched, as his posthumous depreciations of Lamb, of De Quincey, of Newman, and of others as different in their different ways as these. But when he got hold of "a man" in history, it seems to me that it was absolutely impossible for him to miss hitting off that man to the life. And he could in the same way seize a period, a movement, a set of incidents, with a grasp of which I am sure it is enough, and I do not think that it is too much, to say that the result was Gibbon without apparent superficiality, and Thucydides without his disappointing his asceticism in rhetoric and eloquence.

Take, for instance, "The French Revolution." It has been to me an inexhaustible joy for fifty or sixty years past to read the excellent persons who, in English and French and German, have undertaken to "correct" Carlyle. They have demonstrated in I dare say the most sufficient and triumphant way that he sometimes represents a thing as having happened at two o'clock on Thursday when it actually happened on Tuesday at three o'clock. They have, I believe, made some serious emendations in the number of leagues travelled and the *menu* of the meals eaten by Louis the Sixteenth on his way to and from Varennes. But have they to the satisfaction of the *phronimos*, the Aristotelian intelligent person, altered or destroyed one feature in the Carlylian picture of the uprising and of the Terror? Not they. On the contrary, the greatest of them all, M. Taine, after protesting against Carlyle in his youth, came to tread in Carlyle's very steps in his age. And it could not be otherwise. The French Revolution of Carlyle is the French Revolution as it happened, as it was. The French Revolution of the others is the *French Revolution dug up in lifeless fragments by excellent persons* with the newest patent pick-axes. I do not know whether this extraordinary historico-biographical faculty can be in any way connected, after the fashion of cause and effect, with his other great quality, his peculiar way of treating ethics and politics, the only subjects in which *he seems to have taken a thorough interest. Man to him was indeed a* "political beast" in the old phrase, extending the meaning to ethics as the Greeks themselves would have done. Here, again, there were no doubt gaps, especially that huge one of his complete incapacity to enter into the very important division of human sentiment, which is called for shortness *love. Of "the way of a man with a maid" Carlyle never* showed much comprehension, nor in it much interest, which is doubtless a pity. But of the way of a man in political society he showed a very

great comprehension indeed, as well as of that other way which his forefathers would have called "walking with God," that is to say, of personal conduct and attitude towards the fortunes and mysteries of life.

It is here that his gift of many-coloured and many-formed language was applied most remarkably and perhaps most profitably. As has been said, or hinted, above, it is not to Carlyle that you must go for positive precepts of any kind. But as a negative teacher he has few equals. "Don't funk; don't cant; don't gush; don't whine; don't chatter;"—these and some others like them were his commandments, and I do not know where to look for a better set of their kind. But they were elementary and trivial in reference to certain larger and vaguer precepts of the Carlylian decalogue or myriologue. The two greatest of these, as it seems to me, are, "Never mistake the amount, infinitesimal if not *minus*, of your own personal worth and importance in this world," on the one hand, and "Never care for any majority of other infinitesimals who happen to be against you," on the other. Ever since 1789 at least, the idol from which men should have prayed to be kept, and which has been growing year by year and decade by decade, is the worship of the majority; and the cream, the safest and soundest part of the Carlylian doctrine, is: "Don't care one rap, or the ten-thousandth part of one rap, for the majority. You may be—you very likely are—a fool yourself; but it is as nearly as possible certain that the majority of the majority are fools, and therefore, though you need not necessarily set yourself against them, you are absolutely justified in neglecting them." "Do your duty," which he also preached, is of course a more strictly virtuous doctrine, and it is also a much older one. But it is open to the retort, "Yes, but what is my duty?" which is never specially easy and often extremely difficult to answer. Nor is it more specially suited for this day than for any other. But "Don't worship the majority" is the very commandment needed in the nineteenth century, and likely, it would seem, to be needed still more in the twentieth. Even if, as it rarely may be, the majority is right, the fact that it is the majority does not make it so, and when there is no reason for believing it to be right except that it is the majority, then that is reason sufficient for electing to regard it as wrong.

This anti-democratic tone and temper—enforced and fed, it may be, in his own case, by too much indulgence in the luxury of scorn, by too much contempt for his fellows, by too unsocial a view of life—was, as it seems to me, what Carlyle had to teach and did teach. His applications of it in particular may not always have been wise, but they were made

always with the most astonishing *diable au corps*, and in a style which, though I should be very sorry to see it generally imitated, and though it was sometimes very nearly bad, was at its best surpassed by no style, either in English or in any other language, for pure force and intense effect,—full of lights and colours, now as fierce as those of fire, now as tender as those of fire also,—full of voices covering the whole gamut from storm to whisper. Whether the great volume of his work, the exceptions, the inequalities, the crotchets and lacks of catholicity in it, will seriously injure that work with posterity is of course very difficult to say. Work which requires, as this does, a certain initiation and novitiate, perhaps also a certain pre-established harmony of temper and taste, is always heavily weighted in competing for the attention of posterity. But I hope at least that Carlyle will continue even in the evil days to inspire some with determination *malignum spernere vulgus*; and I feel nearly sure that when the tide turns, as it must some day, and the rule of the best and fewest, not of the most and worst, again becomes the favourite, his works will supply texts for the orthodox as they now do for heretics. At any rate, I am sure that no one who ever goes to them will miss the splendours of pure literature which illuminate their rugged heights and plateaus, and that some at least will recognize and rejoice in the high air of love for noble things and contempt for things base which sweeps over and through them.

Corrected Impressions.

ARTHUR BALFOUR, EARL OF BALFOUR (*b.* 1848)

Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he did not achieve distinction until he became Secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury, and entered the House of Commons. He was, perhaps, the best Chief Secretary for Ireland, and succeeded his uncle as Prime Minister. He subsequently gave up the leadership of the party but returned into active political life as First Lord of the Admiralty in the Great War, and won an unprecedented triumph as our emissary in America at the Conference to reduce ships. In intellect and detachment he is supreme; a first-class philosopher, a debater without peer and a writer of splendid and clear English. He dominated Parliament and Society and the State for close on fifty years.

SCIENCE, RELIGION AND REALITY

I

I HAVE been honoured by a request to write a brief Introduction to the present volume of "Essays on Science and Religion." With some diffidence I accept the responsibility—not because the essays themselves stand in need of either praise or commentary, but because I value the association with the distinguished essayists who are here contributing to this old and famous discussion.

It must, of course, be admitted that discussions may be old and famous without on that account having been more than a historic interest. The issues they deal with may be dead and buried. Only students who delight in contemplating the mutations of human beliefs may think it worth while to give them decent sepulture with all the honours of a learned epitaph; the rest of the world forget that they have ever been. Such cases indeed are fewer than might have been supposed. Even where death seems to be complete, where no smallest trace of some once famous theory appears to survive, a fragment of it will reappear generations later as part of the living tissue of the most advanced speculation. But in the case of science and religion the main

theme has never wholly lost its interest, and each generation insists on resurveying the subject from its own particular point of view.

When I was asked to contribute this Introduction I vaguely remembered a work published fifty-two years ago by Dr. Draper, entitled "The Conflict between Science and Religion." His volume, which went through many editions, was one of a very respectable series of scientific handbooks, called the International Science Series. It was composed in a most pessimistic vein. He supposed the Western world to be on the edge of an intellectual revolution, catastrophic in its suddenness, incalculable in its results. The collision between science and religion, rendered acute by the then recent Vatican Council, could end, he thought, only in one way. Educated mankind would suddenly awake and find themselves in a world from which religion had been finally expelled by the science born of rational research. Though not (as I suppose) himself embarrassed by any form of religious dogma, he was too cautious a man to regard the prospect without some disquiet. But the disease (he thought) was far advanced; he knew of no remedy; all he could do, therefore, was to warn his readers of a peril he foresaw but was unable to avert; and this he did.

Half a century has passed since Dr. Draper wrote, and religion is still with us. Not only so, but, so far as I can judge, its relations to science are more satisfactory at the end of this period than they were at the beginning. And this is certainly not because science has been stationary. There has never been a period in which its progress has been more startling, in which its discoveries have been of wider scope or more fundamental significance. Nor do I believe (though here I am on more uncertain ground) that the deeper side of religion has suffered any eclipse, at least among thinking people, during these eventful years. In such circumstances it is not perhaps surprising that the most interesting characteristic of Dr. Draper's volume of 1873 is its total *want* of interest for readers in 1925. If it met the needs of anxious inquirers fifty years ago, how greatly has our intellectual climate changed! How irrelevant to the wider issues of science and religion are the particular incidents, mediæval in date or mediæval in spirit, on which he chiefly dwells. In the present volume, at least, little is said about them, either directly or by implication.

II

This observation must not be taken to mean that the following essays are written in support of any general scheme of belief common

to all the writers. Few of them have seen the work of their fellow-authors. None have modified their views to fit them into any pre-arranged pattern. That, in these circumstances, different and sometimes incompatible points of view should be presented to the reader is inevitable. But few readers, I imagine, will regard this as a defect.

So far as I personally am concerned, I assume that my business is to express in the briefest outline how I regard the subject-matter on which we are all of us engaged. Let me then take as my point of departure an observation incidentally made in the first of the essays by Dr. Malinowski. He tells us, in a most interesting account of his researches in Melanesia, that among the peoples he visited there was no conflict between religion and science, that their relations were not so much competitive as complementary—religion being called in to fill the gap left by vacant primitive science in the world-outlook of these undeveloped races. A function similar in kind it has no doubt performed at many stages of culture. Where explanation was desired for some interesting event, or class of events, and no "natural" explanation presented itself, a "super-natural" one was invoked to supply the want; and it inevitably followed that as the knowledge of Nature grew, and with it the number of events for which a natural explanation could be found, the sphere of science increased, and the sphere officially claimed for religion correspondingly diminished. Often indeed the victory was a silent one, gained without noise or strife, and scarcely realized either by victor or vanquished. But it has not always been so. Sometimes the retiring party has fought a determined rear-guard action against overwhelming odds, and then the world has been called to witness that conflict between religion and science to which so much importance has been attached.

And certainly its importance cannot easily be exaggerated if we proceed on the assumption that science and religion are alternative methods of explaining the universe, between which we are being called upon, with ever-increasing insistence, to make our choice. If this indeed be the fact, the catastrophe foretold by Dr. Draper may really be imminent, and we may after all be nearing the time when the conflict between science and religion will automatically end with the extinction of the weaker combatant.

But the assumption is wholly without warrant. No doubt mankind have frequently explained natural events by the action of supernatural powers. But I find it difficult to believe that at any stage of culture deities were invented merely to account for particular kinds of

experience, as the ether has been invented by modern physicists to account for certain electro-magnetic phenomena. Doubtless, since deities were available, they were often thus used. But I should suppose that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, primitive religions were no more rooted in a purely scientific desire for casual explanations than is the belief of a modern theologian in a Deity immanent in every phase of nature.

III

However this may be, there can be no doubt that the modern man looks to science and not to religion to explain the world of sense which lies about him. How then, so far as he is concerned, can there be any cause of conflict between science and religion? If there be no world but the world revealed in sense experience, so much the worse for religion. But science has nothing to complain of. If, on the other hand, there *be* another world, how is science injured, provided always it be left in undisturbed possession of its own territory? Peace in circumstances like these should surely be easy of attainment.

Now I believe that as a matter of fact peace on these terms is far commoner than we are sometimes apt to suppose. Through long periods of recorded history there has been little deserving the name of a conflict between science and religion. Their frontiers were too far apart. The claims of science were still too modest, those of religion were still too vague, to make collision easy. So that the disputes which really stirred the theological world were either those dividing sect from sect, or those dividing philosophy from religion. Even now, in a world where so much has changed, there are, I suspect, countless persons sincerely accepting both religion and science who never trouble themselves about any of the incompatibilities, real or imaginary, which, in the opinion of more contentious intellects, separate the two.

IV

Putting these easygoing, but not ill-advised, persons on one side, can we determine the period at which the growth of science first brought it into effective collision with the religious views authoritatively held (for example) in Western Europe? In the third of the following essays Dr. Singer reminds us that during the Middle Ages there was neither growth in science, nor conflict between science and religion. Over what, then, did the first direct collision occur? We might naturally suppose that it was occasioned by the great Copernican

reconstruction of astronomy, the most important firstfruits of the new scientific era. And to this the ecclesiastical condemnation of Galileo no doubt give much support. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that its immediate effects may easily be exaggerated. The shock to familiar beliefs inflicted by the new theory was doubtless great. Everything that mankind had ever said about sun and stars, day and night, or the revolving year, was couched (as most of it still is) in geocentric terminology. On this subject of literature every country, sacred and secular, used the language of the market-place. And the language of the market-place was in perfect accord with what seemed to be the plain teaching of uncontradicted observation. We must not therefore be surprised that the posthumous gift of Copernicus to science was an occasion of stumbling to learned and simple alike. But I am not aware, that in Protestant countries at least, where there was certainly no inclination to underrate the verbal authority of Scripture, it raised any very serious religious difficulties. It might, perhaps, have done so if the substitution of the sun for the earth as the centre of our system had obviously involved a complete change in our whole estimate of astronomical magnitudes. But Copernicus only described motions; measurements of mass, size and distance belong to a later stage. And it was not, I suppose, till the discoveries of Newton had begun to bear their full fruit that the material insignificance of our planet in the celestial scheme was brought home to the most sluggish imagination. So it came about that when men at last realized that events, which they regarded as of infinite spiritual importance, had in fact occurred on the most insignificant of cosmic theatres, this result had been so gradually reached that adjustment to the new point of view presented no insuperable difficulties to religious thought.

V

It seems clear indeed that such difficulties as there are belong not so much to the sphere of thought as to the sphere of emotion. They are rather æsthetic than rational; and it is only in some mood of æsthetic sentiment that we can do them justice. Let us then conceive ourselves to be gazing on a clear and quiet night upon the unveiled glory of the heavens, striving to form some adequate representation of the greatness and splendour of the innumerable suns which, crowded though they seem, lie far removed from each other and from us in the unsounded depths of space. And then, when imagination wearies of the effort, let us consider the petty planet which for the moment is our home,

and recall the tremendous events of which in the Christian story it is alleged to have been the scene. Surely in the mood which this experience naturally provokes, the contrasts between the conclusions of science and the doctrines of religion, though it may leave our reason unperplexed, *must somewhat disturb our feelings.*

Before, however, we treat this as more than a passing sense of discord, it would be well to ask what science really has to tell us about the "heavenly host," which man has always looked at with awe and often with adoration. Whence comes the glory of the stars? What are they in their essential nature?

The answer of science to these questions seems sufficiently explicit. The glory of the stars is the joint product of our mental constitution, our nervous system, our eyes, and certain electro-magnetic happenings whose effects are conveyed to us from the remotest parts of space through the ether by which we are surrounded. The orbs of heaven, apart from our perception of them, consist of incredibly minute electric charges thinly scattered through the vast and vacant [1] areas, which, in the language of sense perception, we describe as stars. Now it is open to anyone to say that he deems these sparse collections of ultra-microscopic entities as in themselves more interesting and impressive than the spectacular splendours which have moved the wonder and the worship of countless generations of his ancestors. There is much to be said for his view. But, however interesting and impressive they may be, it is obviously absurd to regard their "glories" as so remote and inaccessible, framed on so immeasurable a scale, so independent of man's earthly destinies, that we should shrink from the idea that in the general scheme of things (if there be one) the dwellers on earth could by comparison count for much. For, after all, it is to us who dwell on earth that these glories owe their being. If we are nothing, they are nothing. They are born of our terrestrial sensibilities. They have no separate existence. They are not the independent characteristics of the material object itself. Such independent characteristics do indeed exist; mass, for example, and motion. But among them we ought not to count the "glory of the heavens," nor ought we to belittle the earthly conditions without which no trace of that glory could ever have existed.

It may be objected that reflections like these, if they have any validity at all, must affect our admiration, not merely of Sirius and Orion, but of all things beautiful, whether they be suns or flowers.

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Perhaps so. I am not, however, here concerned with the general theory of æsthetics, but only with the question whether there is, or is not, any emotional incongruity between the character of the material universe as displayed by science, and the spiritual importance of the events which are believed by the adherents of more than one great religion to have occurred upon our planet. If æsthetic problems have incidentally been raised, it is no present business of mine. Here I am only dealing with religion and science.

Again, there may be critics who think poorly of the theory of perception which I have assumed without discussion in the preceding paragraphs. How far this will meet the approval of my philosophic readers must depend, I suppose, upon their philosophy. I need only say that, to the best of my belief, it is the only one consistent with science as commonly understood, and therefore the only one relevant to my immediate argument.

VI

Most persons, however, who treat science as the enemy of religion are not thinking so much of these emotional antagonisms as of hard contradictions about matters of fact. In their view science gives one account of what has been or is, and religion gives another. Since both alternatives cannot be true, on which (they ask) should we pin our faith? Having stated the question in these general terms, they perhaps condescend to particulars. Take for illustration the collection of ancient books held sacred in the West, they inquire whether we are really to believe that the world was created some six thousand years ago, that the work of creation was accomplished in six days, that life, human and sub-human, was almost exterminated by a flood, that springing afresh from the surviving remnant, mankind repeopled the earth, became divided in race and language, and finally produced, among many mighty nations, a small people whose history, plentifully seasoned with marvels, had profoundly modified the religious history of the world.

Now evidently summaries of this type treat the Bible as if it professed to be (among other things) a textbook of cosmology and history, with the advantage over other textbooks of being inspired and therefore infallible. I do not inquire into the merits of this theory. It is not likely to be held by any readers of this volume, whatever be their views either on science or religion. Inspired, in the opinion of the present writer, the Bible certainly is. Infallible in the sense commonly attributed to that word, it certainly is not. It neither provides, nor in the

nature of things, could provide, faultless anticipations of sciences still unborn. If by a miracle it had provided them, without a miracle they could not have been understood. Its authors belonged each to his own time and country; speaking their language, sharing their errors, seeing nature through their eyes. And if their spiritual insight has in so many cases made them teachers for all time, science has no cause of complaint. Genius is beyond its jurisdiction.

It may, perhaps, be urged that while this way of considering the historic parts of the Bible restores the living interest so nearly smothered by the uncritical devotion of earlier generations, it does not touch the real dispute between science and religion. This turns (it will be said) upon allegations of fact which are too inconsistent with the known course of nature for the sciences to accept, and too essential a part of its creed for Christianity to surrender. Neither party can afford either to abandon its position or explain it away. The natural and the supernatural, science and superstition here come into irreconcilable conflict. Compromise is impossible. The battle, whatever be the issue, must be fought to a finish.

This way of looking at things seems to be neither good philosophy, nor good theology, nor good science. Yet I own to feeling a certain reluctance in discussing it—so wearisome is the controversy with which it is historically connected, so ingrained are the confusions on which it rests. But evidently it cannot be wholly avoided if we are to take account of the intellectual considerations which have embarrassed and still embarrass the relations of science and religion. For among all these, none, I suppose, have produced a greater effect in modern times than those which depend on the contrast which is drawn between the natural and the supernatural, or on the credibility or incredibility of miraculous occurrences.

VII

Let us then consider, in the first place, some points on which all men are agreed. No one practically doubts that the world in which we live possessed a certain kind and measure of regularity. Every expectation that we entertain, every action that we voluntarily perform, implies the belief. The most fantastic fairy tale requires it as a background; there are traces of it even in our dreams.

Again, we are all at one in treating with suspicion any statement which, in our judgment, is inconsistent with the "sort of way things happen" in the world as we conceive it. It seems to us more probable

this or that witness should be mistaken or mendacious, than that wonders to which he testified should be true. If we have no cedent ground for thinking him a liar, we probably accept his ments when he confines his narrative to the familiar or the common- e; when he deals in marvels we begin to doubt; when his marvels ome too marvellous we frankly disbelieve—though well aware (if be men of sense) that what is exceedingly marvellous may nevertheless true.

Such, roughly speaking, has been, and is, the general procedure of ankind. But evidently it is ill-suited to satisfy historians, philosophers, men of science. It lacks precision. It rests on no clear principles. t depends too obviously on personal predilections. We seek a criterion f credibility more objective and more fundamental. We should like o know, for example, whether there is any sort of event which is nherently impossible, any sort of statement which, without being self- contradictory, may always be pronounced untrue.

The question will, to many high authorities, seem capable of the simplest answer. Unbroken experience (they will tell us) establishes the uniformity of nature, and it is the uniformity of nature which makes inferences from experience possible. Were this disturbed by miraculous occurrences the very foundations of science would be shaken. On broad general grounds therefore "miracles" must be treated in this scientific age as intrinsically incredible. They never have happened, and they never can happen. Many excellent people have indeed pro- fessed to see them, and we need not doubt their veracity. But illusion is easy, credulity is limitless, and there is nothing in their testimony which can absolve us from the plain duty of purifying or rejecting every narrative in which a taint of the "miraculous" can be detected.

VIII

In spite of its apparent precision all this is very loose talk, raising more questions than it answers.

What, for example, is meant by the uniformity of nature? About the course of nature we know little; yet surely we know enough to make us hesitate to call it uniform. Phase follows phase in a perpetual flow; but every phase is unique. Nature, as a whole, neither repeats itself, nor (according to science) can possibly repeat itself. Why, then, when we are considering it as a whole, should we describe it as uniform?

Perhaps it will be said that amidst all this infinite variety some fixed ... be obeyed. Matter (for example) always gravitates to

matter. Energy is never either created or destroyed. May we not —nay *must* we not—extend yet further this conception of unbroken *regularity, and accept the view that nature, if not uniform as a whole,* is nevertheless compounded of uniformities, of casual sequences, endlessly repeated, which collectively illustrate and embody the universal reign of unalterable law? Were any of these casual sequences to fail, we should no doubt be faced with a "miracle"; but such an event (it is urged) would violate all experience, and it need not be seriously considered.

IX

Now this has always seemed to me a most unsatisfactory theory. It throws upon experience a load of responsibility which experience is quite unable to bear. No doubt, as I have already pointed out, the whole conduct of life depends upon our assuming, instinctively or otherwise, that the kind of thing which has happened once, will, under more or less similar circumstances, be likely to happen again. But this assumption, whether instinctive or reflective, whether wisely acted on or unwisely, supplies a very frail foundation for speculative structure sometimes based upon it. Can it be denied, for example, that nature, uncritically observed, seems honeycombed with irregularities, that the wildest excesses of credulity may arise not from ignoring experience, but from refusing to correct it, that the most ruthless editing is required to force the uncensored messages we receive from the external world into the ideal mould which satisfies our individual convictions?

But what is this ideal mould? We sometimes talk as if by the help of Scientific Method or Inductive Logic we could map out all reality into a scheme of well-defined causes indissolubly connected with well-defined effects, together forming sequences whose recurrence in different combinations constitutes the changing pattern of the universe.

But can such hopes be realized? In the world of concrete fact nothing occurs through the action of a single cause, nor yet through the simple co-operation of many causes, each adding its own unqualified contribution to the total effect, as we picture horse helping horse to draw a loaded dray. *Our world is a much more complicated affair.* Sequences are never exactly repeated. Causes can never be completely isolated. Their operation is never unqualified. Fence round your laboratory experiments with what precautions you will, no two of them will ever be performed under exactly the same conditions. For the purpose in hand the differences may be negligible. With skilled observers

they commonly are. But the differences exist, and they must certainly modify, however imperceptibly, the observed result.

X

It seems evident from considerations like these that no argument directly based on mere experience can be urged either for or against the possibility of "miracles." Common sense looks doubtful upon anything out of the common; and science follows suit. But this is very different from the speculative assertion that, since "miracles" are a violation of natural law, their occurrence must be regarded as impossible. The intrusion of an unexpected and perhaps anomalous element into the company of more familiar factors in world development may excite suspicion, but it does *not* of necessity violate anything more important than our preconceived expectations.

I think it will be found that those who most vehemently reject this way of regarding the world are unconsciously moved not by their knowledge of scientific laws, but by a preference for a particular scientific ideal. They are persuaded that if only we had the right kind of knowledge and adequate powers of calculation, we should be able to explain the whole contents of possible experience by applying mathematical methods to certain simple data. They refuse to believe that this calculable "Whole" can suffer interference at the hands of any incalculable power. They find no room in the close-knit tissue of the world process, as they conceive it, for any arbitrary element to find lodgment. They have a clear notion of what science ought to be, and that notion is incompatible with the "miraculous."

XI

Now it is certainly true that as far as Nature is concerned, the ideal of a calculable "whole" is one which makes a most powerful appeal to most of us. And it is also true that remote as we are from its attainment, the science of our own day has made, and is making, marvellous advances towards it. We now know that the units of which the material universe is built are of only two kinds, and strictly conform to one or other of two patterns. We know approximately their size and their mass. We know a good deal about their motions and their powers of radiation. We know that they repel members of their own class and attract members of the other; we know that they constitute the essence of all that interests the physicist, the astronomer, the chemist; of all the objects which are valued for their beauty; of all the

physiological devices through which organic life becomes possible, and mind becomes cognizant of matter. In spite of our almost limitless ignorance of details, in spite of the unbridged chasms which still divide one branch of scientific knowledge from another, these discoveries do certainly dangle before our eyes with a new brilliancy, the idea of a cosmic flow of calculable events depending on measurable conditions, and (in theory at least) amenable to mathematical treatment.

XII

The conception of a material universe, overwhelming in its complexity and its splendour, yet potentially susceptible of complete explanation by the actions and reactions of two very minute and simple kinds of electrical sub-atom, is, without doubt, extraordinarily fascinating. From the early days of scientific philosophy or (if you prefer it) of philosophical science, thinkers have been hungering after some form of all-embracing atomism. They have now apparently reached it (so far as matter is concerned) by the way of observation and experiment—truly a marvellous performance. Yet the very lucidity of the new conceptions helps to bring home to us their essential insufficiency as a theory of the universe. They may be capable of explaining the constitution and behaviour of inanimate objects. They may go some (as yet unmeasured) distance towards explaining organic life. But they certainly cannot explain mind. No man really supposes that he personally is nothing more than a changing group of electrical charges, so distributed that their relative motions enable or compel them in their collective capacity to will, to hope, to love, to think, perhaps to discuss themselves as a physical multiplicity, certainly to treat themselves as a mental unity. No creed of this kind can ever be extracted by valid reasoning from the sort of data which the physics either of the present or the future can possibly supply.

The truth is that the immense advantages which in modern times have been made by mechanical or quasi-mechanical explanations of the material world have somewhat upset the mental balance of many thoughtful persons who approach the problems of reality exclusively from the physical side. It is not that they formulate any excessive claims to knowledge. On the contrary, they often describe themselves as agnostics. Nevertheless they are apt unconsciously to assume that they already enjoy a good bird's-eye view of what reality *is*, combined with an unshaken assurance about what is *not*. They tacitly suppose that every discovery, if genuine, will find its place within the frame-

they commonly are. But the differences exist, and they must certainly modify, however imperceptibly, the observed result.

X

It seems evident from considerations like these that no argument directly based on mere experience can be urged either for or against the possibility of "miracles." Common sense looks doubtful upon anything out of the common; and science follows suit. But this is very different from the speculative assertion that, since "miracles" are a violation of natural law, their occurrence must be regarded as impossible. The intrusion of an unexpected and perhaps anomalous element into the company of more familiar factors in world development may excite suspicion, but it does not of necessity violate anything more important than our preconceived expectations.

I think it will be found that those who most vehemently reject this way of regarding the world are unconsciously moved not by their knowledge of scientific laws, but by a preference for a particular scientific ideal. They are persuaded that if only we had the right kind of knowledge and adequate powers of calculation, we should be able to explain the whole contents of possible experience by applying mathematical methods to certain simple data. They refuse to believe that this calculable "Whole" can suffer interference at the hands of any incalculable power. They find no room in the close-knit tissue of the world process, as they conceive it, for any arbitrary element to find lodgment. They have a clear notion of what science ought to be, and that notion is incompatible with the "miraculous."

XI

Now it is certainly true that as far as Nature is concerned, the ideal of a calculable "whole" is one which makes a most powerful appeal to most of us. And it is also true that remote as we are from its attainment, the science of our own day has made, and is making, marvellous advances towards it. We now know that the units of which the material universe is built are of only two kinds, and strictly conform to one or other of two patterns. We know approximately their size and their mass. We know a good deal about their motions and their powers of radiation. We know that they repel members of their own class and attract members of the other; we know that they constitute the essence of all that interests the physicist, the astronomer, the chemist; of all the objects which are valued for their beauty; of all the

physiological devices through which organic life becomes possible, and mind becomes cognizant of matter. In spite of our almost limitless ignorance of details, in spite of the unbridged chasms which still divide one branch of scientific knowledge from another, these discoveries do certainly dangle before our eyes with a new brilliancy, the idea of a cosmic flow of calculable events depending on measurable conditions, and (in theory at least) amenable to mathematical treatment.

XII

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The truth is that the immense advantages which in modern times have been made by mechanical or quasi-mechanical explanations of the material world have somewhat upset the mental balance of many thoughtful persons who approach the problems of reality exclusively from the physical side. It is not that they formulate any excessive claims to knowledge. On the contrary, they often describe themselves as agnostics. Nevertheless they are apt unconsciously to assume that they already enjoy a good bird's-eye view of what reality *is*, combined with an unshaken assurance about what is *not*. They tacitly suppose that every discovery, if genuine, will find its place within the frame-

work of a perfected physics, and, if it does not, may be summarily dismissed as a mere superstition.

XIII

After all, however, superstition may be negative as well as positive, and the excesses of unbelief may be as extravagant as those of belief. Doubtless the universe, as conceived by men more primitive than ourselves, was the obscure abode of strange deities. But what are we to say about a universe reduced without remainder to collections of electric charges radiating energy through a hypothetical ether? Thus to set limits to reality must always be the most hazardous of speculative adventures. To do so by eliminating the spiritual is not only hazardous but absurd. For if we are directly aware of anything, it is of ourselves as personal agents; if anything can be proved by direct experiment it is that we can, in however small a measure, vary the "natural" distribution of matter and energy. We can certainly act on our environment, and as certainly our action can never be adequately explained in terms of entities which neither think, nor feel, nor purpose, nor know. It constitutes a spiritual invasion of the physical world:—it is a miracle.

XIV

To me therefore it seems that in the present state of our knowledge (or if you prefer it) of our ignorance, we have no choice but to acquiesce provisionally in an unresolved dualism. Our experience has a double outlook. The first we may call material. It brings us face to face with such subjects as electricity, mass, motion, force, energy, and with such manifestations of energy as ethereal radiation. The second is spiritual. The first deals with objects which are measurable, calculable, capable (up to a point) of precise definition. The second deals with the immeasurable, the incalculable, the indefinite and (let me add) the all-important. The first touches the fundamentals of science; the second is intimately connected with religion. Yet different as they seem, both are real. They belong to the same universe; they influence each other; somewhere and somehow they must be in contact along a common frontier.

But where is that frontier to be drawn? And how are we to describe the relation between these co-terminous provinces of reality? This is perhaps a question for metaphysics rather than for religion or science; and some day, perhaps, metaphysics may provide us with a satisfying answer. In the meanwhile, I may conclude this Introduc-

tion at a less ambitious level—concerning myself rather with the relations between religion and science in the practice of life, than with any high problems of speculative philosophy.

XV

I suggest then that in scientific research it is a wise procedure to press "mechanical" theories of the material world to their utmost limits. Were I, for example, a biologist I should endeavour to explain all the phenomena under investigation in terms of matter and motion. I should always be searching for what could be measured and calculated, however confident I might be that in some directions at least the hopeless limitations of such a view would very rapidly become apparent.

In the practice of life, on the other hand, and in the speculation of philosophy, we are free to move within wider horizons. In forming our estimate of the sort of beliefs which may properly be regarded as rationally acceptable, we ought not to be limited by mechanistic presuppositions, however useful these may be in our investigation of nature. We are spiritual beings, and must take account of spiritual values. The story of man is something more than a mere continuation of the story of matter. It is different in kind. If we cannot calculate the flow of physical events, that is because our knowledge of natural processes is small, and our power of calculation feeble. If we cannot calculate the course of human history, that is because (among other reasons) it is inherently incalculable. No two specimens of humanity exactly resemble each other, or live in circumstances that are exactly comparable. The so-called "repetitions" of history are never more than vague resemblances. The science of history therefore, if there be one, is something quite different from (say) the science of physics. And this is true even when history is wholly divorced from religion. But when it is considered in a different setting, when man is regarded as a spiritual agent in a world under spiritual guidance, events of spiritual significance cannot be wholly judged by canons of criticism which seem sufficient for simpler cases. Unexampled invasions of the physical sphere by the spiritual are not indeed to be lightly believed. But they are certainly not to be rejected merely because historians cannot bring themselves to accept the "miraculous."

XVI

This point of view, for those who are prepared to take it, may help to eliminate some of the chief causes of conflict between science

and religion. In times not far distant there were men devoted to religion who blundered ignorantly into science, and men devoted to science who meddled unadvisedly with religion. Theologians found their geology in Genesis; materialists supposed that reality could be identified with the mechanism of matter. Neither procedure is to be commended; nor is it by these paths that the unsolved riddle of the universe can best be approached. A science which declares itself incompatible with religion, a religion which deems itself a substitute for science, may indulge in controversies as interminable as they are barren. But there is a better way; and the writers of the following essays, each by his own methods, each from his own point of view, have ably endeavoured to pursue it.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL (*b.* 1850)

Essayist and author. He was educated at Liverpool and Cambridge, and called to the Bar, becoming a K.C. He entered Parliament and was distinguished as Minister for Education and Chief Secretary for Ireland. But he has abiding claims upon his generation as the best of conversationalists, and upon posterity as the sanest of critics, half Lamb in his whimsical humour, half Johnson in his hatred of humbug. His first work, "Obiter Dicta," is characteristic of his cheerful style. Other works are "Charlotte Brontë," and "Frederick Locker-Lampson."

GEORGE BORROW

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his delightful "Memories and Portraits," takes occasion to tell us, amongst a good many other things of the sort, that he has a great fancy for "The Bible in Spain," by Mr. George Borrow. He has not, indeed, read it quite so often as he has Mr. George Meredith's "Egoist," but still he is very fond of it It is interesting to know this, interesting, that is, to the great Clan Stevenson who owe suit and service to their liege lord; but so far as Borrow is concerned, it does not matter, to speak frankly, two straws. The author of "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," "The Bible in Spain," and "Wild Wales" is one of those kings of literature who never need to number their tribe. His personality will always secure him an attendant company, who, when he pipes, must dance. A queer company it is too, even as was the company he kept himself, composed as it is of saints and sinners, gentle and simple, master and man, mistresses and maids; of those who, learned in the tongues, have read everything else, and of those who have read nothing else and do not want to. People there are for whom Borrow's books play the same part as did horses and dogs for the gentleman in the tall white hat whom David Copperfield met on the top of the Canterbury coach. "'Orses and dorgs," said that gentleman, "is some men's

fancy. They are wittles and drink to me, lodging, wife and children, reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, snuff, tobacker, and sleep."

Nothing, indeed, is more disagreeable, even offensive, than to have anybody else's favourite author thrust down your throat. "Love me, love my dog," is a maxim of behaviour which deserves all the odium Charles Lamb has heaped upon it. Still, it would be hard to go through life arm-in-arm with anyone who had stuck in the middle of "Guy Mannering," or had bidden a final farewell to Jeannie Deans in the barn with the robbers near Gunnerly Hill in Lincolnshire. But, oddly enough, Borrow excites no such feelings. It is quite possible to live amicably in the same house with a person who has stuck hopelessly in the middle of "Wild Wales," and who braves it out (what impudence!) by the assertion that the book is full of things like this: "Nothing worthy of commemoration took place during the two following days, save that myself and family took an evening walk on the Wednesday up the side of the Berwyn, for the purpose of botanizing, in which we were attended by John Jones. There, amongst other plants, we found a curious moss which our good friend said was called in Welsh Corn Carw, or deer's horn, and which he said the deer were very fond of. On the Thursday he and I started on an expedition on foot to Ruthyn, distant about fourteen miles, proposing to return in the evening."

The book *is* full of things like this, and must be pronounced as arrant a bit of book-making as ever was. But judgment is not always followed by execution, and a more mirth-provoking error can hardly be imagined than for anyone to suppose that the admission of the fact —sometimes doubtless a damaging fact—namely, book-making, will for one moment shake the faithful in their certitude that "Wild Wales" is a delightful book; not so delightful, indeed, as "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," or "The Bible in Spain," but still delightful because issuing from the same mint as they, stamped with the same physiognomy, and bearing the same bewitching inscription.

It is a mercy the people we love do not know how much we must forgive them. Oh the liberties they would take, the things they would do, were it to be revealed to them that their roots have gone far too deep into our soil for us to disturb them under any provocation whatsoever!

George Borrow has to be forgiven a great deal. The Appendix to "The Romany Rye" contains an assault upon the memory of Sir Walter Scott, of which every word is a blow. It is savage, cruel, unjustifiable. There is just enough of what base men call truth in it to make it one

of the most powerful bits of devil's advocacy ever penned. Had another than Borrow written thus of the good Sir Walter, some men would travel far to spit upon his tomb. Quick and easy would have been his descent to the Avernus of oblivion. His books, torn from the shelf, should have long stood neglected in the shop of the second-hand, till the hour came for them to seek the stall, where, exposed to wind and weather, they should dolefully await the sack of the paper-merchant, whose holy office it should be to mash them into eternal pulp. But what rodomontade is this! No books are more, in the vile phrase of the craft, "esteemed" than Borrow's. The prices demanded for the early editions already impinge upon the absurd, and are steadily rising. The fact is, there is no use blinking it, mankind cannot afford to quarrel with George Borrow, and will not do so. It is bad enough what he did, but when we remember that whatever he had done, we must have forgiven him all the same, it is just possible to thank Heaven (feebly) that it was no worse. He might have robbed a church!

Borrow is indeed one of those lucky men who, in Bagehot's happy phrase, "keep their own atmosphere," and as a consequence, when in the destined hour the born Borrovian—for men are born Borrovians, not made—takes up a volume of him, in ten minutes (unless it be "Wild Wales," and then twenty must be allowed) the victory is won; down tumbles the standard of Respectability which through a virtuous and perhaps long life has braved the battle and the breeze; up flutters the lawless pennon of the Romany Chal, and away skims the reader's craft over seas, hitherto untravelled, in search of adventures, manifold and marvellous, nor in vain.

If one was in search of a single epithet most properly descriptive of Borrow's effect upon his reader, perhaps it would best be found in the word "contagious." He is one of the most "catching" of our authors. The most inconsistent of men, he compels those who are born subject to his charm to share his inconsistencies. He was an agent of the Bible Society, and his extraordinary adventures in Spain were encountered, so at least his title-page would have us believe, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. He was a sound Churchman, and would have nothing to do with Dissent, even in Wild Wales, but he had also a passion for the ring. Mark his devastations. It is as bad as the pestilence. A gentle lady, bred amongst the Quakers, a hater of physical force, with eyes brimful of mercy, was lately heard to say, in heightened tones, at a dinner-table, where the subject of momentary conversation was a late prize-fight: "Oh! pity was it that ever corruption should have

crept in amongst them." "Amongst whom?" inquired her immediate neighbour. "Amongst the bruisers of England," was the terrific rejoinder. Deep were her blushes—and yet how easy to forgive her! The gentle lady spoke as one does in dreams; for, you must know, she was born a Borrovian, and only that afternoon had read for the first time the famous twenty-fifth chapter of "Lavengro":

"But what a bold and vigorous aspect pugilism wore at that time! And the great battle was just then coming off; the day had been decided upon, and the spot—a convenient distance from the old town (Norwich); and to the old town were now *flocking* the bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown. Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England; what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them—but of that I wish not to talk. There they come, the bruisers from far London, or from wherever else they might chance to be at the time, to the great rendezvous in the old city; some came one way, some another: some of tip-top reputation came with peers in their chariots, for glory and fame are such fair things that even peers are proud to have those invested therewith by their sides; others came in their own gigs, driving their own bits of blood; and I heard one say: 'I have driven through at a heat the whole hundred and eleven miles, and only stopped to bait twice!' Oh! the blood horses of old England! but they too have had their day—for everything beneath the sun there is a season and a time. . . . So the bruisers of England are come to be present at the grand fight speedily coming off; there they are met in the precincts of the old town, near the field of the chapel, planted with tender saplings at the restoration of sporting Charles, which are now become venerable elms, as high as *many* a steeple; there they are met at a fitting rendezvous, where a retired coachman with one leg keeps an hotel and a bowling-green. I think I now see them upon the bowling-green, the men of renown, amidst hundreds of people with no renown at all, who gaze upon them with timid wonder. Fame, after all, is a glorious thing, though it lasts only for a day. There's Cribb, the champion of England, and perhaps the best man in England—there he is, with his huge, massive figure, and face wonderfully like that of a lion. There is Belcher the younger—not the mighty one, who is gone to his place, but the Teucer Belcher, the most scientific pugilist that ever entered a ring, only wanting strength to be—I won't say what. . . . But how shall I name them all? They were there by dozens, and all tremendous in their way. There was Bulldog Hudson

and fearless Scroggins, who beat the conqueror of Sam the Jew. There was Black Richmond—no, he was not there, but I knew him well. He was the most dangerous of blacks, even with a broken thigh. There was Purcell, who could never conquer till all seemed over with him. There was—what! shall I name thee last? Ay, why not? I believe that thou art the last of all that strong family still above the sod, where may'st thou long continue—true piece of English stuff, Tom of Bedford, sharp as Winter, kind as Spring!"

No wonder the gentle lady was undone. It is as good as Homer.

Diderot, it will be remembered, once wrote a celebrated eulogium on Richardson, *which some have thought exaggerated, because he says* in it that, on the happening of certain events, in themselves improbable, he would keep "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles" on the same shelf with the writings of Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles. Why a literary man should not be allowed to arrange his library as he chooses, without being exposed to so awful a charge as that of exaggeration, it is hard to say. But no doubt the whole eulogium is pitched in too high a key for modern ears; still, it contains sensible remarks, amongst them this one: that he had observed that in a company where the writings of Richardson were being read, either privately or aloud, the conversation became at once interesting and animated. Books cannot be subjected to a truer test. Will they bear talking about? A parcel of friends can talk about Borrow's books for ever. The death of his father, as told in the last chapter of "Lavengro." *Is there anything of the kind more affecting in* the library? Somebody is almost sure to say, "Yes, the death of Le Fevre in 'Tristram Shandy.'" A third, who always (provoking creature) likes best what she read last, will wax eloquent over the death of the little princess in Tolstoy's great book. The character-sketch of Borrow's elder brother, the self-abnegating artist who declined to paint the portrait of the Mayor of Norwich because he thought a friend of his could do it better, suggests De Quincey's marvellous sketch of his elder brother. And then, what about Benedict Moll, Joey the dog-fancier of Westminster, and that odious wretch the London publisher? You had need *to be a deaf mute to avoid taking part in a conversation like this.* Who was Mary Fulcher? All the clocks in the parish will have struck midnight before that question has been answered. It is not to take a gloomy view of the world to say that there are few pleasanter things in it than a good talk about George Borrow.

For invalids and delicate persons leading retired lives, there are no books like Borrow's. Lassitude and Languor, horrid hags, simply

pick up their trailing skirts and scuttle out of any room into which he enters. They cannot abide him. A single chapter of Borrow is air and exercise; and, indeed, the exercise is not always gentle. "I feel," said an invalid, laying down "The Bible in Spain," as she spoke, upon the counterpane, "as if I had been gesticulating violently for the space of two hours." She then sank into deep sleep, and is now hale and hearty. Miss Martineau, in her "Life in the Sick Room," invokes a blessing upon the head of Christopher North. But there were always those who refused to believe in Miss Martineau's illness, and certainly her avowed preference for the man whom Macaulay in his wrath, writing to Napier in Edinburgh, called "your grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing Professor of Moral Philosophy," is calculated to give countenance to this unworthy suspicion. It was an odd taste for an invalid who, whilst craving for vigour, must necessarily hate noise. Borrow is a vigorous writer, Wilson a noisy one. It was, however, his "Recreations," and not the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that Miss Martineau affected. Still the "Recreations" are noisy too, and Miss Martineau must find her best excuse, and I am determined to find an excuse for her—for did she not write the "Feats on the Fiord"?—in the fact that when she wrote her "Life in the Sick Room" (a pleasant little book to read when in rude health), Borrow had published nothing of note. Had he done so, she would have been of my way of thinking.

How much of Borrow is true and how much is false is one of those questions which might easily set all mankind by the ears, but for the pleasing circumstance that it does not matter a dump. Few things are more comical than to hear some douce body, unread in Borrow, gravely inquiring how far his word may be relied upon. The sole possible response takes the exceptionable shape of loud peals of laughter. And yet, surely, it is a most reasonable question, or query, as the Scotch say. So it is; but after you have read your author you won't ask it—you won't want to. The reader can believe what he likes, and as much as he likes. In the old woman on London Bridge and her convict son, in the man in black (how unlike Goldsmith's!), in the "Flaming Tinman," in Ursula, the wife of Sylvester. There is but one person in whom you must believe, every hour of the day and of the night, else are you indeed unworthy—you must believe in Isopel Berners. A stranger and more pathetic figure than she is not to be seen flitting about in the great shadow-dance men call their life. Born and bred though she was in a workhouse, where she learnt to read and sew, fear God, and take her own part, a nobler, more lovable woman never crossed man's

path. Her introduction to her historian was quaint. "Before I could* put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face, which had *nearly brought me to the ground.*" Alas, poor Isopel! Borrow returned the blow, a deadlier, fiercer blow, aimed not at the face but at the heart. Of their life in the Dingle let no man speak; it must be read in the last chapters of "Lavengro," and the early ones of "The Romany Rye." Borrow was certainly irritating. One longs to shake him. He was what children call "a tease." He teased poor Isopel with his confounded philology. *Whether he simply made a mistake, or whether the* girl was right in her final surmise, that he was "at the root mad," who can say? He offered her his hand, but at too late a stage in the proceedings. Isopel Berners left the Dingle to go to America, and we hear of her no more. That she lived to become a happy "house-mother," and to start a line of brave men and chaste women, must be the prayer of *all who know what it is to love a woman they have never seen.* Of the strange love-making that went on in the Dingle no idea can or ought to be given save from the original.

"Thereupon I descended into the Dingle. Belle was sitting before the fire, at which the kettle was boiling. 'Were you waiting for me?' I inquired. 'Yes,' said Belle, 'I thought you would come, and I waited for you.' 'That was very kind,' said I. 'Not half so kind,' said she, 'as it was of you to get everything ready for me in the dead of last night, when there was scarcely a chance of my coming.' The tea-things were brought forward, and we sat down. 'Have you been far?' said Belle. 'Merely to that public-house,' said I, 'to which you directed me on the second day of our acquaintance.' 'Young men should not make a habit of visiting public-houses,' said Belle; 'they are bad places.' 'They may be so to some people,' said I, 'but I do not think the worst public-house in England could do me any harm.' 'Perhaps you are so bad already,' said Belle with a smile, 'that it would be impossible to spoil you.' 'How dare you catch at my words?' said I; 'come, I will make you pay for doing so—you shall have this evening the longest lesson in Armenian which I have yet inflicted upon you.' 'You may well say inflicted,' said Belle, 'but pray spare me. I do not wish to hear anything about Armenian, especially this evening.' 'Why this evening?' said I. Belle made no answer. 'I will not spare you,' said I; 'this evening I intend to make you conjugate an Armenian verb.' 'Well, be it so,' said Belle, 'for this evening you shall command.' 'To command is hramahyel,' said I. 'Ram her ill indeed,' said Belle, 'I do not wish to begin with that.' 'No,' said I, 'as we have come to the verbs we will

begin regularly: hramahyel is a verb of the second conjugation. We will begin with the first.' 'First of all, tell me,' said Belle, 'what a verb is.' 'A part of speech,' said I, 'which, according to the dictionary, signifies some action or passion; for example, "I command you, or I hate you."' 'I have given you no cause to hate me,' said Belle, looking me sorrowfully in the face.

"'I was merely giving two examples,' said I, 'and neither was directed at you. In those examples, to command and hate are verbs. Belle, in Armenian there are four conjugations of verbs; the first ends in al, the second in yel, the third in oul, and the fourth in il. Now, have you understood me?'

"'I am afraid, indeed, it will all end ill,' said Belle. 'Hold your tongue!' said I, 'or you will make me lose my patience.' 'You have already made me nearly lose mine,' said Belle. 'Let us have no unprofitable interruptions,' said I. 'The conjugations of the Armenian verbs are neither so numerous nor so difficult as the declensions of the nouns. Hear that and rejoice. Come, we will begin with the verb hntal, a verb of the first conjugation, which signifies to rejoice. Come along: hntam, I rejoice; hntas, thou rejoicest. Why don't you follow, Belle?'

"'I am sure I don't rejoice, whatever you may do,' said Belle. 'The chief difficulty, Belle,' said I, 'that I find in teaching you the Armenian grammar proceeds from your applying to yourself and me every example I give. Rejoice, in this instance, is merely an example of an Armenian verb of the first conjugation, and has no more to do with your rejoicing than lal, which is also a verb of the first conjugation, and which signifies to weep, would have to do with your weeping, provided I made you conjugate it. Come along: hntam, I rejoice; hntas, thou rejoicest; hnta, he rejoices; hntamk, we rejoice. Now repeat those words.' 'I can't bear this much longer,' said Belle. 'Keep yourself quiet,' said I. 'I wish to be gentle with you, and to convince you, we will skip hntal, and also, for the present, verbs of the first conjugation, and proceed to the second. Belle, I will now select for you to conjugate the prettiest verb in Armenian, not only of the second, but also of all the four conjugations. That verb is siriel. Here is the present tense: siriem, siries, sire, siriemk, sirèk, sirien. Come on, Belle, and say siriem.' Belle hesitated. 'Pray oblige me, Belle, by saying siriem.' Belle still appeared to hesitate. 'You must admit, Belle, that it is softer than hntam.' 'It is so,' said Belle, 'and to oblige you I will say siriem.' 'Very well indeed, Belle,' said I; 'and now to show you

how verbs act upon pronouns in Armenian, I will say *siriem zkiez.*' Please to repeat siriem zkiez.' 'Siriem zkiez,' said Belle; 'that last word is very hard to say.' 'Sorry that you think so, Belle,' said I. 'Now, please to say sirili zis.' Belle did so. 'Exceedingly well,' said I. 'Now say girane thè sireir zis.' 'Girane thè sireir zis,' said Belle. 'Capital!' said I. 'You have now said, I love you—love me. Ah! would that you would love me!'

"'And I have said all these things?' said Belle. 'Yes,' said I. 'You have said them in Armenian.' 'I would have said them in no language that I understood,' said Belle. 'And it was very wrong of you to take advantage of my ignorance, and make me say such things!' 'Why so?' said I. 'If you said them, I said them too.'"

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?

It is, I believe, the opinion of the best critics that "The Bible in Spain" is Borrow's masterpiece. It very likely is so. At the present moment I feel myself even more than usually disqualified for so grave a consideration, by my overpowering delight in its dear deluding title. A quarter of a century ago, in all decent homes, a boy's reading was, by the stern decree of his elders, divided rigorously, though at the same time it must be admitted crudely, into Sunday books and week-day books. "What have you got there?" has before now been an inquiry addressed on a Sunday afternoon to some youngster, suspiciously engrossed in a book. "Oh, 'The Bible in Spain,'" would be the reply. "It is written by a Mr. Borrow, you know, and it is all about"—(then the title-page would come in useful)—"his attempts 'to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula!'" "Indeed! Sounds most suitable," answers the gulled authority, some foolish sisters'-governess or the like illiterate, and moves off. And then the happy boy would wriggle in his chair, and, as if thirsting to taste the firstfruits of his wile, hastily seek out a streaky page, and there read, for perhaps the hundredth time, the memorable words:

"'Good are the horses of the Moslems,' said my old friend; 'where will you find such? They will descend rocky mountains at full speed, and neither trip nor fall; but you must be cautious with the horses of the Moslems, and treat them with kindness, for the horses of the Moslems are proud, and they like not being slaves. When they are young and first mounted, jerk not their mouths with your bit, for be sure if you do, they will kill you; sooner or later, you will perish beneath their feet. Good are our horses, and good our riders. Yea, very good are the

begin regularly: hramahyel is a verb of the second conjugation. We will begin with the first.' 'First of all, tell me,' said Belle, 'what a verb is.' 'A part of speech,' said I, 'which, according to the dictionary, signifies some action or passion; for example, "I command you, or I hate you."' 'I have given you no cause to hate me,' said Belle, looking me sorrowfully in the face.

"'I was merely giving two examples,' said I, 'and neither was directed at you. In those examples, to command and hate are verbs. Belle, in Armenian there are four conjugations of verbs; the first ends in al, the second in yel, the third in oul, and the fourth in il. Now, have you understood me?'

"'I am afraid, indeed, it will all end ill,' said Belle. 'Hold your tongue!' said I, 'or you will make me lose my patience.' 'You have already made me nearly lose mine,' said Belle. 'Let us have no unprofitable interruptions,' said I. 'The conjugations of the Armenian verbs are neither so numerous nor so difficult as the declensions of the nouns. Hear that and rejoice. Come, we will begin with the verb hntal, a verb of the first conjugation, which signifies to rejoice. Come along: hntam, I rejoice; hntas, thou rejoicest. Why don't you follow, Belle?'

"'I am sure I don't rejoice, whatever you may do,' said Belle. 'The chief difficulty, Belle,' said I, 'that I find in teaching you the Armenian grammar proceeds from your applying to yourself and me every example I give. Rejoice, in this instance, is merely an example of an Armenian verb of the first conjugation, and has no more to do with your rejoicing than lal, which is also a verb of the first conjugation, and which signifies to weep, would have to do with your weeping, provided I made you conjugate it. Come along: hntam, I rejoice; hntas, thou rejoicest; hnta, he rejoices; hntamk, we rejoice. Now repeat those words.' 'I can't bear this much longer,' said Belle. 'Keep yourself quiet,' said I. 'I wish to be gentle with you, and to convince you, we will skip hntal, and also, for the present, verbs of the first conjugation, and proceed to the second. Belle, I will now select for you to conjugate the prettiest verb in Armenian, not only of the second, but also of all the four conjugations. That verb is siriel. Here is the present tense: siriem, siries, sire, siriemk, sirèk, sirien. Come on, Belle, and say siriem.' Belle hesitated. 'Pray oblige me, Belle, by saying siriem.' Belle still appeared to hesitate. 'You must admit, Belle, that it is softer than hntam.' 'It is so,' said Belle, 'and to oblige you I will say siriem.' 'Very well indeed, Belle,' said I; 'and now to show you

how verbs act upon pronouns in Armenian, I will say siriem zkiez.' Please to repeat siriem zkiez.' 'Siriem zkiez,' said Belle; 'that last word is very hard to say.' 'Sorry that you think so, Belle,' said I. 'Now, please to say siriá zis.' Belle did so. 'Exceedingly well,' said I. 'Now say girane thè sireir zis.' 'Girane thè sireir zis,' said Belle. 'Capital!' said I. 'You have now said, I love you—love me. Ah! would that you would love me!'

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Moslems at mounting the horse; who are like them? I once saw a Frank rider compete with a Moslem on this beach, and at first the Frank rider had it all his own way and he passed the Moslem, but the course was long, very long, and the horse of the Frank rider, which was a Frank horse also, panted; but the horse of the Moslem panted not, for he was a Moslem also, and the Moslem rider at last gave a cry, and the horse sprang forward and he overtook the Frank horse, and then the Moslem rider stood up in his saddle. How did he stand? Truly he stood on his head, and these eyes saw him; he stood on his head in the saddle as he passed the Frank rider; and he cried ha! ha! as he passed the F rider; and the Moslem horse cried ha! ha! as he passed the Frank breed, and the Frank lost by a far distance. Good are the Franks, good their horses; but better are the Moslems, and better the horses of the Moslems.' "

That boy, as he lay curled up in his chair, doting over the enchanted page, knew full well, else had he been no Christian boy, that it was not a Sunday book which was making his eyes start out of his head; yet, reckless, he cried, "ha! ha!" and read on, and as he read he blessed the madcap Borrow for having called his romance by the sober-sounding, propitiatory title of "The Bible in Spain"!

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole.

In a world of dust and ashes it is a foolish thing to prophesy immortality, or even a long term of years, for any fellow-mortal. Good luck does not usually pursue such predictions. England can boast few keener, better-qualified critics than that admirable woman, Mrs. Barbauld, or, not to dock her of her accustomed sizings, Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. And yet what do we find her saying? "The young may melt into tears at 'Julia Mandeville,' and 'The Man of Feeling,' the romantic will shudder at 'Udolpho,' but those of mature age who know what human nature is will take up again and again Dr. Moore's 'Zeluco.'" One hates to contradict a lady like Mrs. Barbauld, or to speak in terms of depreciation of any work of Mrs. Radcliffe's, whose name is still as a pleasant savour in the nostrils; therefore I will let "Udolpho" alone. As for Henry Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," what was good enough for Sir Walter Scott ought surely to be good enough for us, most days. I am no longer young, and cannot therefore be expected to melt into tears at "Julia Mandeville," but here my toleration is exhausted. Dr. Moore's "Zeluco" is too much; maturity has many ills to bear, but repeated perusals of this work cannot fairly be included amongst them.

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Still, though prediction is to be avoided, it is impossible to feel otherwise than very cheerful about George Borrow. His is a good life. Anyhow, he will outlive most people, and that at all events is a comfort.

Selected Essays.

VISCOUNT HALDANE (1856–1928)

After a Scottish education completed at German universities, he was called to the Bar, and became a leading K.C. He entered Parliament and was War Minister under Mr. Asquith, evolving the Territorial cadre system, which proved so useful in producing a volunteer army in the War. He became Lord Chancellor in the first Labour Government. His writings were often philosophical and diffuse, but the following article shows him at his legal and literary best.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

It is characteristic of British people that they should show but little consciousness of their most characteristic institutions. The circumstance is due to two causes. In the first place, our Constitution is unwritten. It can be studied adequately only in practice, and not in books which describe it from documents which are never adequate to the reality with its varying shades. In the second place, just because the Constitution is unwritten, it is continuously altering while national policies and purposes are being developed. What was true ten years ago may not be true to-day, and the changes are often almost impossible to ascertain merely from written records. New principles are, according to national habit, clothed in old forms, which are preserved, although the significance of the language that describes them has really altered.

This is so in many departments of the activity of the State. From the time of the Revolution Settlement, the abstract principle has been laid down that no money can be expended out of the Consolidated Fund, into which the revenue from taxes is paid, without specific and particular authority from an Act of Parliament. But the further modern principle of requiring devolution wherever practicable has proved too strong to allow the basic principle to continue to operate in its exactness. The requirements of the day have made it necessary for the Treasury to

permit anticipations of Parliamentary authority to take place for the purposes of immediate provisions, and to allow Grants-in-Aid of which details in expenditure are not supervised by the House of Commons. The organization by which this is done is puzzling to the simple-minded student of the Constitution who does not constantly bear in mind its developing quality and highly practical character.

Again, the prerogative of the Crown is a vague expression. There is not much left of that authority which Parliament at one time left to the Crown uninterfered with by the Legislature. And what is left is not only now guarded by the constitutional necessity of advice from Ministers, who are made responsible to the House of Commons, though no longer to the House of Lords, in the way they once were for giving it, but is also guarded by rules which cannot legally be broken. Thus the Sovereign is said to be the foundation of justice. But, since Lord Coke vindicated the power of Parliament in the days of James I, it has been clear that the Sovereign can only administer justice in Courts recognized by Parliament, and that he cannot interfere with the judges who preside in these Courts.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is a Court of this character. It has had a statutory basis since the reign of William IV, and its advice is necessary before a judgment can be given by the King as the supreme justiciar of the Empire. But, none the less, it does not itself give any judgment. It simply makes a recommendation which is carried out by a formal Order made by the Sovereign at a subsequent stage in a full meeting of the Privy Council. A portion of the prerogative thus remains intact, but only for the Empire beyond the limits of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. For, within these limits, the jurisdiction of the Sovereign as the supreme tribunal of appeal has long ago been absorbed by Parliament and taken over by the House of Lords. Throughout the rest of the Empire the old prerogative jurisdiction of the King-Emperor remains, but remains constitutionally limited by the necessity of advice, not from his Ministers, but from a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, consisting of Judges.

The Judicial Committee thus occupies a peculiar position, which can only be made intelligible if the history of the prerogative is closely studied, and the change in the mode of its exercise in entertaining a final appeal is followed out from generation to generation. Even now there are great questions relating to the exercise of what Parliament has left of the prerogative which remain unsolved. Can the King legislate for Crown Colonies which have no Parliamentary Constitution, in

any fashion inconsistent with the common or statute law of England? From the expressions used by Lord Coke it appears as though he would have doubted this. But in Lord Coke's time there was but little territory governed directly by the Crown apart from the United Kingdom. Such problems are not easy of solution.

Indeed, with the development of the self-governing Dominions of the Crown, it is not always easy to understand why so much of the position of the King, as practically as well as theoretically the supreme tribunal to which Dominion suitors may carry appeals, has been allowed to remain in large measure intact. Canada recognizes the appeal and the right to bring it, especially in constitutional questions. The right is exercised there constantly. Australia has, in the main, abrogated this right in constitutional issues, but for ordinary civil questions she has left it practically intact. Perhaps one reason why the self-governing Dominions have abstained from claiming the uncontroverted title to dispose formally of their own legal disputes without permitting them to be brought here is a change in the attitude of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council itself.

For a large number of the appeals that are brought before it special leave has to be obtained beforehand from the Committee. This is now almost always refused in questions of criminal law, and it is not given unrestrictedly in civil cases. The practice varies with the stage in self-development reached in the part of the Empire concerned. In the case of appeals from India, where there is no Central Court of Appeal, and in that of appeal from a Crown Colony leave is given in substantial cases fairly freely. But, if leave is sought to appeal from the Supreme Courts of Appeal in Canada or Australia, it is different. Such leave is refused unless the question raised is one of great public interest, or involves some far-reaching principle of jurisprudence. As to South Africa, which has a unitary Government and a Court of Appeal for the entire Dominion, leave to appeal is allowed but sparingly.

In all these instances the practice of the Judicial Committee has become in material respects modified as the relation of the particular part of the Empire to the Mother Country has been varied by the development of the self-government of the former. Political considerations are to this extent taken into account. One reason which enables this to be done is the experience of the Judges of the Judicial Committee. The majority of these are members of the House of Lords, where their duty is to be cognizant of changes in the political relations of the countries which constitute the Empire. The Statesman is required as well as the

Judge, if the proper balance in judicial interference is to be observed. The Governments of Canada, of Australia and New Zealand, of South Africa, know that at any moment they could stop the system of appeal to the King in Council, and of this they are kept reminded. They are, in consequence, not only willing, but, so far as the balance of testimony shows, anxious that the system, thus sparingly recognized, should go on. It is convenient to have as the tribunal of ultimate resort a body which is detached and impartial, and which yet administers the law of the particular Dominion and administers it with the large outlook which is the result of having to take cognizance of systems of jurisprudence of varying natures. Within a single fortnight the Judicial Committee sometimes has to hear appeals concerned with laws that are Buddhist, Hindu, Mohammedan, French, Roman Dutch, and, when the appeal comes from the Channel Islands, founded on the old custom of Normandy. But, of course, a large number of the controversies turn on the English common law.

Such a judicial system is probably unique in the history of the world, and it could only have survived under a Constitution which has been throughout unwritten and continuously adapting itself to new requirements. One result of the changes which are taking place within the Empire is that the judicial business of the Privy Council is tending to grow and not to diminish. As native territories are becoming organized under new local governments, their jurisprudence is assuming a more crystallized form. Custom is turning itself into law with the aid of Crown ordinances. The outcome is litigation in the local Courts, giving rise to appeals to the Sovereign in Council. Some of the questions thus raised, for example in West Africa, are of exceptional difficulty because of the novelty of the customs embodied in the native laws, which are highly divergent from the common law traditions of this country. These controversies, however, have to be dealt with in London, for they are being more and more frequently raised, especially in connexion with the native family title to territory.

But litigation between private persons is far from being the only form of dispute which comes before the Privy Council for decision. Under the Privy Council Act of William IV, there is power given to the Crown to refer to the Committee more general controversies of almost unrestricted kinds. The result has been that, from the Dominions, questions of a general and abstract nature are constantly being argued before it. Has the Dominion Parliament of Canada power, under section 91 of the British North America Act of 1876, to pass

legislation dealing with a certain subject-matter, or is the particular power given, under section 92, to the Provincial Legislatures of Canada? How ought a boundary to be drawn between two provinces of the Dominion? On what terms is the Dominion Government entitled to take over compulsorily the interests of the shareholders in a Canadian railway? These are topics of a kind that is referred to the Committee for decision under the powers just referred to. From Australia such issues come less frequently because of the restrictive provision inserted in the Commonwealth (Imperial) Act of 1900. And the Committee can never know beforehand what question it may be asked to decide. It is a convenient tribunal for the decision of matters in controversy of this sort because of its very remoteness, and its genuine unwillingness to claim jurisdiction has given it a certain popularity all over the Empire.

A great Privy Council Judge, such as was Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, or Lord Watson, is always esteemed throughout the Empire. The very political experience of such men has added to their value. It is a paradox, but a very real truth, that their training as politicians has made them the better Judges for such Court. Only under an unwritten Constitution, the influence of which pervades the Empire and holds it in unison, could such a curious result have emerged. We are far away here from the continental conception of a judge as a mere interpreter of rigid codes.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is thus a real link between the Dominions and Colonies and the Mother Country. If it is little known to the man in the street of the various cities which rule themselves under the ægis of the Sovereign, it has a long arm, and is a very real influence in smoothing the paths of Governments as well as of governed. It is impalpable. But few people, even of those who dwell in London, turn into Downing Street to see it sitting. And yet it is one of the King's Courts and is open to every citizen of the Empire and to anyone else who chooses to walk in. There the visitor may see advocates of every shade of complexion, and with the most varying accents, pleading, or waiting to plead. A native King of a negro tribe is in evidence; or a holy man from the Far East, come to superintend the suit brought by an idol to recover his temple through his next friend, who is responsible for the costs if the suit goes against the idol; a farmer; a gold miner from British Columbia; a French advocate from Quebec —all of these may be there, confronting five elderly gentlemen, without wigs or robes, but seated round the horseshoe oaken table of the Judge,

and with the marks of years of immersion in legal contemplation written on their brows. It is, indeed, an unusual spectacle.

If the House of Lords is ever converted into a Senate, and its anomalous position as the Supreme Tribunal of Appeal for England, Scotland, and part of Ireland is brought to an end, its jurisdiction will most probably revert to where it ought theoretically to be, the King in Council. This will make but little difference excepting in form. To-day, the Judicial Committee sits in two divisions, one for the numerous appeals from India, and the other for appeals from the rest of the Empire. These divisions consist, when fully constituted, each of five Judges, two of those who sit in the Indian division being usually ex-Indian Judges. In the House of Lords there sit five more, who, excepting that they must be Peers of the Realm entitled to sit there, are not distinguished from those who may sit in the Downing Street Court. The members who belong to the two tribunals are thus in the main interchangeable in function, and the Judges who are Peers sit alternately in one Court or the other. The strength of the establishment required for the three divisions is thus fifteen, and provision is required of one or two extra in case of illness. Membership of the divisions is conditioned by the possession of qualifications prescribed by Statute.

There are six paid Law Lords, who receive £6,000 a year each, charged on the Consolidated Fund. There is the Lord Chancellor, and at present there are four effective ex-Lord Chancellors, who are paid what are called pensions of £5,000 each. It is a popular superstition that because the payment to an ex-Lord Chancellor is called a pension it is money which is not earned by continuous hard work. This is an error. The ex-Lord Chancellors as a rule sit just as regularly and do as much work as the six salaried Law Lords. Indeed, in addition to the ordinary work, they preside, in the absence of the Lord Chancellor, over the Court. They are bound, constitutionally and morally, to discharge these judicial duties, although for historical reasons the payment to them has been called a pension. Without them the country would be put to larger expense in replacing them by regularly appointed Judges.

It will be observed that the six Law Lords, with the Lord Chancellor and the four ex-Lord Chancellors, make up a total of eleven, while the three divisions of Judges required demand fifteen. The deficiency of four is made up by bringing in two ex-Indian Judges for appeals from India, and by inviting other ex-Judges who have been made Privy Councillors, and are qualified under the provisions of the Statute, to sit

and to give their services voluntarily. A generous response has hitherto been made to this invitation by men who have finished distinguished careers of service to the State as Judges in the ordinary Courts. Lords Parmoor, Wrenbury, Phillimore, Warrington, and Salvesen have set aside other occupations in order to sit, and with their aid it has usually been possible to avoid a shortage in numbers. But the strain on the limited resources, which are all that are provided for the greatest Tribunal in the Empire, is often trying.

I have entered into these details in order to show how small will be the change in substance as distinguished from form of the appellate jurisdiction if the House of Lords is ever restored to the Sovereign in Council. The Judicial Committee would, in such a case, sit in three divisions, each of five Judges, instead of in two divisions as at present, with the groups constituted out of the same aggregate of qualified Judges as at present. All appeals would then lie to the King-Emperor in his Privy Council, as, according to the principles of the Constitution, they would lie naturally but for the usurpations in the days long over made by the Legislature in the provinces of the Executive and the Judiciary. Such a transition to the older order of things would have this advantage, that it would occasion no disturbance to the traditions of the Dominions, or India, or the Crown Colonies.

How long the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council will continue to exist as the link of Empire which it is to-day, and how soon the distant parts of the world which are under the constitutional rule of the British Crown will continue to regard the Committee as a Supreme Tribunal of ultimate appeal, it is not possible to predict. Probably some other of the Dominions will one day follow the example set by Australia in constitutional questions and decide to settle finally certain of its own disputes in its own Courts. The process, if it commences, may be a rapid or a gradual one. On the other hand, the territories within the Empire which are in the early stages of their development may continue their present tendency, which is to make a use more and more extended of the Supreme Tribunal of the Sovereign in Council. One has only to bear in mind the story of the variations in unwritten Constitution between the different parts of the possessions of the Crown and the evidence of continuous change in response to new requirements which is everywhere taking place gradually and silently in order to realize that prediction on this subject is futile. For the rest, all that can be said is that the jurisdiction appears to be at present generally recognized as a useful and convenient one, and that there is little

real desire to disturb it on the part of the great majority of those concerned.

It is often complained of that a tribunal with Imperial functions of an order so important as those of the Judicial Committee should be housed in so mean a building as its present lodging. No doubt this would have been otherwise had the public taken much interest in the existence of the Court. But the public knows nothing of it, and the Press pays to it but scant attention. It is only when our fellow-subjects come over to us from across the seas that the old oak-panelled room in Downing Street is thronged. Perhaps it is well that the attitude of the Treasury towards the institution should have been one of strict niggardliness. The Judges can do their work most simply in the absence of display. If and when the change of which I have already spoken [illegible]

three divisions. Until that time comes, they can afford to get through their work as they do at present.

It is in Canada and the Dominions, and in India and Ceylon and the Crown Colonies, that real interest is taken in the old Court House. They wonder there why over here we pay so little attention to what they think of so much. They do not realize what a silent, patient, unmovable burden-bearer the British citizen is by his nature. His Home Government resembles him. It does not stir until he stirs it, and even then not willingly. So it has been and so it probably will continue to be, and in the end this indisposition to move what is at rest has probably been one of the secrets of the cohesion of the Empire. We who sit as Judges in the Court have little cause to complain. Our work is of a delicate kind, and we are left in peace to do our best to discharge tasks which are often difficult as well as delicate.

The Tribunal has in its time had work to do of an equally delicate but of a different kind. As the Court of the Sovereign in his capacity of head of the Established Church of England, it has had to adjudicate about disputes over the law applying to doctrine and practice which Parliament has enacted since the Reformation. Bitterly contested issues as to Baptismal Regeneration, Eternal Punishment, and Ornaments and Incense have had to be dealt with, in so far as the State has prescribed what was lawful within the Church which it has established. These judicial controversies probably now belong to the past, for Churchmen have been trying to avoid bringing them before a Court

which must always be preponderatingly secular. But, in earlier days, the Judicial Committee has on several occasions saved the Church from apparent disruption by the weight of its arm. The Low Church party was protected in the Gorham Case, the Broad Church party in that of the "Oxford Essays," and the High Church had security within limits assigned to their freedom within the Establishment by a series of decisions given later on. The time for these things appears to be now over, but there may come a period when the historians of the Church will think more gently of the Judicial Committee than most of them do to-day, and will recognize in it the deliverer from the threat of disruption of a body suffering from the difficulties attending regulation and recognition by Statute.

It is only what one might expect to find that a tribunal with such varied duties, and working in such an atmosphere, should have produced at times great personalities. Looking back over the interval since it was given its present form by the Act of William IV, the list of the names of its Judges contains those of a succession of impressive personalities. Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, Kingsdown, Campbell, Westbury, Hatherley, Parke, Willes, Cairns, Selborne, Blackburn, Watson, Hobhouse, Herschell, Macnaghten, Davey, are among the names in that list. The weight of their authority produced contentment with their decisions in the past, and it will go ill with the Tribunal if at any time, by neglect, it is made to fail to attract sufficiently competent members.

But British Judges are not the only Judges who sit on it now. The Chief Justices of the Dominions have places in it, and others of the Dominion Judges sit there from time to time. In each summer there are two months devoted in the main to appeals which come from Canada and which are largely argued by Canadian advocates. A distinguished Canadian jurist, Mr. Justice Duff, of the Supreme Court of Canada, comes to Downing Street by the desire of the Dominion Government, and brings great experience and an acute and highly furnished mind to bear during his co-operation with his colleagues here. The Chief Justices, not only of Canada, but of the High Court of the Australian Commonwealth, of New Zealand, and of South Africa, have also sat from time to time of late years. Sir Lawrence Jenkins, the distinguished ex-Chief Justice of the High Court at Calcutta, has taken a prominent part in the hearing of Indian appeals. Altogether, there is no visible weakening of the old tradition of giving the best help available to the Committee, and the Judges of the Dominions and of India have begun in a new fashion to lend their assistance. There is still more that can

be done, but care must be taken to bring it about, not rashly nor hurriedly, but in a fashion in which continuity of spirit may remain unbroken.

For the spirit is everything with a tribunal of a nature so anomalous from a modern point of view as is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is hopeless to search for the secret of such success as it has had merely in printed documents. For it is not in the written letter that the description of the real nature of the Court is to be found. The true description can only be given by those who, living here or coming from afar, have been in daily contact with the working of this extraordinary organization, and have experienced the extent to which it is continuously seeking to adapt its life to the needs which it has to fulfil as a link between the parts of this Empire.

The Empire Review.

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAIL (*b.* 1859)

Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1906 *to* 1911 *and President of the Classical Association* 1922–23. *He is a rare writer upon English, Greek, Latin, Italian and even Persian literature. Few critics are as careful or as learned as Professor Mackail or possess his gift of selection and his genius for inspiration. He forces his readers to follow him and sends even Philistines back to the classics to agree with him as to their merits. An incandescent love of learning and literature burns behind the smooth sentences of this masterly expositor, and explains the inflammable character of his convictions.*

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF GREEK?

A PUBLIC LECTURE, GIVEN AT MELBOURNE, JUNE 22, 1923

I MAY be allowed, on my first appearance before a Melbourne audience, to express my sense of the warmth of welcome which I have received not only from the University by whose invitation I am here, but more largely from the great capital of a great State, and from many of her most distinguished citizens. My gratitude is free from any of the embarrassment that might arise if this reception were a personal tribute. I recognize and acknowledge it as an expression of the kinship of the Universities of the Empire as joint members of the Commonwealth of Learning. And the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor in the chair emphasizes the link between the University and the State. It is a mark of recognition that higher education and large humane culture are, no less than material prosperity or diffused comfort, matters of national concern: of determination that those "higher walks" to which Sir William Irvine has felicitously referred shall not be inaccessible to the citizens of a modern democratic Commonwealth.

If the subject chosen for this address may have seemed to any of those here, when it was announced, one of only sectional interest and irrelevant to a larger issue and wider audience, I would ask them to

suspend their judgment. For I hope to persuade you, if you need persuading, that it is neither.

I have put it in the form of a question. It is a question often asked in sarcasm or in scepticism, and even oftener in the mere carelessness that does not expect or wait for an answer. But it also may be, and is, asked in a spirit of serious inquiry. It is in this spirit that I ask you to consider it with me. The answer to be given is important; it deserves our best thought towards getting at the real truth of the matter. For on the nature of the answer, and the conviction or failure of conviction which it carries, depends our attitude as citizens of a responsible self-governing community towards the aim and sphere of national education in its widest sense. This is so in three respects: first, towards Greek as a language and a literature embodying a special manifestation of the human spirit; next, towards that Greek civilization out of which and under whose influence our own civilization, as a matter of traceable and demonstrable historic fact, arose; and lastly, towards the whole group of humanistic studies of which Greek is one; to the studies, that is to say, which are not concerned, or are not concerned directly, with the laws and processes of the physical world, but with life, thought, and conduct, with human nature as it is, as it has been, and as it may become.

Times change; fashions vary; beliefs alter. In Scotland fifty years ago, when I was a schoolboy there, the question we are considering was seldom if ever asked. The value of Greek was taken for granted. Partly, this was a matter of old tradition in a proud and conservative race. Partly, it was due to the rooted belief in education, the national respect for learning for its own sake. Partly it was the result of a more intangible prestige, towards which these and other elements combined. Education was prized, no doubt, for its results in market value. But it was prized higher, and more widely, for itself. It was recognized as enabling human beings, not perhaps to be successful in the ordinary sense, but to realize their moral powers and intellectual capacities, thus giving its possessors self-respect and entitling them to respect from others, furnishing them with a surer hold on life, with sources of lasting strength and inward happiness.

In education as thus viewed, as given and received in this spirit, the classics, and Greek in particular, held a prominent and unchallenged place. With most pupils, the classical teaching received did not go beyond the elements; and it was, of course, only a small minority of the population who received even that. But to be entered on Latin

was a source of considerable satisfaction; it was a distinction and a privilege. To be entered on Greek was a higher and rarer distinction still. Greek was regarded not as a useless luxury or an idle accomplishment, but as a prize for the aptest and most forward, who were a little envied, and a good deal looked up to, by their less fortunate schoolfellows. Nor was it a privilege in the lower sense of the term, the appanage of superior birth or wealth or social standing. That age was in a way more democratic than the present, because it was so by a common instinct rather than by contentious theory or abstract dogma. There were classes, and they were clearly defined; but they were organic. The artificial growth of class consciousness was yet to come. Class consciousness, and the sectionalism which it implies, are the antithesis of democracy and they only hamper the life of a nation.

Such was the educational practice—it w[illegible]ther practice or habit than theory—which produced a correspond[illegible]ype of citizen: hard workers, clear reasoners, with developed cap[illegible] for acting and producing and thinking; with intelligence and c[illegible]ter; people to whom life was a serious thing, and learning was p[illegible]; the most precious thing in life.

Now we are in a new world. Nothing [illegible] still. What we have to regard here is not the Scotland of fifty ye[illegible] but the Australia of to-day. The industrial and political revolu[illegible] the last century have been followed or accompanied by a cu[illegible]olution no less profound. Great new fields of knowledge ha[illegible]pened. There has been an immense specialization of industry [illegible]tellectual field. One of the most m[illegible]ed results of this revolution was th[illegible]t competition rather than co-ope[illegible] of studies became prevalent. A multitude of options replaced th[illegible] unity of education; and vocational training was held of more acco[illegible] in the formation of a wide solid basis of intelligence and characte[illegible]ducation, or what went by that name, was given and received not f[illegible] own sake, nor for its human and humanizing value, but for its n[illegible] profit, its immediate value in the market. As cause and as conse[illegible], there came a marked loss of belief in learning as an end in itse[illegible] inward possession. With loss of belief in it there naturally c[illegible] of respect for it in others, perhaps, too, of the self-respect it cre[illegible] possessors, and of the sense of human dignity which it once h[illegible]

So it was th[illegible] and Greek came to be thought of, and then openly spoken of, as dead languages. Latin was kept, as it were on sufferance, for certain direct and indispensable uses. Greek tended

more and more to be discarded as useless. The results of this were not immediately obvious, still less were they immediately fatal. We have been until lately living on the intellectual and moral capital inherited by us. *But we have been and are using it up fast. That form of wealth*, like others, becomes exhausted if it is not kept steadily replenished.

The object of the most clear-sighted thinkers and administrators is to reinstate, while there is still time, the ideal of humanism. That ideal is to realize human possibilities and rise to them; to grasp and assimilate the fundamental truths of life; to get in touch, by methods which call for perpetual readjustment, but on lines which remain steadily the same, with the human spirit and the human environment; with the spectacle of the world in which we find ourselves, with the laws and processes of nature, and with the history, thought, and action of mankind.

Now the use of Greek is this, that it lies at the basis of humanism. It was through the Greek genius that man became fully human; and without Greek the humanistic mastery of life remains incomplete. And there is this further point to be added—it is of scarcely inferior importance—that the Greek achievement, more particularly in literature, both prose and poetry, is unequalled in quality. In the great Greek writers there is an excellence never reached before or since. They supply us, and this is as true now as it ever was, not only with an unfailing source of the highest human pleasure, but with a permanent model and standard for our own utmost effort.

Greek is not a quack specific. It can be badly taught and badly learned. It can be so handled (as all the best things can) that it becomes useless or worse than useless. But, even after all allowance is made for this, it is a gate opening into an enlarged and ennobled life. Education without Greek may be, and often is, very good; but with Greek it is better. In this, as in other things, the hope may be cherished that this Commonwealth will not be content with anything short of the best. No democratic nation can fulfil the height of its mission unless it develops the highest possible level of culture throughout the community. No nation conscious of its own greatness and realizing in what national greatness consists can afford to do without the highly cultured citizen who is of vital power in civic or State affairs, or the trained scholar whose function it is to keep up the quality and standard of culture.

Here a word must be said on the doctrine of substitutes. It is often asserted or suggested that the value of Greek may be got in other ways; that through translations of the Greek classics, and through modern books about Greek history, Greek civilization, Greek letters,

thought, and art, we can acquire all that is really useful or enlightening for us, without the labour of learning the Greek language. This is a complete fallacy. However it may be in other matters, in things of the mind there is no such thing as "getting ninepence for fourpence." Substitutes are futile: short-cuts lead nowhere. The way can only be entered through the gate. "I hope all will be well," says that brisk lad, Ignorance, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," "and as for the gate that you talk of, all the world knows that that is a great way off of our Country. I cannot think that any man in all our parts doth so much as know the way to it; nor need they matter whether they do or no, since we have, as you see, a fine pleasant green lane, that comes down from our Country the next way into it." "It pities me much for this poor man," Christian observes to Hopeful; "it will certainly go ill with him at last." And so it did.

Translations from the Greek have their use and their value; but they can in no sense replace the originals. This cannot be put more briefly or pointedly than in the words of a distinguished scholar and translator, Professor Gilbert Murray; they may carry the more weight here because he is himself Australian-born: "When we translate it, the glory is gone." That is true of all the Greek classics, but eminently true of the greatest glory of Greek, its poetry. It is of the essence of poetry that it cannot be translated. The attempt is continually made, because the lure is irresistible. New translations go on being made, simply because each, when it is made, is and is felt to be unsatisfying, misses the vital essence.

So, too, with books of lectures about Greek literature, Greek thought or speculation, Greek political theory and practice. To those who have entered through the gate they may be and often are of the greatest value. To those who have not, they may by luck be stimulating, but are mostly either useless or misleading.

During the Middle Ages, Greek was lost to Europe. Its re-discovery in the fifteenth century was equal in importance to the discovery of America; both were new worlds. There followed on their discovery, and largely as a consequence of it, a great liberation and expansion of the human mind. In the course of time that movement, as happens to all movements of the human spirit, stagnated. Greek studies became professionalized, and Greek itself seemed to be losing some of its virtue. It did not; it was only biding its time. The new world-movement of the last generation has included what is nothing short of a new discovery of Greek. It is only possible here to mention in passing the enormous

effect, not only on thought but on practice, of Plato's "Republic," of the drama of Euripides, of all those historical or philosophical or imaginative writings which show us the Greek mind in speculation and in action. There is no ethical or political or social problem of our own day which the Greek mind did not raise, and of which, whether with success or with failure, it did not attempt a logical solution. One may say with conviction that the Greekless mind is as imperfectly equipped for citizenship as it is for appreciation of literary and artistic excellence.

This is beginning to be realized; but only just in time. For Greek had already dwindled away in schools; and, as a natural or even necessary consequence, became very largely crowded out in the Universities. There has been a lamentable falling off both in the provision for teaching Greek and in the numbers of pupils learning it. This is what can be, as it ought to be, remedied; it will be, if the public consciousness is aroused. In Scotland, once a home of Greek study, the Education Department deplored, not more than a dozen years ago, that industrial communities seemed to feel no use for Greek. This would hardly be said by responsible authorities now; nor, if it were, would it be accepted by an intelligent democracy. It is an industrial community which has special need of a high civilization.

It is time now to say something about that Greek literature for the sake of which it is that we learn Greek. But first it should be noted that the Greek language itself is an unequalled instrument for delicacy, accuracy, and beauty. It was applied to many purposes by writers of all sorts; the stream of time has brought down to us large quantities of rubbish as well as the gold. But the language itself, even when used as it often was to little purpose, gives a new insight into the mechanism of expression.

The Greek genius created that language, and in it and by means of it created all the main types of literature, both in prose and poetry, and brought nearly all of them to perfection Further, in the hands of its great masters, it gave expression in them, once for all, to the primal and essential interests of humanity.

Those who do not know Greek must of course take this on trust; they can only prove it for themselves by learning Greek. And even those who have learned Greek cannot realize its value until they have had experience of life. There is a well-known passage in Macaulay's Diary where, after reading Thucydides (perhaps for the tenth or twentieth time) when he was himself a practised and accomplished historian, he adds, as comment on his amazed admiration, "Young men, whatever

their genius may be, are no judges." It would be easy, but unprofitable, to multiply testimonies. But two more may be cited, as coming from men whose integrity of mind cannot be doubted, who took no doctrines on trust or in indolent acquiescence, and who held no brief for the Classics. Wordsworth calls Herodotus "the most interesting and instructive book, next to the Bible, that has ever been written." Mill pays homage to the Greeks as "the beginners of everything, who made the indispensable first steps which are the foundation of all the rest."

Herodotus no doubt remains both interesting and instructive in what is left of him in a translation. But the difference! the light and colour, the pulse of life, the live voice, have all gone out of it. What Mill had more particularly in mind was the sphere in which his own chief interest lay, that of politics, economics, and social science. Here also translations are quite ineffective substitutes. I have already mentioned the immense influence of Plato, the first and most advanced of Socialists, on modern social theory and practice, both among the Labour Party and in the general trend of popular thought. But that influence acts mainly at second and third hand; and in second-hand knowledge there is a very subtle danger. As diluted or distorted, whether by translation in the ordinary sense, or by the still more perilous translation of substance, which whether consciously or unconsciously is made by all who attempt to popularize the unknown, Greek can become, as the case may be, a narcotic, or an intoxicant, or a high-explosive. There is only one security against this danger; and that is, to know Greek.

Another point may be made here. The Greek masterpieces teach us the lesson, never more needed than now, of humility. They make us feel that we have to go to school to the Greeks. Goethe said of himself in the art of which he was so great a master, "Beside the Greek poets I am absolutely nothing." In a confused babel of tongues, in the torrent of cleverness which spouts and foams round us in endless volume from journalists, novelists, poets, propagandists, it is through Greek that we can keep our feet on solid ground; can realize the virtue of direct truth to nature, of economy in language, of simplicity. Crystalline simplicity—what tells and what lasts—is the final quality of Greek work whether in prose or in poetry. In translations, even the best, it evaporates or becomes turbid. This is just why I will now ask you to consider a few instances from Greek prose-writers and poets.

Let us take first the account given by Herodotus of Marathon, the battle which even now can hardly be named without a lifting of the heart, which determined the whole course of European civilization,

and fixed for a thousand years the Western limit of the Asiatic races. This is how Herodotus, in a few simple sentences, tells the story; I translate his Greek as literally, word for word, as I can:

[illegible] cavalry or archers. So the barbarians thought. But the Athenians, when they [illegible] Persians themselves and the Sacians were posted; there the barbarians had the advantage, broke the line and began to pursue inland. But on each wing the Athenians and Plateans won. As they won, they left the routed forces of the barbarians to flee, and bringing both wings together, engaged those who had broken their centre, and the Athenians won, and pursued the fleeing Persians, cutting them down, until they reached the sea.

That is all. In this or in any English it is bald. That is just my point. In the Greek, the simplicity is charged with emotion that makes every word tell; and it cannot be read, for the first or for the hundreth time, without a thrill of exaltation and awe.

Turn now from Herodotus, "the father of history," to Thucydides, the earliest and still the greatest of scientific historians, and look at the two or three tense vivid pages giving the account of the destruction of the great Athenian army in Sicily. "The modern historian," as Grote observes when he reaches this episode in his History of Greece, "strives in vain to convey the impression of it which appears in the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydides." "There is no prose composition in the world which I place so high; it is the *ne plus ultra* of human art": so Macaulay writes of it, citing with delighted approval the comment made on it by the poet Gray, "Is it or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life?" We can realize it now even better than they, when we think of Gallipoli. At Syracuse there were a hundred and ten Athenian warships and about forty thousand troops, the flower of Athens: and this was out of a total population, slaves included, of only half a million. Imagine, if you can bear to imagine it, the total loss both of the fleet—for at Syracuse not one Athenian ship was saved—and of the whole army landed on the peninsula; and then listen, so far as it can be put into English, to the Greek historian's description of the final scene in a disaster even more awful and irretrievable.

All the day before, the wreck of the army had been [illegible]

through scrubbed hills under a blazing sun without food or water or equipment, the enemy on three sides mowing them down at close range. At night they had to halt; some three hundred men broke through and went wandering through the darkness, only to be caught and cut down by cavalry the next day.

When day broke, Nicias began to move the army on; the Syracusans and their allies pressing them in the same way from all sides, shooting them down. The Athenians kept pressing on towards the Asinarus river, forced by the attack from all sides of the whole swarm of the enemy, including numerous cavalry, and thinking that it would be a bit easier for them if they could get across the river, and at the same time by their distress and their fierce craving to drink. When they reach it, they tumble in, no longer in any order, but every one eager to get across first. The enemy, hard on their backs, made crossing difficult now; for, forced as they were to move in a crowd, they kept falling on one another and trampling one another down; some perished at once on their own spears and packs, other stumbled and kept falling in heaps. From both sides of the river—it ran between cliffs there—the Syracusans kept shooting the Athenians from above, and for the most part while they were drinking greedily and all bunched in confusion in the hollow river-bed; while the Peloponnesians got down after them and made a great slaughter of them in the river. The water was spoiled at once, but was drunk as greedily as ever, mud and all, full of blood, and fought for by the crowd. At last, when the dead bodies were now lying in heaps on one another in the river, and the army destroyed, partly in the river-bed, and any that struggled through by the cavalry, Nicias surrenders to Gylippus, putting more reliance on him than on the Syracusans; telling him and his Lacedæmonians to do as they choose with him, but to stop the murder of his men. Then Gylippus gave the order to take prisoners.

A little later, the two Athenian generals, Nicias and Demosthenes, were killed by the Syracusans, "against the wish of Gylippus"; not that he was any more humane and chivalrous than they, but because he had looked forward to the glory of parading them as prisoners at Sparta. The surviving wreckage of the army was driven into the quarries of Syracuse, where, with no food but a little flour and water, no shelter, no medical attendance, packed close and dying like flies, first in the fierce autumn heat and then in the freezing nights of early winter, amid the "intolerable stench" of wounds and corpses, "suffering all that was possible to suffer in such a place," they were herded miserably for more than two months, and the wretched survivors then sold for slaves. "Such," is the unimpassioned comment of Thucydides, "was the total destruction, fleet and army and everything, and few out of many returned home."

The story of Anzac has not been unworthily told, but not told like this; nor could it have been told so well as it has been, if those who have recorded it had not themselves inherited something of the Greek tradition, with its economy of language, its lucid simplicity, its exact

truth. Two thousand years hence, will it be a story that the inheritors of our civilization will be able to see as though it were passing before their own eyes?

Or once more, take the closing passage of Plato's "Phædo," with its record, in which the consummate art and incomparable beauty of language are used with the amazing Greek simplicity, of the last moments of Socrates.

He uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words), "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

The quietness can be felt; the voice that does not need to shout in order to be heard. But no less here than in the other passages, the English can give but a faint idea of the lucid precision and effortless power of the Greek. This is still more so if we turn from prose to poetry, in which form and substance are wholly inseparable. Any instances from poetry had better, therefore, be of the briefest.

For one instance, I ask you to take the last line of the "Iliad," "So *these held funeral for Hector the knight," and the comment made on* it by one of its translators who was himself a poet. "I cannot take my leave of this noble poem," are Cowper's words, "without expressing how much I am struck with this plain conclusion of it. . . . I recollect nothing among the works of mere man that exemplifies so strongly the true style of great antiquity." "The true style": that is a phrase worth remembering and taking to heart. For *le style*, in the famous adage of Buffon, *c'est l'homme même*; and when we speak of the true style we mean the perfect expression of the true greatness of man.

For another, one might cite what is perhaps the noblest utterance ever placed in human lips, the couplet written by Simonides for the memorial stone set up over the three hundred Spartans who died at Thermopylæ: *Passer-by, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here obeying their orders.* So we may attempt to render it; but this or any other rendering loses not only the beauty but half the meaning of the original. The word translated "passer-by" means that, but it also means "stranger," and it also means "friend." The word translated "lie" means that, but it also means "fell" The phrase rendered "obeying their orders" is many-faceted; it means that, but it means likewise "accepting their laws" and "having faith in their word."

For another still, we might take one of the fragments of Sappho, that incomparable lyrist who was to the Greeks simply "the poetess" as Homer was "the poet": the seven incredibly simple words, for instance, of which the English shadow is, "I loved you once, Atthis, long ago," and which give, as no other poet has given, the nightingale note with its liquid, piercing sweetness.

Or, if time allowed, I could speak of those many intense and poignant lines in Sophocles (the most consummate of all dramatists) that are not led up to and are not stressed, but simply are there as if they happened—lines in which language becomes transfigured and almost more than human. But of these one may gather some idea from lines in Shakespeare which have the same terrible and piercing simplicity, like words in *Macbeth*:

> I cannot but remember such things were,

or Edgar's in *King Lear*:

> Men must endure
> Their going hence, even as their coming hither.

In such lines, more than ever, the actual form, the music and cadence in the language, are of the essence of what the words express. Translation spoils them; commentary only blurs them. The fact, then, is this: if we would make Greek poetry a possession and an inspiration of our own (and there is no possession more precious, no inspiration more powerful) we must know Greek. There is no other way.

It is further to be borne in mind that Greek is at the foundation not only of literature and art and thought, not only of the physical and social sciences, but of the Christian religion. It was, in fact, taught and learned in Europe from the sixteenth century onward primarily as the necessary equipment of clerics and theologians. St. Paul is in this sense one of the most important Greek classics. No less are the Gospels; for while they are based on Aramaic documents or oral traditions, these are lost, and we cannot, except imperfectly and conjecturally, get behind the Greek Gospels. With St. Paul as with Plato, with St. Luke as with Herodotus, the English rendering inevitably loses something of the original by distortion or variation or subtle changes of implication or emphasis. Both the Authorized and the Revised Versions, and any other that can be made, are necessarily imperfect. I need not enlarge on this; it is only necessary to note that Greek is indispensable for an educated ministry, and that it cannot be satisfactorily acquired in Universities or theological colleges without school-grounding. Col-

leges must be fed with prepared material if they are to fulfil their own function. It is the bed-rock principle of national education that it should be a single organism, of which every part performs its own function. In that organism, the Universities have their function, the Schools theirs. There must be continuity, but not confusion. To set a University to do the work of a secondary school is as wasteful as it would be to set a secondary school to do the work of a University. This applies to Greek as it does to English or to history or to science.

It has been noted by a thoughtful observer, as the great weakness of American civilization, that there is no aspiration, in cities or communities, to intellectual leadership; that the rivalry which is a powerful and need not be an ignoble stimulus to progress extends only to growth of numbers, or material wealth, or industrial output. Is this true of Australia also? or of Melbourne? I hope not: but the question must be asked expressly and answered honestly. A White Australia worthy of the name must be white not only racially but culturally; it must preserve and heighten its standards. People here, as in Great Britain, talk, hopefully or despairingly as the case may be, about the prospect of saving Greek. They have done so for long It is nearly fifty years since Jowett wrote of Oxford and Cambridge: "I hope we shall save Greek in the Universities." The Universities cannot save either Greek or anything else, unless they have national consciousness behind them; unless there is in the body of the nation the will to live a high life, love and respect for knowledge, belief in the discipline and elevating power of learning, a sense of the human ideal as it was created in Greece.

That ideal hinges on three words: truth, beauty, freedom. We have still to go back to Greece to learn savingly the lesson that these three are one and inseparable; that truth without beauty and freedom is a withering up of vitality; that beauty without truth and freedom is poisonous; that freedom without truth and beauty leads straight to anarchy and dissolution. Or, to put it in other words, it is only truth and beauty that make man free; it is only truth and freedom that make life beautiful; it is only beauty and freedom that make truth live.

I have shown, as I hope, that Greek is not an idle luxury. The heavier charge is that it is, or may be, an intoxicant. But that is true, as I have also endeavoured to indicate, of its dilutions and misinterpretations rather than of itself. Itself it is indeed a powerful stimulant, but also a disciplining and controlling power.

Still, one objection may be raised, and it is perhaps the commonest: what is the good of a little Greek? When science was introduced into

our schools it was decried by reactionary conservatives as a smattering. It has lived through that outcry and established itself. Now the tables are turned, and contempt is poured as freely (and as foolishly) on "a smattering of Greek and Latin." But smattering is a different thing from grounding. No one says that to learn the multiplication table is to get a smattering of arithmetic. To the question, What is the good of a little Greek? it would be sufficient to answer that virtue goes out from even a little of it. It is wonderful how soon we can get into touch with the essence of the Greek spirit even by touching a corner of it, the hem of its garment. We forget it all afterwards? Perhaps; but it has made us different. But the question itself, if we think a little more deeply, is futile. What is the good, one might as well ask, of a little of anything? of a little food? or of a little joy? or, if we come to that, of a little life? Life, with its splendour and its awful brevity, is given us not to be left empty, but to be filled. Even a very little Greek—but need it be always so little?—helps towards this, whether we regard it as an instrument, or an equipment, or an organic energy assimilated by us and becoming part of us. It enables us to enter more fully into the human inheritance.

I have touched on what Greek literature means, but said nothing of Greek art; nor does the occasion permit of our entering now on another field of equally fascinating interest: what we owe, not only historically and as a debt of the past, but in actual research of the present day, to the work of Greek masters in the mathematical and physical sciences, and in the whole group of studies which circle round the medical profession and the mistress-art of healing. It must suffice if I have shown, as has been my aim, that Greek is an invaluable element in civilized life. If that be established, it follows without argument that it is an irreplaceable element in the education of a civilized State.

What is civilization? The word, like so many in our language (sixty per cent., it has been calculated), is Latin; and the thing is in its substantial structure a Latin achievement. But to the Romans, as to us, vital force came from Greece. They gained, as we do, experience, ideals, power of expression, sense of the dignity of human nature, from the products of the Greek genius. From the same source they drew their maxims on the relation of the individual to the community, and the relation of both individual and community to the physical world in which they live, and to the spiritual world which is the highest reality.

There is an old story, familiar no doubt to many here, of the question which I took for the title of this address being asked of a Dean of Christ

Church a century ago or more, and of his reply that knowledge of Greek not only enabled those who possessed it to feel conscious superiority over others, but also led to positions of great dignity and emolument. The latter of these motives cannot be offered now; but there remains as a reward the dignity of human nature, and the spiritual emolument which cannot depreciate, cannot be lost or confiscated. For the former, the claim which holds good is that Greek makes us consciously superior not to others, but to ourselves. The good of Greek, in the last resort, is that it gives, in a way that nothing else quite does, the highest kind of joy; and such joys are not so common that we can afford to cast them away.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE (*b.* 1860)

Late Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Dean of St. Paul's. Religious author and writer on social subjects. His "Outspoken Essays" won him the nickname of the "Gloomy Dean," for his prognostications were of the blackest. As a scholar and mystic he is clearest seen in his masterly study of Plotinus; and as a polemical partisan he is best revealed in his recent volumes of essays. He is considered reactionary in politics and modernist in religion, and can evolve phrases which linger and live. No religious author to-day writes with greater authority or is listened to with more general attention by those who count.

ST. PAUL

Among all the great men of antiquity there is none, with the exception of Cicero, whom we may know so intimately as Saul of Tarsus. The main facts of his career have been recorded by a contemporary, who was probably his friend and travelling companion. A collection of letters, addressed to the little religious communities which he founded, reveals the character of the writer no less than the nature of his work. Alone among the first preachers of Christianity, he stands before us as a living man. *Οἷος πέπνυται, τοὶ δὲ σκιαὶ ἀΐσσουσι.* We know very little in reality of Peter and James and John, of Apollos and Barnabas. And of our divine Master no biography can ever be written.

With St. Paul it is quite different. He is a saint without a luminous halo. His personal characteristics are too distinct and too human to make idealization easy. For this reason he has never been the object of popular devotion. Shadowy figures like St. Joseph and St. Anne have been divinized and surrounded with picturesque legends; but St. Paul has been spared the honour or the ignominy of being coaxed and wheedled by the piety of paganized Christianity. No tender fairy-tales are attached to his cult; he remains for us what he was in the flesh.

It is even possible to feel an active dislike for him. Lagarde ("Deutsche Schriften," p. 71) abuses him as a politician might vilify an opponent. "It is monstrous" (says he) "that men of any historical training should attach any importance to this Paul. This outsider was a Pharisee from top to toe even after he became a Christian"—and much more to the same effect. Nietzsche describes him as "one of the most ambitious of men, whose superstition was only equalled by his cunning. A much tortured, much to be pitied man, an exceedingly unpleasant person both to himself and to others. . . . He had a great deal on his conscience. He alludes to enmity, murder, sorcery, idolatry, impurity, drunkenness, and the love of carousing." Renan, who could never have made himself ridiculous by such ebullitions as these, does not disguise his repugnance for the "ugly little Jew" whose character he can neither understand nor admire. These outbursts of personal animosity so strange in modern critics dealing with a personage of ancient history, show how vividly his figure stands out from the canvas. There are very few historical characters who are alive enough to be hated.

It is, however, only in our own day that the personal characteristics of St. Paul have been intelligently studied; and the most valuable books about him are later than the unbalanced tirades of Lagarde and Nietzsche, and the carping estimate of Renan. In the nineteenth century, Paul was obscured behind Paulinism. His letters were studied as treatises on systematic theology. Elaborate theories of atonement, justification, and grace were expounded on his authority, as if he had been a religious philosopher or theological professor like Origen and Thomas Aquinas. The name of the apostle came to be associated with angular and frigid disquisitions which were rapidly losing their connexion with vital religion. It has been left for the scholars of the present century to give us a picture of St. Paul as he really was—a man much nearer to George Fox or John Wesley than to Origen or Calvin; the greatest of missionaries and pioneers, and only incidentally a great theologian. The critical study of the New Testament has opened our eyes to see this and many other things. Much new light has also been thrown by studies in the historical geography of Asia Minor, a work in which British scholars have characteristically taken a prominent part. The delightful books of Sir W. M. Ramsay have now been supplemented by the equally attractive volume of another travelling scholar, Professor Deissmann. A third source of new information is the mass of inscriptions and papyri which have been discovered in the last twenty years. The social life of the middle and lower classes in the Levant, their religious beliefs and

practices, and the language which they spoke, are now partially known to us, as they never were before. The human interest in the Pauline Epistles, and of the Acts, is largely increased by these accessions to knowledge.

The Epistles are real letters, not treatises by a theological professor, nor literary productions like the Epistles of Seneca. Each was written with reference to a definite situation; they are messages which would have been delivered orally had the Apostle been present. Several letters have certainly been lost; and St. Paul would probably not have cared much to preserve them. There is no evidence that he ever thought of adding to the Canon of Scripture by his correspondence. The author of Acts seems not to have read any of the letters. This view of the Epistles has rehabilitated some of them, which were regarded as spurious by the Tübingen school and their successors. The question which we now ask when the authenticity of an Epistle is doubted is, Do we find the same man? not, Do we find the same system? There is, properly speaking, no system in St. Paul's theology, and there is a singularly rapid development of thought. The "Pastoral Epistles" are probably not genuine, though the defence of them is not quite a desperate undertaking. Of the rest, the weight of evidence is slightly against the Pauline authorship of Ephesians, the vocabulary of which differs considerably from that of the undoubted Epistles; and the short letter called 2 Thessalonians is open to some suspicion. The genuineness of Ephesians is not of great importance to the student of Pauline theology, unless the closely allied Epistle to the Colossians is also rejected; and there has been a remarkable return of confidence in the Pauline authorship of this letter. All the other Epistles seem to be firmly established.

The other source of information about St. Paul's life is the Acts of the Apostles, the value of which as a historical document is very variously estimated. The doubts refer mainly to the earlier chapters, before St. Paul appears on the scene. Sane criticism can hardly dispute that the "we-passages," in which the writer speaks of St. Paul and himself in the first person plural, are the work of an eye-witness, and that most of the important facts in the later chapters are from the same source. The difficult problem is concerned with the relation of this writer to the editor, who is responsible for the "Petrine" part of the book. There is very much to be said in favour of the tradition that this editor, who also compiled the Third Gospel, was Lucas or Lucanus, the physician and friend of St. Paul. It does not necessarily follow that he was the fellow-traveller who in a few places speaks of himself in the first person.

Luke (if we may decide the question for ourselves by giving him this name) must have been a man of very attractive character; full of kindness, loyalty, and Christian charity. He is the most feminine (not effeminate) writer in the New Testament, and shows a marked partiality for the tender aspects of Christianity. He is attracted by miracles, and by all that makes history picturesque and romantic. His social sympathies are so keen that his gospel furnishes the Christian socialist with nearly all his favourite texts. Above all, he is a Greek man of letters, dominated by the conventions of Greek historical composition. For the Greek, history was a work of art, written for edification, and not merely a bald record of facts. The Greek historian invented speeches for his principal characters; this was a conventional way of elucidating the situation for the benefit of his readers. Every one knows how Thucydides, the most conscientious historian in antiquity, habitually uses this device, and how candidly he explains his method. We can hardly doubt that the author of Acts has used a similar freedom, though the report of the address to the elders of Ephesus reads like a summary of an actual speech. The narrative is coloured in places by the historian's love for the miraculous. Critics have also suspected an eirenical purpose in his treatment of the relations between St. Paul and the Jerusalem Church.

Saul of Tarsus was a Benjamite of pure Israelite descent, but also a Roman citizen by birth. His famous old Jewish name was Latinized or Græcized as Paulos (Σαῦλος means "waddling," and would have been a ridiculous name); he doubtless bore both names from boyhood. Tarsus is situated in the plain of Cilicia, and is now about ten miles from the sea. It is backed by a range of hills, on which the wealthier residents had villas, while the high glens of Taurus, nine or ten miles further inland, provided a summer residence for those who could afford it, and a fortified acropolis in time of war. The town on the plain must have been almost intolerable in the fierce Anatolian summer-heat. The harbour was a lake formed by the Cydnus, five or six miles below Tarsus; but light ships could sail up the river into the heart of the city. Thus Tarsus had the advantages of a maritime town, though far enough from the sea to be safe from pirates. The famous pass called the "Cilician Gates" was traversed by a high road through the gorge into Cappadocia. Ionian colonists came to Tarsus in very early times; and Ramsay is confident that Tarshish, "the son of Javan," in Genesis x. 4, is none other than Tarsus. The Greek settlers, of course, mixed with the natives, and the Oriental element gradually swamped the Hellenic.

The coins of Tarsus show Greek figures and Aramaic lettering. The principal deity was Baal-Tarz, whose effigy appears on most of the coins. Under the successors of Alexander, Greek influence revived, but the administration continued to be of the Oriental type; and Tarsus never became a Greek city, until in the first half of the second century B.C. it proclaimed its own autonomy, and renamed itself Antioch-on-Cydnus. Great privileges were granted it by Antiochus Epiphanes, and it rapidly grew in wealth and importance. Besides the Greeks, there was a large colony of Jews, who always established themselves on the highways of the world's commerce. Since St. Paul was a "citizen" of Tarsus, i.e. a member of one of the "Tribes" into which the citizens were divided, it is probable (so Ramsay argues) that there was a large "Tribe" of Jews at Tarsus; for no Jew would have been admitted into, or would have consented to join, a Greek Tribe, with its pagan cult.

So matters stood when Cilicia became a Roman Province in 104 B.C. The city fell into the hands of the barbarian Tigranes twenty years later, but Gnæus Pompeius re-established the Roman power, and with it the dominance of Hellenism, in 63. Augustus turned Cilicia into a mere adjunct of Syria; and the pride of Tarsus received a check. Nevertheless, the Emperor showed great favour to the Tarsians, who had sided with Julius and himself in the civil wars. Tarsus was made a "libera civitas," with the right to live under its own laws. The leading citizens were doubtless given the Roman citizenship, or allowed to purchase it. Among these would naturally be a number of Jews, for that nation loved Julius Cæsar, and detested Pompeius. But Hellenism could not retain its hold on Tarsus. Dion Chrysostom, who visited it at the beginning of the second century A.D., found it a thoroughly Oriental town, and notes that the women were closely veiled in Eastern fashion. Possibly this accounts for St. Paul's prejudice against unveiled women in church. One Greek institution, however, survived and flourished—a university under municipal patronage. Strabo speaks with high admiration of the zeal for learning displayed by the Tarsians, who formed the entire audience at the professors' lectures, since no students came from outside. This last fact shows, perhaps, that the lecturers were not men of wide reputation; indeed, it is not likely that Tarsus was able to compete with Athens and Alexandria in attracting famous teachers. The most eminent Tarsians, such as Antipater the Stoic, went to Europe and taught there. What distinguished Tarsus was its love of learning, widely diffused in all classes of the population.

St. Paul did not belong to the upper class. He was a working artisan, a "tent-maker," who followed one of the regular trades of the place. Perhaps, as Deissmann thinks, the "large letters" of Galatians vi. 11 imply that he wrote clumsily, like a working-man and not like a scribe. The words indicate that he usually dictated his letters. The "Acts of Paul and Thekla" describe him as short and bald, with a hook-nose and beetling brows; there is nothing improbable in this description. But he was far better educated than the modern artisan. Not that a single quotation from Menander (1 Cor. xv. 33) shows him to be a good Greek scholar; and an Englishman may quote "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" without being a Shakespearian. But he was well educated because he was the son of a strict Jew. A child in such a home would learn by heart large pieces of the Old Testament, and, at the Synagogue school, all the *minutiæ* of the Jewish law. The pupil was not allowed to write anything down; all was committed to the memory, which in consequence became extremely retentive. The perfect pupil "lost not a drop from his teacher's cistern." At the age of about fourteen the boy would be sent to Jerusalem, to study under one of the great Rabbis; in St. Paul's case it was Gamaliel. Under his tuition the young Pharisee would learn to be a "strong Churchman." The Rabbis viewed everything from an ecclesiastical standpoint. The interests of the Priesthood, the Altar and the Temple overshadowed everything else. The Priestly code, says Mr. Cohu, practically resolves itself into one idea: Everything in Israel belongs to God; all places, all times, all persons, and all property are His But God accepts a part of His due; and, if this part is scrupulously paid, He will send His blessing upon the remainder. Besides the written law, the Pharisee had to take on himself the still heavier burden of the oral law, which was equally binding. It was a seminary education of the most rigorous kind. St. Paul cannot reproach himself with any slackness during his novitiate. He threw himself into the system with characteristic ardour. Probably he meant to be a Jerusalem Rabbi himself, still practising his trade, as the Rabbis usually did. For he was unmarried; and every Jew except a Rabbi was expected to marry at or before the age of twenty-one.

He suffered from some obscure physical trouble, the nature of which we can only guess. It was probably epilepsy, a disease which is compatible with great powers of endurance and great mental energy, as is proved by the cases of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. He was liable to mystical trances, in which some have found a confirmation of the

supposition that he was epileptic. But these abnormal states were rare with him; in writing to the Galatians he has to go back fourteen years to the date when he was "caught up into the third heaven." The visions and voices which attended his active ministry prove nothing about his health. At that time anyone who underwent a physical experience for which he could not account believed that he was possessed by a spirit, good or bad. It is significant that Tertullian, at the end of the second century, says that "almost the majority of mankind derive their knowledge of God from visions." The impression that St. Paul makes upon us is that of a man full of nervous energy and able to endure an exceptional amount of privation and hardship. A curious indication, which has not been noticed, is that, as he tells us himself, he five times received the maximum number of lashes from Jewish tribunals. These floggings in the Synagogues were very severe, the operator being required to lay on with his full strength. There is evidence that in most cases a much smaller number of strokes than the full thirty-nine was inflicted, so as not to endanger the life of the culprit. The other trials which he mentions—three Roman scourgings, one stoning, a day and night spent in battling with the waves after shipwreck, would have worn out any constitution not exceptionally tough.

We must bear in mind this terrible record of suffering if we wish to estimate fairly the character of the man. During his whole life after his conversion he was exposed not only to the hardships of travel, sometimes in half-civilized districts, but to "all the cruelty of the fanaticism which rages like a consuming fire through the religious history of the East from the slaughter of Baal's priests to the slaughter of St. Stephen, and from the butcheries of Jews at Alexandria under Caligula to the massacres of Christians at Adana, Tarsus, and Antioch in the year 1909" (Deissmann). It is one evil result of such furious bigotry that it kindles hatred and resentment in its victims, and tempts them to reprisals. St. Paul does speak bitterly of his opponents, though chiefly when he finds that they have injured his converts, as in the letter to the Galatians. Modern critics have exaggerated this element in a character which does not seem to have been fierce or implacable. He writes like a man engaged in a stern conflict against enemies who will give no quarter, and who shrink from no treachery. But the sharpest expression that can be laid to his charge is the impatient, perhaps half humorous wish that the Judaizers who want to circumcise the Galatians might be subjected to a severer operation themselves (Gal. v. 12). The dominant impression that he makes upon us is that he was cast in a

heroic mould. He is serenely indifferent to criticism and calumny; no power on earth can turn him from his purpose. He has made once for all a complete sacrifice of all earthly joys and all earthly ties; he has broken (he, the devout Jewish Catholic) with his Church and braved her thunders; he has faced the opprobrium of being called traitor, heretic and apostate; he has "withstood to the face" the Palestinian apostles who were chosen by Jesus and held His commission, he has set his face to achieve, almost single-handed, the conquest of the Roman Empire, a thing never dreamed of by the Jerusalem Church; he is absolutely indifferent whether his mission will cost him his life, or only involve a continuation of almost intolerable hardship. It is this indomitable courage, complete self-sacrifice, and single-minded devotion to a magnificently audacious but not impracticable idea, which constitute the greatness of St. Paul's character. He was, with all this, a warm-hearted and affectionate man, as he proves abundantly by the tone of his letters. His personal religion was, in essence, a pure mysticism; he worships a Christ whom he has experienced as a living presence in his soul. The mystic who is also a man of action, and a man of action because he is a mystic, wields a tremendous power over other men. He is like an invulnerable knight, fighting in magic armour.

It is an interesting and difficult question whether we should regard the intense moral dualism of the Epistle to the Romans as a confession that the writer has had an unusually severe personal battle with temptation. The moral struggle certainly assumes a more tragic aspect in these passages than in the experience of many saintly characters. We find something like it in Augustine, and again in Luther; it may even be suggested that these great men have stamped upon the Christian tradition the idea of a harsher "clash of yes and no" than the normal experience of the moral life can justify. But it is not certain that the first person singular in such verses as "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" is a personal confession at all. It may be for human nature generally that he is speaking, when he gives utterance to that consciousness of sin which was one of the most distinctive parts of the Christian religion from the first. It does not seem likely that a man of so lofty and heroic a character was ever seriously troubled with ignominious temptations. That he yielded to them, as Nietzsche and others have suggested, is in the highest degree improbable. Even if the self-reproaches were uttered in his own person, we have many other instances of saints who have blamed themselves passionately for what ordinary men would consider slight transgressions. Of all

the Epistles, the Second to the Corinthians is the one which contains the most intimate self-revelations, and few can read it without loving as well as honouring its author.

We know nothing of the Apostle's residence at Jerusalem except the name of his teacher. But it was at this time that he became steeped in the Pharisaic doctrines which formed the framework in which his earlier Christian beliefs were set. It is now recognized that Pharisaism, far from being the antipodes of Christianity, was rather the quarter where the Gospel found its best recruits. The Pharisaic school contained the greater part of whatever faith, loyalty and piety remained among the Jewish people; and its dogmatic system passed almost entire into the earliest Christian Church, with the momentous addition that Jesus was the Messiah. A few words on the Pharisaic teaching which St. Paul must have imbibed from Gamaliel are indispensable even in an article which deals with Paul, and not with Paulinism.

The distinctive feature of the Jewish religion is not, as is often supposed, its monotheism. Hebrew religion in its golden age was monolatry rather than monotheism; and when Jahveh became more strictly "the only God," the cult of intermediate beings came in, and restored a quasi-polytheism. The distinctive feature in Jewish faith is its historical and teleological character. The God of the Jew is not natural law. If the idea of necessary causation ever forced itself upon his mind, he at once gave it the form of predestination. The whole of history is an unfolding of the divine purpose; and so history as a whole has for the Jew an importance which it never had for a Greek thinker, nor for the Hellenized Jew Philo. The Hebrew idea of God is dynamic and ethical; it is therefore rooted in the idea of Time. The Pharisaic school modified this prophetic teaching in two ways. It became more spiritual; anthropomorphisms were removed, and the transcendence of God above the world was more strictly maintained. On the other hand, the religious relationship became in their hands narrower and more external. The notion of a covenant was defined more rigorously; the Law was practically exalted above God, so that the Rabbis even represent the Deity as studying the Law. With this legalism went a spirit of intense exclusiveness and narrow ecclesiasticism. As God was raised above direct contact with men, the old animistic belief in angels and demons, which had lasted on in the popular mind by the side of the worship of Jahveh, was extended in a new way. A celestial hierarchy was invented, with names, and an infernal hierarchy too; the malevolent ghosts of animism became fallen angels.

Satan, who in Job is the crown-prosecutor, one of God's retinue, becomes God's adversary; and the angels, formerly manifestations of God Himself, are now quite separated from Him. A supramundane physics or cosmology was evolved at the same time. Above Zion, the centre of the earth, rise seven heavens, in the highest of which the Deity has His throne. The underworld is now first divided into Paradise and Gehenna. The doctrine of the fall of man, through his participation in the representative guilt of his first parents, is Pharisaic; as is the strange legend, which St. Paul seems to have believed (2 Cor. xi. 3), that the Serpent carnally seduced Eve, and so infected the race with perpetual poison. Justification, in Pharisaism as for St. Paul, means the verdict of acquittal. The bad receive in this life the reward for any small merits which they may possess; the sins of the good must be atoned for; but merits, as in Roman Catholicism, may be stored and transferred. Martyrdoms especially augment the spiritual bank-balance of the whole nation. There was no official Messianic doctrine, only a mass of vague fancies and beliefs, grouped round the central idea of the appearance on earth of a supernatural Being, who should establish a theocracy of some kind at Jerusalem. The righteous dead will be raised to take part in this kingdom. The course of the world is thus divided into two epochs—"this age" and "the age to come." A catastrophe will end the former and inaugurate the latter. The promised deliverer is now waiting in heaven with God, until his hour comes; and it will come very soon. All this St. Paul must have learned from Gamaliel. It formed the framework of his theology as a Christian for many years after his conversion, and was only partially thrown off, under the influence of mystical experience and of Greek ideas, during the period covered by the letters. The lore of good and bad spirits (the latter are "the princes of this world" in 1 Cor. ii. 6, 8) pervades the Epistles more than modern readers are willing to admit. It is part of the heritage of the Pharisaic school.

It is very unlikely (in spite of Johannes Weiss) that St. Paul ever saw Jesus in the flesh. But he did come in contact with the little Christian community at Jerusalem. These disciples at first attempted to live as strict members of the Jewish Church. They knew that the coming Messiah was their crucified Master, but this belief involved no rupture with Judaism. So at least they thought themselves; the Sanhedrin saw more clearly what the new movement meant. The crisis came when numerous "Hellenists" attached themselves to the Church —Jews of the Dispersion from Syria, Egypt, and elsewhere. A

threatened rupture between these and the Palestinian Christians was averted by the appointment of seven deacons or charity commissioners, among whom Stephen soon became prominent by the dangerously "liberal" character of his teaching. Philo gives important testimony to the existence of a "liberal" school among the Jews of the Dispersion, who, under pretext of spiritualizing the traditional law, left off keeping the Sabbath and the great festivals, and even dispensed with the rite of circumcision. Thus the admission of Gentiles on very easy terms into the Church was no new idea to the Palestinian Jews; it was known to them as part of the shocking laxity which prevailed among their brethren of the Dispersion. With Stephen, this kind of liberalism seemed to have entered the group of "disciples." He was accused of saying that Jesus was to destroy the temple and change the customs of Moses. In his bold defence he admitted that in his view the Law was valid only for a limited period, which would expire so soon as Jesus returned as Messiah. This was quite enough for the Sanhedrin. They stoned Stephen, and compelled the "disciples" to disperse and fly for their lives. Only the Apostles, whose devotion to the Law was well known, were allowed to remain. This last fact, briefly recorded in Acts, is important as an indication that the persecution was directed only against the liberalizing Christians, and that these were the great majority. Saul, it seems, had no quarrel with the twelve; his hatred and fanaticism were aroused against a sect of Hellenist Jews who openly proclaimed that the Law had been abrogated in advance by their Master, who, as Saul observed with horror, had incurred the curse of the Law by dying on a gibbet. All the Pharisee in him was revolted; and he led the savage heretic-hunt which followed the execution of Stephen.

What caused the sudden change which so astonished the survivors among his victims? To suppose that nothing prepared for the vision near Damascus, that the apparition in the sky was a mere "bolt from the blue," is an impossible theory. The best explanation is furnished by a study of the Apostle's character, which we really know very well. The author of the Epistles was certainly not a man who could watch a young saint being battered to death by howling fanatics, and feel no emotion. Stephen's speech may have made him indignant; his heroic death, the very ideal of a martyrdom, must have awakened very different feelings. An undercurrent of dissatisfaction, almost of disgust, at the arid and unspiritual seminary teaching of the Pharisees now surged up and came very near the surface. His bigotry sustained him as a per-

secutor for a few weeks more; but how if he could himself see what the dying Stephen said that he saw? Would not that be a welcome liberation? The vision came in the desert, where men see visions and hear voices to this day. They were very common in the desert of Gobi when Marco Polo traversed it. "The Spirit of Jesus," as he came to call it, spoke to his heart, and the form of Jesus flashed before his eyes. Stephen had been right; the Crucified was indeed the Lord from heaven. So Saul became a Christian; and it was to the Christianity of Stephen, not to that of James the Lord's brother, that he was converted. The Pharisee in him was killed.

The travelling missionary was as familiar a figure in the Levant as the travelling lecturer on philosophy. The Greek language brought all nationalities together. The Hellenizing of the East had gone on steadily since the conquests of Alexander; and Greek was already as useful as Latin in many parts of the West. A century later, Marcus Aurelius wrote his Confessions in Greek; and even in the middle of the third century, when the tide was beginning to turn in favour of Latin, Plotinus lectured in Greek at Rome. Christianity, within a few years after the Crucifixion, had allied itself definitely with the speech, and therefore inevitably with the spirit, of Hellenism. At no time since have travel and trade been so free between the West of Europe and the West of Asia. A Phrygian merchant (according to the inscription on his tomb) made seventy-two journeys to Rome in the course of his business life. The decomposition of nationalities, and the destruction of civic exclusiveness, led naturally to the formation of voluntary associations of all kinds, from religious sects to trade unions; sometimes a single association combined these two functions. The Oriental religions appealed strongly to the unprivileged classes, among which genuine religious faith was growing, while the official cults of the Roman Empire were unsatisfying in themselves and associated with tyranny. The attempt of Augustus to resuscitate the old religion was artificial and unfruitful. The living movement was towards a syncretism of religious ideas and practices, all of which came from the Eastern provinces and beyond them. The prominent features in this new devotion were the removal of the supreme Godhead from the world to a transcendental sphere; contempt for the world and ascetic abnegation of "the flesh"; a longing for healing and redemption, and a close identification of salvation with individual immortality; and, finally, trust in sacraments ("mysteries," in Greek) as indispensable means of grace or redemption. This was the Paganism with which

where family life was pure and mutual confidence full, frank and seldom abused—the woman and the slave, of whom Aristotle had spoken so contemptuously, flocked into his congregations, and began to organize themselves for that victory which Nietzsche thought so deplorable.

It is not necessary in this essay to traverse again the familiar field of St. Paul's missionary journeys. The first epoch, which embraces about fourteen years, had its scene in Syria and Cilicia, with the short tour in Cyprus and other parts of Asia Minor. The second period, which ends with the imprisonment in A.D. 58 or 59, is far more important. St. Paul crosses into Europe; he works in Macedonia and Greece. Churches are founded in two of the great towns of the ancient world, Corinth and Ephesus. According to his letters, we must assume that he only once returned to Jerusalem, from the great tour in the West, undertaken after the controversy with Peter; and that the object of this visit was to deliver the money which he had promised to collect for the poor "saints" at Jerusalem. He intended after this to go to Rome, and thence to Spain—a scheme worthy of the restless genius of an Alexander. He saw Rome, indeed, but as a prisoner. The rest of his life is lost in obscurity. The writer of the Acts does not say that the two years' imprisonment ended in his execution; and if it was so, it is difficult to see why such a fact should be suppressed. If the charge against him was at last dismissed, because the accusers did not think it worth while to come to Rome to prosecute it, St. Luke's silence is more explicable. In any case, we may regard it as almost certain that St. Paul ended his life under a Roman axe during the reign of Nero.

"There is hardly any fact" (says Harnack) "which deserves to be turned over and pondered so much as this, that the religion of Jesus has never been able to root itself in Jewish or even upon Semitic soil." This extraordinary result is the judgment of history upon the life and work of St. Paul. Jewish Christianity rapidly withered and died. According to Justin, who must have known the facts, Jesus was rejected by the whole Jewish nation "with a few exceptions." In Galilee especially, few, if any, Christian Churches existed. There are other examples, of which Buddhism is the most notable, of a religion gaining its widest acceptance outside the borders of the country which gave it birth. But history offers no parallel to the complete vindication of St. Paul's policy in carrying Christianity over into the Græco-Roman world, where alone, as the event proved, it could live. This is a complete answer to those who maintain that Christ made no break with

Judaism. Such a statement is only tenable if it is made in the sense of Harnack's words, that "what Gentile Christianity did was to carry out a process which had in fact commenced long before in Judaism itself, viz. the process by which the Jewish religion was inwardly emancipated and turned into a religion for the world." But the true account would be that Judaism, like other great ideas, had to "die to live." It died in its old form, in giving birth to the religion of civilized humanity, as the Greek nation perished in giving birth to Hellenism, and the Roman in creating the Mediterranean empire of the Cæsars and the Catholic Church of the Popes. The Jewish people were unable to make so great a sacrifice of their national hopes With the matchless tenacity which characterizes their race they clung to their tribal God and their temporal and local millennium. The disasters of A.D. 70 and of the revolt under Hadrian destroyed a great part of the race, and at last uprooted it from the soil of Palestine. But conservatism, as usual, has had its partial justification. Judaism has refused to acknowledge the religion of the civilized world as her legitimate child; but the nation has refused also to surrender its life. There are no more Greeks and Romans; but the Jews we have always with us.

St. Paul saw that the Gospel was a far greater and more revolutionary scheme than the Galilean apostles had dreamed of. In principle he committed himself from the first to the complete emancipation of Christianity from Judaism. But it was inevitable that he did not at first realize all that he had undertaken. And, fortunately for us, the most rapid evolution in his thought took place during the ten years to which his extant letters belong. It is exceedingly interesting to trace his gradual progress away from Apocalyptic Messianism to a position very near that of the Fourth Gospel. The evangelist whom we call St. John is the best commentator on Paulinism. This is one of the most important discoveries of recent New Testament criticism.

In the earliest Epistles—those of the Thessalonians—we have the naïve picture of Messiah coming on the clouds, which, as we now know, was part of the Pharisaic tradition. In the central group the Christology is far more complex. Besides the Pharisaic Messiah, and the records of the historical Jesus of Nazareth, we have now to reckon with the Jewish-Alexandrian idea of the generic, archetypal man, which is unintelligible without reference to the Platonic philosophy. Philo is here a great help towards understanding one of the most difficult parts of the Apostle's teaching. We have also, fully developed, the mystical doctrine of the Spirit of Christ immanent in the soul of the

details, that we are justified in finding a real and deep influence of the mystery-cults upon Christianity. The Catholic conception of sacraments as bonds uniting religious communities, and as channels of grace flowing from a corporate treasury was as certainly part of the Greek mystery-religion as it was foreign to Judaism. The mysteries had their bad side, as might be expected in private and half-secret societies; but their influence as a whole was certainly good. The three chief characteristics of mystery-religion were, first, rites of purification, both moral and ceremonial; second, the promise of spiritual communion with some deity, who through them enters into his worshippers; third, the hope of immortality, which the Greeks often called "deification," and which was secured to those who were initiated.

It is useless to deny that St. Paul regarded Christianity as, at least on one side, a mystery-religion. Why else should he have used a number of technical terms which his readers would recognize at once as belonging to the mysteries? Why else should he repeatedly use the word "mystery" itself, applying it to doctrines distinctive of Christianity, such as the resurrection with a "spiritual body," the relation of the Jewish people to God, and, above all, the mystical union between Christ and Christians? The great "mystery" is "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. i. 27). It was as a mystery-religion that Europe accepted Christianity. Just as the Jewish Christians took with them the whole framework of apocalyptic Messianism, and set the figure of Jesus within it, so the Greeks took with them the whole scheme of the mysteries, with their sacraments, their purifications and fasts, their idea of a mystical brotherhood, and their doctrine of "salvation" (σωτηρία is essentially a mystery word) through membership in a divine society, worshipping Christ as the patronal deity of their mysteries.

Historically, this type of Christianity was the origin of Catholicism, both Western and Eastern; though it is only recently that this character of the Pauline churches has been recognized. And students of the New Testament have not yet realized the importance of the fact that St. Paul, who was ready to fight to the death against the Judaizing of Christianity, was willing to take the first step, and a long one, towards the Paganizing of it. It does not appear that his personal religion was of this type. He speaks with contempt of some doctrines and practices of the Pagan mysteries, and will allow no *rapprochement* with what he regards as devil-worship. In this he remains a pure Hebrew. But he does not appear to see any danger in allowing his Hellenistic churches to assimilate the worship of Christ to the honours paid to

the gods of the mysteries, and to set their whole religion in this framework, provided only that they have no part nor lot with those who sit at "the table of demons"—the sacramental love-feasts of the heathen mysteries. The dangers which he does see, and against which he issues warnings, are, besides Judaism, antinomianism and disorder on the one hand, and dualistic asceticism on the other. He dislikes or mistrusts "the speaking with tongues" (*γλωσσολαλία*), which was the favourite exhibition of religious enthusiasm at Corinth. (On this subject Prof. Lake's excursus is the most instructive discussion that has yet appeared. The "Testament of Job" and the magical papyri show that gibberish uttered in a state of spiritual excitement was supposed to be the language of angels and spirits, understood by them and acting upon them as a charm.) He urges his converts to do all things "decently and in order." He is alarmed at signs of moral laxity on the part of self-styled "spiritual persons"—a great danger in all times of ecstatic enthusiasm. He is also alive to the dangers connected with that kind of asceticism which is based on theories of the impurity of the body—the typical Oriental form of world-renunciation. But he does not appear to have foreseen the unethical and polytheistic developments of sacramental institutionalism. In this particular his Judaizing opponents had a little more justification than he is willing to allow them.

There is something transitional about all St Paul's teaching. We cannot take him out of his historical setting, as so many of his commentators in the nineteenth century tried to do This is only another way of saying that he was, to use his own expression, a wise master-builder, not a detached thinker, an arm-chair philosopher. To the historian, there must always be something astounding in the magnitude of the task which he set himself, and in his enormous success. The future history of the civilized world for two thousand years, perhaps for all time, was determined by his missionary journeys and hurried writings. It is impossible to guess what would have become of Christianity if he had never lived; we cannot even be sure that the religion of Europe would be called by the name of Christ. This stupendous achievement seems to have been due to an almost unique practical insight into the essential factors of a very difficult and complex situation. We watch him, with breathless interest, steering the vessel which carried the Christian Church and its fortunes through a narrow channel full of sunken rocks and shoals. With unerring instinct he avoids them all, and brings the ship, not into smooth water, but into the open sea, out of that perilous strait. And so far was his masterly policy from

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ment, they manage to wear their uniforms with a difference, turning them by some lordly adaptation into a part of their own person.

Let me come to the point boldly; what governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere, the weather in his soul. It is nothing particularly spiritual or mysterious. When he has taken his exercise and is drinking his tea or his beer and lighting his pipe; when, in his garden or by his fire, he sprawls in an aggressively comfortable chair; when well-washed and well-brushed, he resolutely turns in church to the east and recites the Creed (with genuflexions, if he likes genuflexions) without in the least implying that he believes one word of it; when he hears or sings the most crudely sentimental and thinnest of popular songs, unmoved but not disgusted; when he makes up his mind who is his best friend or his favourite poet; when he adopts a party or a sweetheart; when he is hunting or shooting or boating, or striding through the fields; when he is choosing his clothes or his profession—never is it a precise reason, or purpose, or outer fact that determines him; it is always the atmosphere of his inner man.

To say that this atmosphere was simply a sense of physical well-being, of coursing blood and a prosperous digestion, would be far too gross; for while psychic weather is all that, it is also a witness to some settled disposition, some ripening inclination for this or that, deeply rooted in the soul. It gives a sense of direction in life which is virtually a code of ethics, and a religion behind religion. On the other hand, to say it was the vision of any ideal or allegiance to any principle would be making it far too articulate and abstract. The inner atmosphere, when compelled to condense into words, may precipitate some curt maxim or over-simple theory as a sort of war-cry; but its puerile language does it injustice, because it broods at a much deeper level than language or even thought. It is a mass of dumb instincts and allegiances, the love of a certain quality of life, to be maintained manfully. It is pregnant with many a stubborn assertion and rejection. It fights under its trivial fluttering opinions like a smoking battleship under its flags and signals; you must consider, not what they are, but why they have been hoisted and will not be lowered. One is tempted at times to turn away in despair from the most delightful acquaintance—the picture of manliness, grace, simplicity, and honour, apparently rich in knowledge and humour—because of some enormous platitude he reverts to, some hopelessly stupid little dogma from which one knows that nothing can ever liberate him. The reformer must give him up; but why should one wish to reform a person so much better than oneself?

He is like a thoroughbred horse, satisfying to the trained eye, docile to the light touch, and coursing in most wonderful unison with you through the open world. What do you care what words he uses? Are you impatient with the lark because he sings rather than talks? and if he could talk, would you be irritated by his curious opinions? Of course, if anyone positively asserts what is contrary to fact, there is an error, though the error may be harmless; and most divergencies between men should interest rather than offend us, because they are effects of perspective, or of legitimate diversity in experience and interests. Trust the man who hesitates in his speech and is quick and steady in action, but beware of long arguments and long beards. Jupiter decided the most intricate questions with a nod, and a very few words and no gestures suffice for the Englishman to make his inner mind felt most unequivocally when occasion requires.

Instinctively the Englishman is no missionary, no conqueror. He prefers the country to the town, and home to foreign parts. He is rather glad and relieved if only natives will remain natives and strangers strangers, and at a comfortable distance from himself. Yet outwardly he is most hospitable and accepts almost anybody for the time being, he travels and conquers without a settled design, because he has the instinct of exploration. His adventures are all external; they change him so little that he is not afraid of them. He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls and fanatics manage to supplant him.

Soliloquies in England.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Originally an art student, he early developed his gift for poetry and is the author of many volumes of verse, including "The Wanderings of Oisin" and "The Book of Irish Verse." Much of his work reflects the struggle for Irish independence and the revival of the national tongue. Indeed some of it is inexplicably mystical in theme and treatment to English minds. But his acknowledged international prestige as poet was confirmed by the gift to him in 1923 of the Nobel Prize for literature, and poems such as the "Lake of Innisfree" are immortal and the treasured heritage of the world. His practical work for Ireland culminated in his selection as senator of the Irish Free State in 1922.

POETRY AND TRADITION

I

When O'Leary died I could not bring myself to go to his funeral, though I had been once his close fellow-worker, for I shrank from seeing about his grave so many whose Nationalism was different from anything he had taught or that I could share. He belonged, as did his friend John F. Taylor, to the romantic conception of Irish Nationality on which Lionel Johnson and myself founded, so far as it was founded on anything but literature, our Art and our Irish criticism. Perhaps his spirit, if it can care for or can see old friends now, will accept this apology for an absence that has troubled me. I learned much from him and much from Taylor, who will always seem to me the greatest orator I have heard; and that ideal Ireland, perhaps from this out an imaginary Ireland, in whose service I labour, will always be in many essentials their Ireland. They were the last to speak an understanding of life and Nationality, built up by the generation of Grattan, which read Homer and Virgil, and by the generation of Davis, which had been pierced through by the idealism of Mazzini, and of the European revolutionists of the mid-century.

O'Leary had joined the Fenian movement with no hope of success as

we know, but because he believed such a movement good for the moral character of the people; and had taken his long imprisonment without complaining. Even to the very end, while often speaking of his prison life, he would have thought it took from his Roman courage to describe its hardship. The worth of a man's acts in the moral memory, a continual height of mind in the doing of them, seemed more to him than their immediate result, if, indeed, the sight of many failures had not taken away the thought of success. A man was not to lie, or even to give up his dignity, on any patriotic plea, and I have heard him say, "I have but one religion, the old Persian: to bend the bow and tell the truth," and again, "There are things a man must not do to save a nation," and again, "A man must not cry in public to save a nation," and that we might not forget justice in the passion of controversy, "There was never cause so bad that it has not been defended by good men for what seemed to them good reasons." His friend had a burning and brooding imagination that divided men not according to their achievement but by their degrees of sincerity, and by their mastery over a straight and, to my thought, too obvious logic that seemed to him essential to sincerity. Neither man had an understanding of style or of literature in the right sense of the word, though both were great readers, but because their imagination could come to rest no place short of greatness, they hoped, John O'Leary especially, for an Irish literature of the greatest kind. When Lionel Johnson and Katharine Tynan (as she was then), and I, myself, began to reform Irish poetry, we thought to keep unbroken the thread running up to Grattan which John O'Leary had put into our hands, though it might be our business to explore new paths of the labyrinth. We sought to make a more subtle rhythm, a more organic form, than that of the older Irish poets who wrote in English, but always to remember certain ardent ideas and high attitudes of mind which were the nation itself, to our belief, so far as a nation can be summarized in the intellect. If you had asked an ancient Spartan what made Sparta Sparta, he would have answered, The Laws of Lycurgus, and many Englishmen look back to Bunyan and to Milton as we did to Grattan and to Mitchell. Lionel Johnson was able to take up into his Art one portion of this tradition that I could not, for he had a gift of speaking political thought in fine verse that I have always lacked. I, on the other hand, was more preoccupied with Ireland (for he had other interests), and took from Allingham and Walsh their passion for country spiritism, and from Ferguson his pleasure in heroic legend, and while seeing all in the light of European literature found my symbols of expression in Ireland. One thought often possessed me very

strongly. New from the influence, mainly the personal influence, of William Morris, I dreamed of enlarging Irish hate, till we had come to hate with a passion of patriotism what Morris and Ruskin hated. Mitchell had already all but poured some of that hate drawn from Carlyle, who had it of an earlier and, as I think, cruder sort, into the blood of Ireland, and were we not a poor nation with ancient courage, unblackened fields and a barbarous gift of self-sacrifice? Ruskin and Morris had spent themselves in vain because they had found no passion to harness to their thought, but here were unwasted passion and precedents in the popular memory for every needed thought and action. Perhaps, too, it would be possible to find in that new philosophy of spiritism coming to a seeming climax in the work of Frederic Myers, and in the investigations of uncounted obscure persons, what could change the country spiritism into a reasoned belief that would put its might into all the rest. A new belief seemed coming that could be so simple and demonstrable and above all so mixed into the common scenery of the world, that it would set the whole man on fire and liberate him from a thousand obediences and complexities. We were to forge in Ireland a new sword on our old traditional anvil for that great battle that must in the end re-establish the old, confident, joyous world. All the while I worked with this idea, founding societies that became quickly or slowly everything I despised, one part of me looked on, mischievous and mocking, and the other part spoke words which were more and more unreal, as the attitude of mind became more and more strained and difficult. Miss Maud Gonne could still gather great crowds out of the slums by her beauty and sincerity, and speak to them of "Mother Ireland with the crown of stars about her head"; but gradually the political movement she was associated with, finding it hard to build up any fine lasting thing, became content to attack little persons and little things. All movements are held together more by what they hate than by what they love, for love separates and individualizes and quiets, but the nobler movements, the only movements on which literature can found itself, hate great and lasting things. All who have any old traditions have something of aristocracy, but we had opposing us from the first, though not strongly from the first, a type of mind which had been without influence in the generation of Grattan, and almost without it in that of Davis, and which has made a new nation out of Ireland, that was once old and full of memories.

I remember, when I was twenty years old, arguing, on my way home from a Young Ireland Society, that Ireland, with its hieratic Church, its readiness to accept leadership in intellectual things,—and John O'Leary

spoke much of this readiness,[1]—its Latin hatred of middle paths and uncompleted arguments, could never create a democratic poet of the type of Burns, although it had tried to do so more than once, but that its genius would in the long run be distinguished and lonely. Whenever I had known some old countryman, I had heard stories and sayings that arose out of an imagination that would have understood Homer better than "The Cottar's Saturday Night" or "Highland Mary," because it was an ancient imagination; where the sediment had found the time to settle, and I believe that the makers of deliberate literature could still take passion and theme, though but little thought, from such as he. On some such old and broken stem, I thought, have all the most beautiful roses been grafted.

II

Him who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways;
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestical multitude.

Three types of men have made all beautiful things. Aristocracies have made beautiful manners, because their place in the world puts them above the fear of life, and the countrymen have made beautiful stories and beliefs, because they have nothing to lose and so do not fear, and the artists have made all the rest, because Providence has filled them with recklessness. All these look backward to a long tradition, for, being without fear, they have held to whatever pleased them. The others being always anxious have come to possess little that is good in itself, and are always changing from thing to thing, for whatever they do or have

flower, and believe that painting and poetry exist that there may be instruction, and love that there may be children, and theatres that busy men may rest, and holidays that busy men may go on being busy. At all times they fear and even hate the things that have worth in themselves, for that worth may suddenly, as it were a fire, consume their book of Life, where the world is represented by cyphers and symbols, and before all else, they fear irreverent joy and unserviceable sorrow. It seems to

[1] I have heard him say more than once, "I will not say our people know good from bad, but I will say that they don't hate the good when it is pointed out to them, as a great many people do in England."

them, that those who have been freed by position, by poverty, or by the traditions of Art, have something terrible about them, a light that is unendurable to eyesight. They complain much of that commandment that we can do almost what we will, if we do it gaily, and think that freedom is but a trifling with the world.

If we would find a company of our own way of thinking, we must go backward to turreted walls, to courts, to high rocky places, to little walled towns, to jesters like that jester of Charles the Fifth who made mirth out of his own death; to the Duke Guidobaldo in his sickness, or Duke Frederick in his strength, to all those who understood that life is not lived, if not lived for contemplation or excitement.

Certainly we could not delight in that so courtly thing, the poetry of light love, if it were sad; for only when we are gay over a thing, and can play with it, do we show ourselves its master, and have minds clear enough for strength. The raging fire and the destructive sword are portions of eternity, too great for the eye of man, wrote Blake, and it is only before such things, before a love like that of Tristan and Iseult, before noble or ennobled death, that the free mind permits itself aught but brief sorrow. That we may be free from all the rest, sullen anger, solemn virtue, calculating anxiety, gloomy suspicion, prevaricating hope, we should be reborn in gaiety. Because there is submission in a pure sorrow, we should sorrow alone over what is greater than ourselves, nor too soon admit that greatness, but all that is less than we are should stir us to some joy, for pure joy masters and impregnates; and so to world end, strength shall laugh and wisdom mourn.

III

In life courtesy and self-possession, and in the arts style, are the sensible impressions of the free mind, for both arise out of a deliberate shaping of all things, and from never being swept away, whatever the emotion, into confusion or dullness. The Japanese have numbered with heroic things courtesy at all times whatsoever, and though a writer, who has to withdraw so much of his thought out of his life that he may learn his craft, may find many his betters in daily courtesy, he should never be without style, which is but high breeding in words and in argument. He is indeed the Creator of the standards of manners in their subtlety, for he alone can know the ancient records and be like some mystic courtier who has stolen the keys from the girdle of time, and can wander where it please him amid the splendours of ancient courts.

Sometimes, it may be, he is permitted the licence of cap and bell, or

even the madman's bunch of straws, but he never forgets or leaves at home the seal and the signature. He has at all times the freedom of the well-bred, and being bred to the tact of words can take what theme he pleases, unlike the linen drapers, who are rightly compelled to be very strict in their conversation. Who should be free if he were not? for none other has a continual deliberate self-delighting happiness—style, "the only thing that is immortal in literature," as Sainte-Beuve has said, a still unexpended energy, after all that the argument or the story needs, a still unbroken pleasure after the immediate end has been accomplished—and builds this up into a most personal and wilful fire, transfiguring words and sounds and events. It is the playing of strength when the day's work is done, a secret between a craftsman and his craft, and is so inseparate in his nature, that he has it most of all amid overwhelming emotion, and in the face of death. Shakespeare's persons, when the last darkness has gathered about them, speak out of an ecstasy that is one half the self-surrender of sorrow, and one half the last playing and mockery of the victorious sword, before the defeated world.

It is in the arrangement of events as in the words, and in that touch of extravagance, of irony, of surprise, which is set there after the desire of logic has been satisfied and all that is merely necessary established, and that leaves one, not in the circling necessity, but caught up into the freedom of self-delight: it is, as it were, the foam upon the cup, the long pheasant's feather on the horse's head, the spread peacock over the pasty. If it be very conscious, very deliberate, as it may be in comedy, for comedy is more personal than tragedy, we call it fantasy, perhaps even mischievous fantasy, recognizing how disturbing it is to all that drag a ball at the ankle. This joy, because it must be always making and mastering, remains in the hands and in the tongue of the artist, but with his eyes he enters upon a submissive, sorrowful contemplation of the great irremediable things, and he is known from other men by making all he handles like himself, and yet by the unlikeness to himself of all that comes before him in a pure contemplation. It may have been his enemy or his love or his cause that set him dreaming, and certainly the phœnix can but open her young wings in a flaming nest; but all hate and hope vanishes in the dream, and if his mistress brag of the song or his enemy fear it, it is not that either has its praise or blame, but that the twigs of the holy nest are not easily set afire. The verses may make his mistress famous as Helen or give a victory to his cause, not because he has been either's servant, but because men delight to honour and to remember all that have served contemplation. It had been easier to fight, to die even, for Charles's house with Marvell's poem

in the memory, but there is no zeal of service that had not been an impurity in the pure soil where the marvel grew. Timon of Athens contemplates his own end, and orders his tomb by the beachy margent of the flood, and Cleopatra sets the asp to her bosom, and their words move us because their sorrow is not their own at tomb or asp, but for all men's fate. That shaping joy has kept the sorrow pure, as it had kept it were the emotion love or hate, for the nobleness of the Arts is in the mingling of contraries, the extremity of sorrow, the extremity of joy, perfection of personality, the perfection of its surrender, overflowing turbulent energy, and marmorean stillness; and its red rose opens at the meeting of the two beams of the cross, and at the trysting-place of mortal and immortal, time and eternity. No new man has ever plucked that rose, or found that trysting-place, for he could but come to the understanding of himself, to the mastery of unlocking words after long frequenting of the great Masters, hardly without ancestral memory of the like. Even knowledge is not enough, for the "recklessness" Castiglione thought necessary in good manners is necessary in this likewise, and if a man has it not he will be gloomy, and had better to his marketing again.

IV

When I saw John O'Leary first, every young Catholic man who had intellectual ambition fed his imagination with the poetry of Young Ireland; and the verses of even the least known of its poets were expounded with a devout ardour at Young Ireland Societies and the like, and their birthdays celebrated. The School of writers I belonged to tried to found itself on much of the subject-matter of this poetry, and, what was almost more in our thoughts, to begin a more imaginative tradition in Irish literature, by a criticism at once remorseless and enthusiastic. It was our criticism, I think, that set Clarence Mangan at the head of the Young Ireland poets in the place of Davis, and put Sir Samuel Ferguson, who had died with but little fame as a poet, next in the succession. Our attacks, mine especially, on verse which owed its position to its moral or political worth, roused a resentment which even I find it hard to imagine to-day, and our verse was attacked in return, and not for anything peculiar to ourselves, but for all that it had in common with the accepted poetry of the world, and most of all for its lack of rhetoric, its refusal to preach a doctrine or to consider the seeming necessities of a cause. Now, after so many years, I can see how natural, how poetical, even, an opposition was, that shows what large numbers could not call up certain high feelings without accustomed verses, or believe we had not wronged the

feeling when we did but attack the verses. I have just read in a newspaper that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy recited upon his death-bed his favourite poem, one of the worst of the patriotic poems of Young Ireland, and it has brought all this to mind, for the opposition to our School claimed him as its leader. When I was at Siena, I noticed that the Byzantine style persisted in faces of Madonnas for several generations after it had given way to a more natural style, in the less loved faces of saints and martyrs. Passion had grown accustomed to those narrow eyes, which are almost Japanese, and to those gaunt cheeks, and would have thought it sacrilege to change. We would not, it is likely, have found listeners if John O'Leary, the irreproachable patriot, had not supported us. It was as clear to him that a writer must not write badly, or ignore the examples of the great masters in the fancied or real service of a cause, as it was that he must not lie for it or grow hysterical. I believed in those days that a new intellectual life would begin, like that of Young Ireland, but more profound and personal, and that could we but get a few plain principles accepted, new poets and writers of prose would make an immortal music. I think I was more blind than Johnson, though I judge this from his poems rather than anything I remember of his talk, for he never talked ideas, but, as was common with his generation in Oxford, facts and immediate impressions from life. With others this renunciation was but a pose, a superficial reaction from the disordered abundance of the middle century, but with him it was the radical life. He was in all a traditionalist, gathering out of the past phrases, moods, attitudes, and disliking ideas less for their uncertainty than because they made the mind itself changing and restless. He measured the Irish tradition by another greater than itself, and was quick to feel any falling asunder of the two, yet at many moments they seemed but one in his imagination. Ireland, all through his poem of that name, speaks to him with the voice of the great poets, and in "Ireland's Dead" she is still mother of perfect heroism, but there doubt comes too.

> Can it be they do repent
> That they went, thy chivalry,
> Those sad ways magnificent?

And in "Ways of War," dedicated to John O'Leary, he dismissed the belief in an heroic Ireland as but a dream.

> A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
> Yet ere peace come to Innisfail,
> Some weapons on some field must gleam,
> Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,
Fair for the treading of an host:
That field in realms of thought be won,
And armed hands do their uttermost:

Some way, to faithful Innisfail,
Shall come the majesty and awe
Of martial truth, that must prevail
To lay on all the eternal law.

I do not think either of us saw that, as belief in the possibility of armed insurrection withered, the old romantic nationalism would wither too, and that the young would become less ready to find pleasure in whatever they believed to be literature. Poetical tragedy, and indeed all the more intense forms of literature, had lost their hold on the general mass of men in other countries as life grew safe, and the sense of comedy which is the social bond in times of peace as tragic feeling is in times of war, had become the inspiration of popular art. I always knew this, but I believed that the memory of danger, and the reality of it seemed near enough sometimes, would last long enough to give Ireland her imaginative opportunity. I could not foresee that a new class, which had begun to rise into power under the shadow of Parnell, would change the nature of the Irish movement, which, needing no longer great sacrifices, nor bringing any great risk to individuals, could do without exceptional men, and those activities of the mind that are founded on the exceptional moment.[1] John O'Leary had spent much of his thought in an unavailing war with the agrarian party, believing it the root of change, but the fox that crept into the badger's hole did not come from there. Power passed to small shopkeepers, to clerks, to that very class who had seemed to John O'Leary so ready to bend to the powers of others, to men who had risen above the traditions of the countryman, without learning those of cultivated life or even educating themselves, and who because of their poverty, their ignorance, their superstitious piety, are much subject to all kinds of fear. Immediate victory, immediate utility, became everything, and the conviction, which is in all who have run great risks for a cause's sake, in the O'Learys and Mazzinis as in all rich natures, that life is greater than the cause, withered, and we artists, who are the servants not of any cause but of mere naked life, and above all of that life in its nobler

[1] A small political organizer told me once that he and a certain friend got together somewhere in Tipperary a great meeting of farmers for O'Leary on his coming out of prison, and O'Leary had said at it: "The landlords gave us some few leaders, and I like them for that, and the artisans have given us great numbers of good patriots, and so I like them best: but you I do not like at all, for you have never given us anyone."

forms, where joy and sorrow are one, Artificers of the Great Moment, became as elsewhere in Europe protesting individual voices. Ireland's great moment had passed, and she had filled no roomy vessels with strong sweet wine, where we have filled our porcelain jars against the coming winter.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS (*b.* 1866).

Gained first-class honours in Zoology, and took early to literature. His first works were novel flights of fancy, pseudo-scientific in conception and eclipsed Jules Verne in their intrepid travesty of truth. They were followed by stories of pure romance and subsequently by novels which were tendencious politically. Mr. Wells then produced a "History of the World," and further works of a sociological nature. He began and remains a Socialist, and his opinions are read all over the world, for he is translated into nearly every language. As a pamphleteer he is always stimulating and fresh: and as a romantic writer at his best he has few if any rivals. His eyes look ahead not back, and if anything could provide the new order which he prophesies, then it would be the persuasiveness of this untiring gospeller of better times.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS OF KARL MARX

AND now I can come to the maggot, so to speak, at the core of my decayed Socialism—Karl Marx.

To him we can trace, as much as we can trace it to any single person, this almost universal persuasion, which now Socialists and non-Socialists share, that economically we are living in a definable Capitalist System, which had a specific beginning and may have a definite end, and that the current disorder of human affairs is not a phase but an organized disease that may be exorcised and driven off. Then after a phase of convalescence the millennium. For me he presents the source and beginning of one of the vastest and most dangerous misconceptions, one of the most shallow and disastrous simplifications, that the world has ever suffered from. His teaching was saturated with a peculiarly infectious class animosity. He it was who poisoned and embittered Socialism, so that to-day it is dispersed and lost and must be reassembled and rephrased and reconstructed again slowly and laboriously while the

years and the world run by. He it was who was *most responsible for the* ugly ungraciousness of all current Socialist discussion.

I have always been curious about Marx, the Marx of the prophetic London days, and always a little baffled by the details that have been presented to me. He seems to have led a blameless, irritated, theorizing life, very much as Lenin did before he returned to Russia in 1917, remote from mines, factories, railway-yards, and industrialism generally. It was not a very active nor a very laborious life he led; a certain coming and going from organizations and movements abroad in France and Germany must have been its most exciting element. He went to read and work with some regularity in the British Museum Reading-Room, a place that always suggests the interior of a gasometer to me, and he held Sunday gatherings in his Hampstead home and belonged to a club in Soho. He had little earning power, a thing not unusual with economic and financial [illegible] but [illegible] co [illegible] ow very little about them; one married unhappily, a tragedy that might happen to any daughter; of her one hears disproportionately. He suffered from his liver, and I suspect him of being generally under-exercised and perhaps rather excessively a smoker. That was the way with *many of these heavily-bearded Victorians from abroad.* He grew an immense rabbinical beard in an age of magnificent beard-growing. It must have precluded exercise as much as goitre. Over it his eyes look out of his portraits with a sort of uneasy pretension. Under it, I suppose, there appeared the skirts of a frock-coat and trousers and elastic-sided boots. *He was touchy, they say, on questions of* personal loyalty and priority, often more a symptom of the sedentary life than a defect of character, and the "finished" part of his big work on Capital is over-laboured and rewritten and made difficult by excessive rehandling and sitting over. Examined closely, many of his generalizations are found to be undercut, but these afterthoughts do not extend to Marxism generally.

He tended rather to follow the dialectic of Hegel than to think freely. There had been much mental struggle about Hegelism in his student days, much emotional correspondence about it, a resistance, and a conversion. He competed with Proudhon in applying the new intellectual tricks to the new ideas of Socialism. He belonged in his schoolboy days to that insubordinate type which prefers revolution to promotion. He was, I believe, sincerely distressed by the injustices of human life, and

also he was bitten in his later years by an ambition to parallel the immense effect of Charles Darwin. One or two of his disciples compare him with Darwin; Engels did so at his graveside; the association seems to have been familiar with his coterie before his death. And after three decades of comparative obscurity his name and his leading ideas do seem to have struggled at last—for a time—to an even greater prominence than the work of the modest and patient revolutionary of Down. But though his work professed to be a research, it was much more of an invention. He had not Darwin's gift for contact with reality.

He was already committed to Communism before he began the labours that were to establish it, and from the first questions of policy obscured the flow of his science. What did his work amount to? He imposed this delusion of a System with a beginning, a middle, and an end upon our perplexing economic tumult; he classified society into classes that leave nearly everybody unclassified; he proclaimed his social jehad, the class war, to a small but growing audience, and he passed with dignity into Highgate Cemetery, his death making but a momentary truce in the uncivil disputations of his disciples. His doctrines have been enormously discussed, but, so far as I know, the methods of psycho-analysis have not yet been applied to them. Very interesting results might be obtained if this were properly done.

He detected in the economic affairs of his time a prevalent change of scale in businesses and production which I shall have to discuss later. He extended this change of scale to all economic affairs, an extension which is by no means justifiable. He taught that there was a sort of gravitation of what he called Capital so that it would concentrate into fewer and fewer hands and that the bulk of humanity would be progressively expropriated. He did not distinguish clearly between concrete possessions in use and money and the claim of the creditor, nor did he allow for the influence of inventions and new methods in straining economic combinations, in altering their range and breaking them up, nor realize the possibility of a limit being set to expropriation by the conditions of efficiency. That a change of scale may have definite limits and that the concentration of ownership may reach a phase of adjustment he never took into consideration. He perceived that big business methods extended very readily to the Press and Parliamentary activities. He simplified the psychology of the immense variety of people, from master-engineers to stock-jobbers and company-promoters whom he lumped together as Capitalists, by supposing it to be purely acquisitive. He made his "Capitalists" all of one sort and his "Workers" all of one

sort. Throughout he imposed a bilateral arrangement on a multifarious variety. He simplified the whole spectacle into a process of suction and concentration by the "Capitalists." This process would go on until competition gave place to a "Capitalist-Monopolist" state, with the rest of humanity either the tools, parasites, and infatuated victims of the Capitalists, or else intermittently employed "Workers" in a mood of growing realization, resentment, and solidarity. He seems to have assumed that the rule of these ever more perilously concentrated Capitalists would necessarily be bad, and that the souls of the Workers would necessarily be chastened and purified by economic depletion. And so onward to the social revolution.

This forced assumption of the necessary wrongness and badness of masters, organizers, and owners, and its concurrent disposition to idealize the workers, was, I am disposed to think, a natural outcome of his limited, too sedentary, bookish life. It was almost as much a consequence of that life as his trouble with his liver. His work is pervaded by the instinctive resentment of the shy type against the large, free, influential individual life. One finds, too, in him that scholar's hate of irreducible complexity to which I have already called attention. In addition there was a driving impatience to conceive of the whole as a process leading to a crisis, to a dénouement satisfying to the half-conscious and subconscious cravings of the thinker. It was under the pressure of these resentments and impatiences—and with the assistance of the Hegelian doctrine which tells us that the Thing-that-is is always shattered at last to make way for a higher synthesis by the Thing-that-it-isn't—that Marxism evolved its prophecy of the ultimate and not very remote victory of the idealized worker. The Proletarian would solidaritate (my word), and arrive *en masse*, he would crystallize out as Master, and all things would be changed at his coming He would put down the mighty from their seats and exalt the humble and meek. He would fill the hungry with good things and the rich he would send empty away. The petty bourgeoisie he would smack-hard and good. And every one who mattered to the resentful gentleman who was making the story would be happy for ever afterwards.

It was a wish solidifying into a conviction that gave the world this wonderful and dramatic forecast of the dispossessed Proletarian becoming class-conscious, merging the residue of his dwarfed and starved individuality in solidarity with his kind, seizing arms, revolting massively, setting up that mystery, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, "taking over" the "Capitalist-Monopolist state" and, after a phase of accommodation, dis-

the Armed Workers would not hunt him out any music paper. He played some of his music to me on an old piano and talked of the days that had passed, and he wept. The chief Armed Worker directing the House of Science was a Mr. Rodé, who before the revolution had kept an ultra-smart restaurant on one of the islands, a resort of gay parties during the white nights of the Northern summer. He had adapted himself to a Communist régime and he had a considerable control of the dietary and general comfort of the interned "intellectual gentry." Distinguished archæologists, physiologists, chemists and historians, great mathematicians and brilliant teachers were in his power and fed from his hand. Maxim Gorky also was looking after the place with the breadth of intention and the practical incapacity of a genius and a Slav.

The social breakdown that has occurred in Russia is claimed by the Marxists as their prophet's social revolution. This they do in spite of the fact that he had pointed to England and the highly industrialized countries of the West as the lands of revolutionary promise. In truth the Russian collapse was like nothing Marx had ever dreamt of. The Russian peasant soldiers, having been robbed, starved, massacred, and misled by the Czar and his ministers—six or seven of these poor devils had to be killed in battle for every one Austrian or German—reached the limit of their endurance when they found that the Kerensky revolution gave them no respite from the torture of the war. Two millions of them had been killed and mutilated. They had had enough and they would stand no more. They turned homeward to their villages. Once they had started nothing could hold them. The Russian armies melted away from before the Germans and Austrians and streamed home across the land. For a time Russia was in a state of social dissolution such as this Western world has not seen since the Thirty Years War; straggling bands of armed men did what they liked with the country through which they passed; robbery, rape, and murder went free and unavenged. In many provinces there was a Jacquerie, a château-burning. At times in bad places that Jacquerie rose to an extremity of horror. Yet there was a kind of crazy justice in it.

That was the true Russian Revolution, a social *débâcle*, a destruction of Czarism by its own weapon, the deliquescence of the army.

Amidst the tumult of the disorganized towns there emerged the Russian Communist Party, the only association of men with any solidarity left in that frightful confusion. They were not workers, they were not proletarians—in Russia there was practically no Proletariat—they were a small body of Intellectuals with a following of youthful workers and

students, greatly helped by sailors from the fleet. They grasped at power, they secured machine-guns, they organized forces of their own, including a band of Chinese, they shot, disarmed and restored a kind of order in the towns and as far as the railways reached in the country. "They had to shoot," President Masaryk told me on one occasion. "But they went on shooting."

They went on shooting. They were men of no experience; many were mere boys; they had fallen into irresponsible power and they had tasted blood. They had an orgy of blood-lust sharpened by fear. Then they set about the reorganization of Russia upon Communist lines, declaring that the word of the prophet was fulfilled and the Capitalist System at an end.

They have held Russia ever since. They have held it because the Whites are worse than they are and because they fend off foreign interference and the return of the detested landlordism from the peasants. But there seems to be some uncertainty even in the party about the depth and quality of the resultant higher synthesis. There is a hitch in the Hegelian sequence, no system has appeared. There is no Communist system; it is a negation, a project-shaped vacuum.

Since I do not believe there is or ever has been a Capitalist System I cannot get very excited about its alleged overthrow in Russia or anywhere. But I do find myself very deeply stirred when I think of the enormous wastage of good human hope and effort that has resulted from this falsely simple statement of our economic perplexities, this caricature of contemporary human life, as a simple antagonism of two systems that have never existed and never could exist.

I have been twice to Russia since the Revolution, and I was there several times before it. I should find it difficult to give a short general judgment upon the new ensemble there. With all the judgments I have encountered, from the violently adverse to the enthusiastically favourable, I find myself in disagreement. The peasant has got rid of his landlord, and if he is shot more frequently he is whipped much less, the hysterics of the Czar and his wife have given place to hysterical experiments; instead of Rasputin's practical interpretations of Christianity one finds Zinovieff's practical interpretations of Marx; education is more general, but, if possible, less efficient; the railways are more awful than ever, and if there is more cruelty, filth, and disorder in the prisons there is less misery on the road to Siberia. If, as is highly probable, the Bolsheviki have killed more people than there are members of the Communist Party, we must set against that the far more monstrous war waste of the Czardom.

If Zinovieff gets his way, the shadow of a giant war of the steppes against Western Europe may materialize, but many things may happen before Zinovieff gets his way.

I will not attempt to weigh the outcome of the Russian Revolution in the scales of my partial knowledge and possible prejudice—I had some irritating times in Moscow with the younger Bolsheviks and I dislike the type actively. The present "system" there, as I have been able to judge it, is just the same old Russian "system," with many of the parts missing, many of the wheels failing to cog, and many of its former patched-up compromises dislocated. In the old days my businesses could get along in a fashion at the price of a considerable amount of bribery; now they cannot get along at all; that is the most evident difference to me. Old traditions still make Russian officials hold one up, but the uncertainties of the new régime make them afraid to do a fair and reasonable blackmailing deal. One is just held up to no purpose. This is naturally irritating to a man who, like myself, has kept a certain pride in his work, and has always been a very temperate taker of profits.

The Communist formulæ obstruct everything and have released nothing. I have been to Russia twice to get some little of the metallurgical wealth of the country out of the mess into which the Bolsheviks have dropped it; our aluminium works are still in a salvageable state at Dornoff, the only region of the world where there are deposits suitable for the new Manson process—and if only they would do the work properly I would gladly put the Bolsheviks in complete possession rather than have all these carefully adjusted arrangements going to waste. But each time I have been treated with a stupid suspicion, kept waiting about for weeks, watched and followed, my rooms searched in my absence, and in the end I have been thwarted—for the mere sake of thwarting me. I was quite willing to tell them all I knew about the particular matters that concerned me, put all my cards upon the table; for I want cheap aluminium and light alloys in the world as badly as they want Communism. Why should they assume they are more disinterested than I? The impudence of it!

But their theory required me to be a subtle and treacherous representative of the Capitalist System, a thievish moneylender and entangler of simple, brave, good workers, and themselves, raw, young, and self-ignorant, the guardian angels of mankind. They had no shadow of doubt about these moral values. Their ambition was to lay me by the heels on a charge of "economic espionage." They had their dirty prison and they had me, and they felt an opportunity was being lost. The

career of a good Communist depends upon conspicuous displays of zeal. Were they showing *zeal*? They would not listen to what I tried to tell them; that was obviously only a blind. One fool said my science was "capitalist science" as opposed to "proletarian science"—in metallurgical chemistry! I battered myself against that sort of thing in vain.

What can one do with men who are inexorably convinced, in spite of every material fact about them, that they have, germinating under their hands, a new and perfect social system, the Communist system, which they are defending from the subtle treacheries of a wicked Capitalist System; and whose entire intellectual outfit is unsleeping suspicion and a stock of ready-made nicknames by which they can misconceive everybody?

There is no way round these fixed ideas. You are put on this or that side of an opposition between entirely imaginary systems; and in whatever direction you thrust the end is futility. So there is our stuff in Russia untouched and badly wanted, and our works are going to decay—beautifully planned works they are, though I say it who shouldn't—doing no good to Russia or any human being.

And this is mainly if not entirely an intellectual trouble, a trouble of wrong statement, just as most of the great religious wars of the past were mainly wars of wrong statement. The world splits between Europe and the East and the limitation and misery of hundreds of millions of lives is the by-product of an incoherent argument about the interpretation of social interactions. An imperfectly aerated old gentleman sits in the British Museum, suffering from a surfeit of notes, becomes impatient to set a generalization in control of his facts, and presently we have this harvest of tares. It is Arius and Athanasius and the camel-driver of Mecca I think of in this case, rather than Darwin.

The World of William Clissold.

the novelist writes about, he has been charmed and seduced by it, he is under its spell—that is, he has seen beauty in it. He could have no other reason for writing about it. He may see a strange sort of beauty; he may—indeed he does—see a sort of beauty that nobody has quite seen before; he may see a sort of beauty that none save a few odd spirits ever will or can be made to see. But he does see beauty. To say, after reading a novel which has held you, that the author has no sense of beauty, is inept. (The mere fact that you turned over his pages with interest is an answer to the criticism—a criticism, indeed, which is not more sagacious than that of the reviewer who remarks: "Mr. Blank has produced a thrilling novel, but unfortunately he cannot write." Mr. Blank has written; and he could, anyhow, write enough to thrill the reviewer.) All that a wise person will assert is that an artist's sense of beauty is different for the time being from his own.

The reproach of the lack of sense of beauty has been brought against nearly all original novelists; it is seldom brought against a mediocre novelist. Even in the extreme cases it is untrue; perhaps it is most untrue in the extreme cases. I do not mean such a case as that of Zola, who never went to extremes. I mean, for example, Gissing, a real extremist, who, it is now admitted, saw a clear and undiscovered beauty in forms of existence which hitherto no artist had deigned seriously to examine. And I mean Huysmans, a case even more extreme. Possibly no works have been more abused for ugliness than Huysmans' novel "En Ménage" and his book of descriptive essays "De Tout." Both reproduce with exasperation what is generally regarded as the sordid ugliness of commonplace daily life. Yet both exercise a unique charm (and will surely be read when "La Cathédrale" is forgotten). And it is inconceivable that Huysmans—whatever he may have said—was not ravished by the secret beauty of his subjects and did not exult in it.

The other attribute which may be taken for granted in the novelist, as in every artist, is passionate intensity of vision. Unless the vision is passionately intense the artist will not be moved to transmit it. He will not be inconvenienced by it; and the motive to pass it on will thus not exist. Every fine emotion produced in the reader has been, and must have been, previously felt by the writer, but in a far greater degree. It is not altogether uncommon to hear a reader whose heart has been desolated by the poignancy of a narrative complain that the writer is unemotional. Such people have no notion at all of the processes of artistic creation.

III

A sense of beauty and a passionate intensity of vision being taken for granted, the one other important attribute in the equipment of the novelist—the attribute which indeed by itself practically suffices, and whose absence renders futile all the rest—is fineness of mind. A great novelist must have great qualities of mind. His mind must be sympathetic, quickly responsive, courageous, honest, humorous, tender, just, merciful. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, his mind must be permeated and controlled by common sense. His mind, in a word, must have the quality of being noble. Unless his mind is all this, he will never, at the ultimate bar, be reckoned supreme. That which counts, on every page, and all the time, is the very texture of his mind—the glass through which he sees things. Every other attribute is secondary, and is dispensable. Fielding lives unequalled among English novelists because the broad nobility of his mind is unequalled. He is read with unreserved enthusiasm because the reader feels himself at each paragraph to be in close contact with a glorious personality. And no advance in technique among later novelists can possibly imperil his position. He will take second place when a more noble mind, a more superb common sense, happens to wield the narrative pen, and not before. What undermines the renown of Dickens is the growing conviction that the texture of his mind was common, that he fell short in courageous facing of the truth, and in certain delicacies of perception. As much may be said of Thackeray, whose mind was somewhat incomplete for so grandiose a figure, and not free from defects which are inimical to immortality.

It is a hard saying for me, and full of danger in any country whose artists have shown contempt for form, yet I am obliged to say that, as the years pass, I attach less and less importance to good technique in fiction. I love it, and I have fought for a better recognition of its importance in England, but I now have to admit that the modern history of fiction will not support me. With the single exception of Turgenev, the great novelists of the world, according to my own standards, have either ignored technique or have failed to understand it. What an error to suppose that the finest foreign novels show a better sense of form than the finest English novels! Balzac was a prodigious blunderer. He could not even manage a sentence, not to speak of the general form of a book. And as for a greater than Balzac—Stendhal—his scorn of technique was notorious. Stendhal was capable of writing, in a masterpiece: "By the

way I ought to have told you earlier that the Duchess——"! And as for a greater than either Balzac or Stendhal—Dostoievsky—what a hasty, amorphous lump of gold is the sublime, the unapproachable "Brothers Karamazov"! Any tutor in a college for teaching the whole art of fiction by post in twelve lessons could show where Dostoievsky was clumsy and careless. What would have been Flaubert's detailed criticism of that book? And what would it matter? And, to take a minor example, witness the comically amateurish technique of the late "Mark Rutherford"—nevertheless a novelist whom one can deeply admire.

And when we come to consider the great technicians, Guy de Maupassant and Flaubert, can we say that their technique will save them, or atone in the slightest degree for the defects of their minds? Exceptional artists both, they are both now inevitably falling in esteem to the level of the second-rate. Human nature being what it is, and de Maupassant being tinged with eroticism, his work is sure to be read with interest by mankind; but he is already classed. Nobody, now, despite all his brilliant excellences, would dream of putting de Maupassant with the first magnitudes. And the declension of Flaubert is one of the outstanding phenomena of modern French criticism. It is being discovered that Flaubert's mind was not quite noble enough—that, indeed, it was a cruel mind, and a little anæmic. "Bouvard et Pécuchet" was the crowning proof that Flaubert had lost sight of the humanness of the world, and suffered from the delusion that he had been born on the wrong planet. The glitter of his technique is dulled now, and fools even count it against him. In regard to one section of human activity only did his mind seem noble—namely, literary technique. His correspondence, written, of course, currently, was largely occupied with the question of literary technique, and his correspondence stands forth to-day as his best work—a marvellous fount of inspiration to his fellow-artists. So I return to the point that the novelist's one important attribute (beyond the two postulated) is fundamental quality of mind. It and nothing else makes both the friends and the enemies which he has; while the influence of technique is slight and transitory. And I repeat that it is a hard saying.

I begin to think that great writers of fiction are by the mysterious nature of their art ordained to be "amateurs." There may be something of the amateur in all great artists. I do not know why it should be so, unless because, in the exuberance of their sense of power, they are impatient of the exactitudes of systematic study and the mere bother of repeated attempts to arrive at a minor perfection. Assuredly no great

artist was ever a profound scholar. The great artist has other ends to achieve. And every artist, major and minor, is aware in his conscience that art is full of artifice, and that the desire to proceed rapidly with the affair of creation, and an excusable dislike of re-creating anything twice, thrice, or ten times over—unnatural task!—are responsible for much of that artifice. We can all point in excuse to Shakspere, who was a very rough-and-ready person, and whose methods would shock Flaubert. Indeed, the amateurishness of Shakspere has been mightily exposed of late years. But nobody seems to care. If Flaubert had been a greater artist he might have been more of an amateur.

IV

Of this poor neglected matter of technique, the more important branch is design—or construction. It is the branch of the art—of all arts—which comes next after "inspiration"—a capacious word meant to include everything that the artist must be born with and cannot acquire. The less important branch of technique—far less important—may be described as an ornamentation.

There are very few rules of design in the novel; but the few are capital. Nevertheless, great novelists have often flouted or ignored them—to the detriment of their work. In my opinion the first rule is that the interest must be centralized; it must not be diffused equally over various parts of the canvas. To compare one art with another may be perilous, but really the convenience of describing a novel as a canvas is extreme. In a well-designed picture the eye is drawn chiefly to one particular spot. If the eye is drawn with equal force to several different spots, then we reproach the painter for having "scattered" the interest of the picture. Similarly with the novel. A novel must have one, two, or three figures that easily overtop the rest. These figures must be in the foreground, and the rest in the middle-distance or in the background.

Moreover, these figures—whether they are saints or sinners—must somehow be presented more sympathetically than the others. If this cannot be done, then the inspiration is at fault. The single motive that should govern the choice of a principal figure is the motive of love for that figure. What else could the motive be? The race of heroes is essential to art. But what makes a hero is less the deeds of the figure chosen than the understanding sympathy of the artist with the figure. To say that the hero has disappeared from modern fiction is absurd. All that has happened is that the characteristics of the hero have changed, naturally, with the times. When Thackeray wrote "a novel without a hero," he

wrote a novel with a first-class hero, and nobody knew this better than Thackeray. What he meant was that he was sick of the conventional bundle of characteristics styled a hero in his day, and that he had changed the type. Since then we have grown sick of Dobbins, and the type has been changed again more than once. The fateful hour will arrive when we shall be sick of Ponderevos.

The temptation of the great novelist, overflowing with creative force, is to scatter the interest. In both his major works Tolstoi found the temptation too strong for him. "Anna Karenina" is not one novel, but two, and suffers accordingly. As for "War and Peace," the reader wanders about in it as in a forest, for days, lost, deprived of a sense of direction, and with no vestige of a sign-post; at intervals encountering mysterious faces whose identity he in vain tries to recall. On a much smaller scale Meredith committed the same error. Who could assert positively which of the sisters Fleming is the heroine of "Rhoda Fleming"? For nearly two hundred pages at a stretch Rhoda scarcely appears. And more than once the author seems quite to forget that the little knave Algernon is not, after all, the hero of the story.

The second rule of design—perhaps in the main merely a different view of the first—is that the interest must be maintained. It may increase, but it must never diminish. Here is that special aspect of design which we call construction, or plot. By interest I mean the interest of the story itself, and not the interest of the continual play of the author's mind on his material. In proportion as the interest of the story is maintained, the plot is a good one. In so far as it lapses, the plot is a bad one. There is no other criterion of good construction. Readers of a certain class are apt to call good the plot of that story in which "you can't tell what is going to happen next." But in some of the most tedious novels ever written you can't tell what is going to happen next—and you don't care a fig what is going to happen next. It would be nearer the mark to say that the plot is good when "you want to make sure what will happen next"! Good plots set you anxiously guessing what will happen next.

When the reader is misled—not intentionally in order to get an effect, but clumsily through amateurishness—then the construction is bad. This calamity does not often occur in fine novels, but in really good work another calamity does occur with far too much frequency—namely, the tantalizing of the reader at a critical point by a purposeless, wanton, or negligent shifting of the interest from the major to the minor theme. A sad example of this infantile trick is to be found in the thirty-first

chapter of "Rhoda Fleming," wherein, well knowing that the reader is tingling for the interview between Roberts and Rhoda, the author, unable to control his own capricious and monstrous fancy for Algernon, devotes some sixteen pages to the young knave's vagaries with an illicit thousand pounds. That the sixteen pages are excessively brilliant does not a bit excuse the wilful unshapeliness of the book's design.

The Edwardian and Georgian out-and-out defenders of Victorian fiction are wont to argue that though the event-plot in sundry great novels may be loose and casual (that is to say, simply careless), the "idea-plot" is usually close-knit, coherent, and logical. I have never yet been able to comprehend how an idea-plot can exist independently of an event-plot (any more than how spirit can be conceived apart from matter); but assuming that an idea-plot can exist independently, and that the mysterious thing is superior in form to its coarse fellow, the event-plot (which I positively do not believe),—even then I still hold that sloppiness in the fabrication of the event-plot amounts to a grave iniquity. In this connexion I have in mind, among English novels, chiefly the work of "Mark Rutherford," George Eliot, the Brontës, and Anthony Trollope.

The one other important rule in construction is that the plot should be kept throughout within the same convention. All plots—even those of our most sacred naturalistic contemporaries—are and must be a conventionalization of life. We imagine we have arrived at a convention which is nearer to the truth of life than that of our forerunners. Perhaps we have—but so little nearer that the difference is scarcely appreciable! An aviator at midday may be nearer the sun than the motorist, but regarded as a portion of the entire journey to the sun, the aviator's progress upward can safely be ignored. No novelist has yet, or ever will, come within a hundred million miles of life itself. It is impossible for us to see how far we still are from life. The defects of a new convention disclose themselves late in its career. The notion that "naturalists" have at last lighted on a final formula which ensures truth to life is ridiculous. "Naturalist" is merely an epithet expressing self-satisfaction.

Similarly, the habit of deriding as "conventional" plots constructed in an earlier convention, is ridiculous. Under this head Dickens in particular has been assaulted; I have assaulted him myself But within their convention, the plots of Dickens are excellent, and show little trace of amateurishness, and every sign of skilled accomplishment. And Dickens did not blunder out of one convention into another, as certain of ourselves undeniably do. Thomas Hardy, too, has been arraigned for the conventionalism of his plots. And yet Hardy happens to be one of

the rare novelists who have evolved a new convention to suit their idiosyncrasy. Hardy's idiosyncrasy is a deep conviction of the whimsicality of the divine power, and again and again he has expressed this with a virtuosity of skill which ought to have put humility into the hearts of naturalists, but which has not done so. The plot of "The Woodlanders" is one of the most exquisite examples of subtle symbolic illustration of an idea that a writer of fiction ever achieved; it makes the symbolism of Ibsen seem crude. You may say that "The Woodlanders" could not have occurred in real life. No novel could have occurred in real life. The balance of probabilities is incalculably against any novel whatsoever; and rightly so. A convention is essential, and the duty of a novelist is to be true within his chosen convention, and not further. Most novelists still fail in this duty. Is there any reason, indeed, why we should be so vastly cleverer than our fathers? I do not think we are.

V

Leaving the seductive minor question of ornamentation, I come lastly to the question of getting the semblance of life on to the page before the eyes of the reader—the daily and hourly texture of existence. The novelist has selected his subject; he has drenched himself in his subject. He has laid down the main features of the design. The living embryo is there, and waits to be developed into full organic structure. Whence and how does the novelist obtain the vital tissue which must be his material? The answer is that he digs it out of himself. First-class fiction is, and must be, in the final resort autobiographical. What else should it be? The novelist may take notes of phenomena likely to be of use to him. And he may acquire the skill to invent very apposite illustrative incident. But he cannot invent psychology. Upon occasion some human being may entrust him with confidences extremely precious for his craft. But such windfalls are so rare as to be negligible. From outward symptoms he can guess something of the psychology of others. He can use a real person as the unrecognizable but helpful basis for each of his characters. . . . And all that is nothing. And all special research is nothing. When the real intimate work of creation has to be done—and it has to be done on every page—the novelist can only look within for effective aid. Almost solely by arranging and modifying what he has felt and seen, and scarcely at all by inventing, can he accomplish his end.

An inquiry into the career of any first-class novelist invariably reveals that his novels are full of autobiography. But, as a fact, every good novel contains far more autobiography than any inquiry could reveal.

Episodes, moods, characters of autobiography can be detected and traced to their origin by critical acumen, but the intimate autobiography that runs through each page, vitalizing it, may not be detected. In dealing with each character in each episode the novelist must for a thousand convincing details interrogate that part of his own individuality which corresponds to the particular character. The foundation of his equipment is universal sympathy. And the result of this (or the cause—I don't know which) is that in his own individuality there is something of everybody. If he is a born novelist he is safe in asking himself, when in doubt as to the behaviour of a given personage at a given point: "Now, what should *I* have done?" And incorporating the answer! And this in practice is what he does. Good fiction is autobiography dressed in the colours of all mankind.

The necessarily autobiographical nature of fiction accounts for the creative repetition to which all novelists—including the most powerful—are reduced. They monotonously yield again and again to the strongest predilections of their own individuality. Again and again they think they are creating, by observation, a quite new character—and lo! when finished it is an old one—autobiographical psychology has triumphed! A novelist may achieve a reputation with only a single type, created and re-created in varying forms. And the very greatest do not contrive to create more than half a score genuine separate types. In Cerfberr and Christophe's biographical dictionary of the characters of Balzac, a tall volume of six hundred pages, there are some two thousand entries of different individuals, but probably fewer than a dozen genuine distinctive types. No creative artist ever repeated himself more brazenly or more successfully than Balzac. His miser, his vicious delightful actress, his vicious delightful duchess, his young man-about-town, his virtuous young man, his heroic weeping virgin, his angelic wife and mother, his poor relation, and his faithful stupid servant—each is continually popping up with a new name in the Human Comedy. A similar phenomenon, as Frank Harris has proved, is to be observed in Shakspere. Hamlet of Denmark was only the last and greatest of a series of Shaksperean Hamlets.

It may be asked, finally: What of the actual process of handling the raw material dug out of existence and of the artist's self—the process of transmuting life into art? There is no process. That is to say, there is no conscious process. The convention chosen by an artist is his illusion of the truth. Consciously, the artist only omits, selects, arranges But let him beware of being false to his illusion, for then the process becomes

conscious, and bad. This is sentimentality, which is the seed of death in his work. Every artist is tempted to sentimentalize, or to be cynical—practically the same thing. And when he falls to the temptation, the reader whispers in his heart, be it only for one instant: "That is not true to life." And in turn the reader's illusion of reality is impaired. Readers are divided into two classes—the enemies and the friends of the artist. The former, a legion, admire for a fortnight or a year. They hate an uncompromising struggle for the truth. They positively like the artist to fall to temptation. If he falls, they exclaim, "How sweet!" The latter are capable of savouring the fine unpleasantness of the struggle for truth. And when they whisper in their hearts: "That is not true to life," they are ashamed for the artist. They are few, very few; but a vigorous clan. It is they who confer immortality.

GEORGE SLYTHE STREET (b. 1867)

A careful occasional writer, his essays are the product of observation and thought. He is the Essayist's essayist and rival craftsmen envy him his untroubled touch.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED CHUDDER

Judged *by the ordinary standards of greatness Alfred Chudder, who died* a few weeks ago at the age of eighty-one, cannot be regarded as an instance of the rule that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. His was not, in the ordinary sense at least, a useful life. He did not invent or discover anything. He had no profession or trade. He was in no respect a prophet, had no message for his generation, seeming in truth to regard passing events and the problems of contemporary life with an equanimity which almost amounted to indifference. He was not, again, the representative of an ancient family or a leader of fashion, nor were his means more than a modest competence. Except when he was born and when he died (he was never married) it is probable that his name never appeared in the newspapers. The world at large, therefore, may be excused if it knew nothing of him. Yet he was a truly remarkable man, and I, who was privileged to see something of him in his later years, am unwilling that he should pass into the great silence altogether without record.

Alfred Chudder was remarkable in this, that although he was not an eminent man, he was one of the few men living who looked and spoke like one. He realized thoroughly and completely one's idea of how an eminent man should look and speak. More particularly did he strike one's eye and ear as a man aristocratically eminent He was one of Nature's dukes—the only one in my experience—fulfilling the golden dreams one had in childhood of what a duke should be.

His appearance was familiar to me some years before I met him, since we lived in neighbouring streets, and I saw him frequently in my

walks abroad. I never had any doubt but that he was one of the most eminent men in the country. He was tall, broad-shouldered, of a full bodily habit, and a very upright carriage. His face was large, of a reddish colour, strong-featured, clean-shaven. The second time I saw him he took off his hat to a lady, and disclosed a broad forehead and a magnificent sweep of silky white hair. He walked slowly, looking about him, conscious, as it seemed to me, that passers-by must be whispering his famous name to one another. He dressed fashionably, but always with a distinctive note—a hat broader-brimmed than the common, or the like, and affected the fresh and gay—white waistcoats and light-coloured gloves. After a time I thought he recognized me as a person he often saw (I discovered afterwards that this was the case) and that there was a slight interest in his regard, encouraging me to go on living, as it were. This pleased me greatly, and I wondered all the more who he might be.

One day I was lunching with a friend at a club and the great unknown came into the room. Eagerly I put my question. The answer astonished me by the indifference with which it was given. "I always forget his name," said my friend. "Wait: yes, Chudder, that's it—old Chudder." I had never heard the name before, and my disappointment was keen. I consoled myself by accusing my own ignorance, however; doubtless with men of his own calling or pursuit Chudder was a household word.

Constant and searching inquiries assured me that it was not so. Mr. Chudder was known to a small circle of acquaintances only, and the world knew nothing of him. I put together the facts of his career as I gradually learned them.

Mr. Chudder was the only son of a north-country solicitor, a rich man, who sent him to Harrow and Oxford. He was hardly remarkable as a young man, was mildly proficient in games, and took a pass degree. Having a large allowance, however, he was a member of a very good set and was noted for the care with which he dressed. On leaving Oxford he was elected into a good London club. Shortly afterwards his father died, and it was found that unlucky speculations had dissipated his fortune. Mr. Chudder had barely seven hundred a year. He seems then to have decided on a scheme of life which, negative as it may appear, had a simple rhythm in it one finds soothing to contemplate.

He took two rooms in St. James's Street, and lived almost entirely in London. An occasional country visit to friends tended to be replaced in his later life by a few weeks once a year at a seaside hotel. He lived

a great deal at his club, reading the magazines and sometimes a novel, playing cards and billiards for moderate stakes, and lunching and dining temperately but with a certain exigence of the best. Sometimes he went to a theatre. That is all. He never married, and no romance is recorded of him. Comfort, regularity, and avoidance of all strain seem to have been the exclusive objects of his life. Except on questions of food and wine he seldom disclosed a conviction or even an opinion. His services to the community cannot be reckoned high. But for my part I find something attractive in a life so like a tree's. He had been living it for fifty years, since his leaving Oxford, when I first met him.

The reader may begin to wonder, however, how it was that Mr. Chudder acquired his extraordinary air of greatness. I can only guess. The beginnings of it may have been at Oxford, where his membership of a very good set may have given him a sense of superiority to other undergraduates. Living afterwards, too, a life without dependence on any man's favour, obliged to do nothing he did not wish to do, attended all day with the thoughtful deference of a good club's servants, a feeling of mastery over life may have grown in him. I prefer to think that sheer artistic instinct made manner and the inner man conform to appearance. He must have felt that only a great man should look as he looked—that in some profound sense, apart from the accidents of life, great he really was.

Certainly the air was irresistible. A manner of easy politeness, with a slight suggestion of preoccupation, as of a man responsible in high affairs, and touched, only just touched, with a note of condescension, marked him continually. His address to cabmen, policemen, waiters, and the like, was a lesson in deportment. His "Good night, constable," kindly, cheerful, yet a little weary in tone, to the policeman in his street as he went home, was admirable, always answered with reverence and gratitude. When he crossed the road the traffic was stopped for him immediately. Personally I treated him by instinct, as soon as I made his acquaintance, with much more than the deference one shows to ordinary old men. "Working hard?" he would say to me when we met, and I, who ordinarily detest that question, always felt flattered that this great man should think my humble toil of any interest He had never done a stroke of work in his life, but I felt somehow that he held up to me an example of noble and beneficent labour.

When he spoke of common things there was a suggestion of something ironical and almost comic in their connexion with his greatness. We were walking together once when it began to rain. He looked

for a moment at the rain as though amused by its impertinence, and then, "I suppose," said he, "our only resource is a humble hansom," and I, who should have taken the humbler 'bus, felt that for him a hansom was indeed a vehicle absurdly humble. I remember, also, that once when he lunched with me at a club, and the only hot thing ready was roast beef, he remarked, "And an excellent thing, too," making me feel, but quite pleasantly, how great were his kindness and indulgence in eating it. His manner of mentioning eminent people was cordial, and, as it were, intimate; he did not know them, but somehow one seemed to know them through him. "That poor Duke!" he said once as we passed Devonshire House—it was in the early days of the Fiscal Question—and I seemed to be behind the political scenes at once. He had a habit of comparing their ages with his own, which somehow gave one the idea that they had been boys together.

But no anecdote or description can reproduce the greatness of Mr. Chudder's appearance and manner. Appearance and manner, and nothing else, unless it were the inner conviction at which I have guessed. He was not great in some eccentric field of action, like Charles Lamb's great borrower; his actions were lunching and dining, reading the papers and sauntering about Piccadilly. Yet to doubt his greatness, before you knew who he was, was impossible if you had any imagination or sense of fitness in things about you. And often, when I have met one of your disappointing great men, have I said within me—"Why, why can't you look and speak like Alfred Chudder?"

People and Questions.

JAMES LOUIS GARVIN (*b.* 1868)

Editor of the "Observer" since 1908. *Also editor-in-chief of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"* (*since* 1926): *and former editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Outlook." A former contributor to the "Fortnightly Review," "National Review," "Quarterly Review," and other magazines. Wrote in "These Eventful Years" an introductory essay which is considered the best short narrative yet written of the War and its origins. As a young man he came under the influence of Carlyle and wrote with apocalyptic fervour as became a disciple. His articles in the "Fortnightly" under the name "Calchas," roused endless speculation and excitement, and it was he whom Joseph Chamberlain chose to conduct the propaganda for Tariff Reform. No living writer has exercised the same influence politically as Garvin over several periods of his career: and he brought to journalism a depth of learning and thought, a force of character and a fiery faith, which were unknown there in combination. The word "journalist" is wrongly used to describe impresarios who never edit or put pen to paper. But giving the word its old meaning, it is true to say that Garvin is the greatest genius this country has produced in the realm of journalism since its rise. The following essay reveals him as second to few as a literary critic and diviner of the human heart.*

BYRON

1824–1924

I. THE LEGEND AND THE MAN

In November, 1809, a young English nobleman, remarkable at any time, but looking better on horseback than afoot, rode with his friend through the low stony hills towards the Gulf of Corinth. By the emotional effect on one of them—just past his majority and of a vivid, impulsive nature—their travels were destined to kindle more flame in

literature and more scandal in the world than any tour before or since. Every step was like wind to the fire of his imagination, ambition, and desires. In Albania he had already begun to write "a lot of Spenserian verses"—the beginnings of "Childe Harold." The previous day they had crossed the Alchelous with stirring thoughts. Now, after the wild picturesqueness behind them, they felt themselves coming near the more immortal scenes of classical antiquity and romance. Soon, they saw below them the wide shallows of Missolonghi, and if it was a blue day the deeper water beyond. We are not told of the weather, but these regions in November can be as cloudy as the Hebrides; one has seen the crags of Ithaca stippled with olives shouldering suddenly through the mist. Presently they arrived at the little fishing town notable for fever and red mullet.

As remote from presentiment or guessing of the future as any person at twenty-one can ever have been, Byron had seen the place of his death, nearly fifteen years later, after a life more astonishing than any of his own books and more flagrant than fiction. He had filled the universe like Napoleon with his name and disputes. He died on the evening of Easter Monday, April 19, 1824. "I want to go to sleep now," were perhaps his last words. For himself it was time. At thirty-six he was worn out and written out. The best veins were exhausted.

Few knew the punishing realism with which the fates by this time had harried both the body and mind of Don Juan turned knight-errant too late. The element of myth had been heightened by the last adventure. For us a hundred years after, he pays hard for the unparalleled publicity he wanted and won. He has been radiographed to the bone; and we scarcely can conceive the prodigy of the legend that he left. The news from insurgent Greece took three and a half weeks to reach home. In a few hours it ran through London with an effect like a battle lost or the end of a dynasty. Jane Welsh heard it in a room full of people. "If they had said the sun or the moon was gone out of the heavens it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank." Carlyle writing back, lamented less aptly, "the noblest spirit in Europe." Good Southey, like many others of the devout, had thought him anti-Christ, but a boy called Tennyson went out into the wood and feeling the whole world darkened for him he wrote upon a stone "Byron is dead." Then and for decades afterwards the foreign tributes, like those of Mazzini and Castelar, were such as had never yet been paid by the nations to any Englishman.

Contemporary reputation of this overwhelming kind seldom survives

the period immediately subsequent. When the reaction came it was like nothing else. It disparaged or wholly denied the poet and blighted the man. "Astarte" and the supplementary correspondence published two years ago, enabling dates, letters, and poems to be examined in connexion as never before, have fixed almost irremovably a sinister shadow upon his name—to the present writer's mind—and explained what cannot otherwise be understood. Re-examining the evidence with a desire to disbelieve it, after the cryptic exchanges with Lady Melbourne, one rises with the dreary conviction that Lady Byron's darkest suspicion was true, and that his relations with his half-sister were more like John Ford's rending tragedy on a similar theme than any episode out of real life in the nineteenth century. Those solemn affrighting colloquies between the Friar and Giovanni should stand upon the fore-leaves of Byron's biography. His wages were a slow death of the heart before the very death. The pity of his own drama, secret and open, has never been plumbed. The morbid pathology of it has never been analysed. He was foredoomed to be the victim of heredity and early circumstance when he came at twenty-four to fantastic success and vehement dissipation amidst the manners of the Regency. This theme would be worthy of an Ibsen raised to a higher power.

What doubt that his fate was in his blood and breeding? His father, "Mad Jack," was a flamboyant, unscrupulous rake, and his mother a foolish vixen, alternately fond and railing, plundered of her fortune by the handsome, notorious profligate of a husband, who may have died by his own hand. The immediate ancestry was full of adventure, violence, and amours. The remote ancestry of the child mingled suggestions not only of Norman barons, but of Banquo's kings. He was dandled in conceit of lineage, and yet bound in penury during the early years in Aberdeen. He was saturated in Calvinism without discipline, and never knew in time either loving authority or wise help. These were not circumstances apt to frame a normal mind, and he was self-conscious on another account. From birth he was lame in the left foot, and as he grew up mishandling by quacks made it worse. To the end of his life he could not walk much without pain. Headstrong and combative, he was an affectionate boy, and morbidly sensitive to slights. According to his own account, the roots of bitterness were planted in his infancy, when his own mother often taunted him with his infirmity and shunned his caresses. He learned to mock and despise her in return, when her short, fat figure—he derived from her the loathed tendency to corpulence—chased him in impotent fury round the table. None the less,

before leaving Aberdeen young Juan got a sound knowledge of his Bible.

At ten he succeeded to the title, and presently they left Scotland for Newstead, ruinous, but enchanting, to him. It offered every association that could overcharge the fancy of a mind already, or soon, precocious in romantic sentiment and amatory dreams. At Glennie's school in Dulwich he made stilts of his pedigree, and they ridiculed him as the "old English Baron." We must pass lightly over the next decade. At Harrow, as every one knows, though a devouring reader by fits, he was idle or gamesome, making no mark except in the significant gift of declamation. His strong emotionalism was developing. "My school friendships were with me passions." At sixteen he was in extreme and hopeless love with his cousin Mary Chaworth who married another; and while we are told that this transport left on his life a grave permanent mark—which is hard to discern—the very next year he nearly fell into convulsions because another cousin, Mary Duff, wedded a wine merchant. He claims to have adored her from the age of eight. It is amusing to find him described at this time as a "fat, bashful boy." From the ethereal heights in these matters he descended soon enough to the marshes when he went to Cambridge. He launched into pleasures and debt. He rather liked to be compared with that unhappy spark "the wicked" Lord Lyttleton, who, it will be remembered, died three days after his unusually meritorious dream of a dove that changed into a white lady. And Byron also liked to be counted amongst the high-spirited exemplars of licence and infidelity. Presently, with "most unnecessary display," as the usually indulgent Moore remarks, there was "a connexion of some continuance." The young person domesticated at Brompton used to ride with him at Brighton and elsewhere in boy's clothes, and he introduced her as his brother. On one side of him, the making or unmaking of Byron at twenty was more than sufficiently complete.

For what he was, framed on a false model and lower-thoughted towards women than any great English writer since the Restoration, he began to find his powers. His beginnings in literature will engage us elsewhere. We can only note here how one of the flattest of first books, "Hours of Idleness," was followed by the gallant satirical defiance of "Bards and Reviewers." Cruelly stung by Brougham's skit, he drank three bottles and began hitting out in a thousand pugilistic lines. Courage and audacity never can be denied him. His coming of age was celebrated at Newstead with much less than baronial splendour, for as to money, he was more "cursedly hipped" than ever

—up to his neck with the usurers. Fellow-roysterers of his own years sat up with him to all hours; they wore monks' habits in the tumble-down "Abbey" and drank burgundy out of a skull. Means were somehow scraped for the Great Journey. It lasted the better part of two years, with consequences that transformed his mind and had an epoch-making effect in aiding the political and imaginative awakening of all Europe.

He returned in the summer of 1811. He has had his fling at all costs. He is ruined if he does not marry a "golden dolly." His wretched mother had been at her wits' end for money amongst the duns and the bailiffs; he neither helped nor melted, but went his own way, borrowing to pay for his journey back to London. Before he could see her, but he had not hurried, she died in a last hopeless struggle with bills and accounts. He wept. He would. It was genuine. On the immediate impulses of sorrow or resentment his emotions were quick and ravaging; capable of friendship, it depended upon its responsiveness to himself; but he could not seriously sacrifice his own convenience or put himself out much for others. Yet he could be desolated when deprived of them, and at this period the death of half a dozen relatives and friends in rapid succession left their mark. The book of his youth was shut, and much that had been good in him was known no more.

Shortly afterwards this predestined redoubtable young man came to London in no gay mood, and settled in his lodgings in St. James's Street. He was one of the poorest of peers, and personally among the least known—so obscure in society and friendless amongst his order that when he had taken his seat in the House of Lords there was no one to introduce him. He now made happy acquaintance with Rogers, Moore and Campbell. He delighted them, of course, but they were astonished at two things: his social loneliness and his singular diet. He ate potatoes and vinegar. Too apt to be the slave of vices, his only defence against temptation was his terror of corpulence. For long periods together Juan would practise upon himself the austerities of an anchorite; yet when he gave way his eating, especially his drinking, inflicted irreparable damage on his system. At what is called a typical supper he finished two or three lobsters washed down by half a dozen glasses of strong brandy with tumblers of hot water. But this was later than the first record of potatoes and vinegar.

Rogers and Moore could not measure him just yet, however uncommon they thought him. They did not know that "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme" was before them. From the East he had brought home his fortunes in "a small trunk." It contained the original

draft of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold." They were already in Murray's hands. The next phase and the next years were like nothing out of the "Arabian Nights." Four months after coming to London so moody, needy, and unfriended he won success, and blazing success, at the first stroke of the wand. In the second week of March, 1812, "Childe Harold" made him the historic personage he remains. This was not like some new planet swimming into the ken of a few watchers of the skies. The crowd could see it. It came like a comet and stayed like a fixed luminary. It was no temporary effect. He paused awhile, but he had drunk the elixir of confidence. When he resumed it was to pour out the rhymed tales and romances with bewildering speed. Between the end of 1812 and the end of 1815 he wrote "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." He turned them out like numbers of "Pickwick." They stormed hearts and the market. Edition after edition appeared. "The Corsair," for instance, was written in twelve days; and 25,000 copies were sold in less than three months after publication. The Byronic hero, that stern and harrowing man, once tender but blighted by dark secrets, was accepted as the sublimated image of his Maker. The whole Byronic legend was in vogue. For this was none of your obscure spiritual stuff, but intelligible warm poetry, as readable as Scott, but how much more puissant, ardently-coloured, spiced, and exciting. It seemed the soul of the grand romantic for the first time revealed. There had been nothing like it. Byron became the talk of the fashionable town and the particular idol of female society.

The result was a whirl of dissipation, intrigue, and his social ruin. Juan now, in fact, while his brain grew hotter and his heart colder, was "suffocated by women," and despised them. They thought him a fascinating, dangerous, wonderful person. True that, like Napoleon, he was short, only five feet eight. But he was strong; he had swum the Hellespont. His small head, like marble in repose, looked pale, masterful, and in general effect beautiful. His dark brown locks clustered over a high forehead (he shaved them back a little to make it look higher, for his mirror engaged him a good deal). He had shining grey eyes, perfect teeth (at this time), and a persuasive voice. The defect was his thick nose, which seemed grafted on the face. But the nose was nothing so bad as Cyrano's, while in his mouth and moulded chin he was Apollo. His upper lip, not clasped but like a petal, was more a baby's than a hero's. His face changed from impassive reserve or cold pride to an intense, magnetic energy of expression. Add to this the charm of his conversa-

tion, which every one admitted; his soft, moving voice; and—to use a word not then out of fashion—the glamour with which his poetry enveloped him; and you can imagine the sex. Lady Caroline Lamb threw herself at his head: the extravagance of her rage for him became public and ridiculous. His baser trait towards women came out when, after other vain attempts to break the intolerable chain, he threw her off in a brutal letter marked with the coronet and initials of her rival, Lady Oxford. Caroline Lamb became his tolerably fatal enemy. By this time he was always ready to take on another with passing susceptibility and returning callousness. That hints perhaps the moral meaning of the avenging arm of stone in the real Don Juan legend. Byron had acquired the hard-hearted core of the set sensualist and the complete egotist's infatuated fatalism of self-will. Of duty he knew nothing, of love nothing—not of love human-divine which seeks the happiness of the beloved and in no other way can know its own. "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die."

He plunged on, and in the summer of 1813, as we think, he plunged to perdition. We will presently indicate some references, but this place is not suitable for detail. From the summer of 1813, when his creative activity is at a feverish height, he is an altered man. He is torn by remorse and alarm. He writes, "I am at this moment in a far more serious and entirely new scrape than any of the last twelve months—and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women." And shortly after he says of the "Bride of Abydos," that it was written in four nights "to distract my dreams from x x. Were it not thus, it had never been composed; and had I not done something at that time I must have gone mad by eating my own heart." His marriage comes in sight. He wants to marry for safety, not for love. The suitable object is Annabella Milbanke, the niece of his too indulgent confidante for two years past, Lady Melbourne, who would deserve a book to herself. She was the intermediary between two persons who had not one element of affinity. She made the marriage. The young lady at twenty-two, with a taste for theology and mathematics, was pretty, but rather a tight-lipped precisian, firmly grounded in abstractions. With the strictest sense of conduct she had an inflexible strain. On Byron's side there is no pretence of being in love. He regards her as an intellectual icicle; he dissects his "princess of parallelograms" in advance. In our day this matrimonial project seems a frigid outrage or a nightmare. They do not see it. After a long and intermittent negotiation by correspondence—we cannot call it wooing—the

marriage takes place on January 2, 1815, at Seaham, in Durham. Appearances at first are tolerably correct. The sequel is soon ominous.

During the year of Waterloo, when the Byrons lived chiefly in London, there were money troubles of the worst kind. He must have found disappointing the financial results of an irksome match. The bailiffs were in the house nine times in the twelvemonth. He had to sell his library, and he loved his books more than any woman but one. He disliked to see his wife eating—a morbid and deadly sign. In December, 1815, his only legitimate child, Ada, was born. Had a son and heir appeared all destiny might well have been different. His attitude towards his wife after her confinement was one of repulsion and aversion. Mrs. Leigh, his half-sister, was in the house, all kindness and helpfulness. Byron, probably drinking more than usual of Kinnaird's or other brandy, chafed, girded, and raged. He was on the Committee of Drury Lane, and loudly threatened to take up with ladies of the theatre. In the early days of January, 1816, rather less than four weeks after the confinement, he ordered his wife to go back to her parents. She went, wondering if she had married a madman; wondering if she had married worse. Her mother, when she heard all, was like a tigress. Byron had gone too far. He had challenged a tenacious race, and under-estimated in the person of his self-controlled pietistic wife a nature far more methodically and persistently formidable than his own. In a few weeks their separation was the sensation of the country, and Byron left it for ever.

As we know now, the legal pretexts were not the real cause. Byron did not fight. Augusta Leigh, his half-sister, acted ever afterwards like one entirely in Lady Byron's power. She becomes like a propitiatory rabbit under the eye of a virtuous rattlesnake. Whether or not she made the full confession alleged in "Astarte," she bore meekly every imputation. Byron's references to her are not at this time the simple expressions of an ordinary affectionate relationship. Both he and Augusta are afraid to assert their right to meet. Substantially they both let judgment go by default. Lady Melbourne refers to Mrs. Leigh and no one else when warning Byron five weeks after his marriage against the *corbeau noir* in his life. She writes—the sentence must be taken with its context—about some subject for apprehension "as black and as hideous as any phantasm of a distempered brain can imagine." "Astarte," however clumsy and confused in method, is a terrible book. If we sought to array evidence, all this would require another volume. Lady Byron was sure of her ground. It was never effectively disputed. In her

flawlessly able righteous way—tacitly holding the threat of disclosure and ruin over the heads of Mrs. Leigh and her children—Lady Byron's correct implacable procedure was one of the great vengeances of history.

The next seven years are signal in literary and political interest, as we shall see in the next article, but they do not magnify the man. With all his self-will and defiance we see him again and again as the victim of circumstance rather than as the captain of his fate. On the Lake of Geneva he met the Shelleys and Mary's half-sister, Jane Clairmont. The Shelleys did not suspect that Jane had already become Byron's mistress before he left England. Don Juan set it down to her initiative. He swore solemnly at another time, "I can safely say that I never seduced any woman." It is not a whole truth—to that he never attained in his life—but in most cases he was not a determined besieger of resistance, though yielding easily to encouragement.

Allegra was born in January, 1817, in London. Upon that event he remarked in one of the most heartless and most characteristic letters he ever wrote: "I never was attached nor pretended attachment to the mother," but "I must love something in my old age, and probably circumstances will render this poor little creature a great, and perhaps my only, comfort." To this disinterested end, he presently received the infant while banning Claire; but he was never to see that old age, and yet the child's grave was made before his own. His literary psychology was unruffled. Shelley's society had made it more serene if anything. Under all forms his writings are unique as a continued personal monologue to which any experience lends itself as well as any other. He wrote the third canto of "Childe Harold," "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "Manfred."

He went to Venice and stayed three years. While his fame at home and abroad was more reverberating than ever, his life sank to the lowest. He preferred black-eyed, strapping managing hussies with a tongue and a tang. He nearly destroyed himself, and revolted impotently against his own degradation. He became enormously large, his hair was prematurely grey, the once white and even teeth were loosened. But with a mind nimblest and sharpest in these beginnings of physical decay, he wrote with the phosphorescent cynicism explained by his circumstances, those earlier cantos of "Don Juan" which are his sustained masterpiece.

He was lifted out of the mud when he met Countess Guiccioli, but oddly enough, he never wrote so well again. When he was introduced to the pretty little fair enthusiast she was only nineteen and had

not been married many months. After that they met every day, and the most permanent of his attachments or associations followed. He was not really in love. She was very young, agreeable, amiable, admiring, and well-born. He drifted into it, as usual, against his reluctant instinct, but in Italian circumstances he could not leave her with honour. His life was greatly improved, but the blank-verse dramas he wrote in quantity were born dead. Even "Cain" is only galvanized. Her own people, the Gambas, drew him into futile political conspiracy in Ravenna, where he was very much milord and correspondingly good to the poor.

In October, 1821, he had to leave Ravenna with sad forebodings; and preceded by his queer menagerie of monkeys, dogs, cats, and peahens, he transferred his residence to the ghostly Casa Lanfranchi at Pisa. Every one knows how Leigh Hunt with his wife and six children arrived without a farthing in the name of liberty, and camped on the ground floor. Poor Shelley began it. The incubus of the Hunts became unbearable to Byron, while they considered his payments both insulting in method and inadequate in amount. But Shelley had been drowned in July, 1822, and probably never knew that Byron on a certain occasion with his want of fundamental disinterested fidelity to man or woman, had believed the vilest slander on his friend.

Political reasons caused another uprooting. With La Guiccioli he spent the last nine months of his tamer life at the salmon-coloured palazzo Casa Saluzzo on the high ground above Genoa overlooking the bay. There he wrote the "Age of Bronze," the "Island," and continued "Don Juan." These works of their kind had familiar but not rising qualities. They were on the descending curve. He was past meridian.

Lady Blessington came on the memorable visit. The Irishwoman whose own career capped fiction had acute senses and an incomparable eye. She was at first disappointed. His clothes were both shabby and garish. His taste was tawdry. She mocked at his blue cap with the gold band, his green tartan jacket, and the grandiose vulgarity of his bed-hangings. He was still as at school, a peer on stilts, but yet not like a gentleman. He had no reticence or repose. His airs of pedigree were laughed at by the squireen's daughter who had conquered without it. But like most of her sex who came into contact with him she was soon persuaded to a better opinion. His voice—his intimate eloquence! Sympathy prevailed between them. This was the kind of sparkling responsive woman, full of answering sentiment, quick as a flash, who might have made the whole difference had he met her in time. When

they parted after eight weeks he had a passion of tears. In six weeks more he was on the voyage from which he never returned.

Old before his time now, in body as he had long been in mind, with health sapped to the core, what had he done with his life? It had passed like a dream, and a bad dream. As in Balzac's grim fantasy, the talisman of existence had dwindled with every attempt to use it for his pleasures, his passions, even his solace; the *peau de chagrin* was shrinking to the last atom in his hand. For all her youth and the superior commonplace of her charms, La Guiccioli and the whole routine palled. She must have looked duller after weeks in the society of his brilliant and delightful countrywoman. Was it too late to break from it all and make a redeeming end if nothing better might be? He told Lady Blessington of his presentiment that he would die in Greece, and he had the same instinct long before.

The Greeks were up at last, and all Christendom was thrilled. Two years before, Archbishop Germanos had raised the standard of the Cross in the Morea. It was the fight to which Byron had summoned them again and again; that cause had inspired by far the finest thing he ever wrote. And yet he had done nothing. As usual he depended on external impulse. Adventures were thrust upon him by the invitation of the Greek Committee in London; but when the call came he rose to the height of it, and from that time forward there is not a sentence in his letters on the subject but breathes manhood, energy, sense, and real directing statesmanship. There was no sham now. La Guiccioli clung and hindered him for a short while, but he disengaged himself and sailed. He left with a dreary and troubled heart, but after they stood out to sea there was never a better companion aboard

For everything but honour and revelation of what might have been, it was indeed too late. Physically he was no longer equal to the attempt; the attempt was the better for that. Had he managed his previous life differently he might in the next few years have become a King At least, he hoped to die in action. It was denied him, but the last phase can only be disparaged by little souls. The end of him and the final study of the works and the influence are for our next tale. Part, and perhaps a main part, of Byron's secret is that he was a man of action gone wrong and a born leader thwarted by heredity and circumstance. His very poetry was public poetry. His pose of challenge and defiance sprang from deeper causes than he could guess. Born and brought up untowardly, as he was, he lived for self and died of it. He paid. In love and friendship he will not bear much examination up to the concluding

chapter. In a word, his social life was one of the greatest misfits in history. But like no other writer, however you explain it, he was for half a century a wide and mighty power in the world. Europe hailed him, and still hails, as the voice of freedom and its soldier. His personal story, as we have seen, is extraordinary, unparalleled in literature; and rightly read is amongst the most tragic known.

II. THE POET

Capitals and ambassadors celebrate the Byron Centenary like an affair of State. Yet critics of finest sense for the spirit and orchestration of great poetry deny Byron altogether. The severe ones demand that a lay-figure of fame shall be stripped of its tinsel honours and put away; the indulgent are more humiliating; for in a manner that Byron himself would have hated worse than Mrs. Hunt, they suggest that he was no great prince of poetry, but only its Prince Regent. How can we hope to resolve this enigma of knotted contradictions? An unravelling attempt is one of the most interesting processes in criticism.

We must carry ourselves back. For nearly half a century Napoleon and Byron divided imagination. Our island had produced the grand European whose anti-insular pungency made him more complete as a cosmopolitan. Translations and paraphrases swarmed in most tongues. His style was so straight, his matter so universal, that he read as well in any language as in his own. From Madrid to Moscow he made the earlier half of the nineteenth century more conscious, aspiring, and articulate. Goethe was "inexhaustible" on the subject, as you may read in Eckermann's conversations. It runs through the nearly forty volumes of Sainte-Beuve's criticism. Byron, renewing births like Noah, had a many-tongued progeny of poets, artists, actors, patriots, Bohemians, and puppies.

His portrait was everywhere. He kept his moulded neck as much uncovered, says Countess Albrizzi primly in her Venetian memoirs, as the usages of society permitted. The low collar and flowing tie were the model for fervent youth. Reminiscences of his scenery and episodes filled the Repositories and the Keepsakes. Countless super-refined steel-engravings and tinted plates turned nature and antiquity into a Byronic film. His complete works accompanied your travels from the Rhine to Italy and the East. Particularly you packed them for your honeymoon. In these days, with our more exacting senses, we seek not to remember his ubiquitous intrusion upon nature and antiquity but to forget it. In those days with elevation you saw before you the

gladiator lie, and "Thou deep and dark blue ocean" roll as if he had made it.

Then what is he *not*? And what is he? The fact is, we must make *the trenchant distinction which removes him wholly from the poets* proper and magical, setting him as a public genius in a class by himself. In pure poetry we would not give any of our greater names for his, nor if compelled to choose, would we lose for him any one amongst a dozen of our immortals who are sometimes called minor. Forget the sovereign succession from Chaucer to Burns or Blake and think of his contemporaries. If we take Coleridge, who would lose for all Byron the "Ancient Mariner," or "Christabel," or "Kubla"? If Wordsworth, who would give the "Prelude," or "Tintern Abbey," or "Peele Castle" or the sonnets? If Keats, who would give the odes—including the great Bacchanal—or "La Belle Dame." If Shelley, who would prefer all "Childe Harold" to the "Euganean Hills," much less part with "Epipsychidion," or the last acts of "Prometheus Unbound," or the "West Wind"? *But if these tests are obviously too hard*, compare even poets who are called minor for no better reason than that Cupid is unquestionably smaller than Mars. To save Byron's complete Works one would not forfeit Herrick, Donne, Campion, or Marvell in one *century; Blake in the next; or Rossetti in another.* There are eight lines of Goethe and another eight lines of Heine, poignant for ever with a sense of death and love, that Byron never began to understand. The nineteenth-century French did not match these eternal brevities; and yet Byron is not a poet proper and magical when you compare him, for example, with Hugo's "Gastibelza" or "Booz Endormi", or even with the penitential beauty of some late verses of Verlaine.

Not in searching for Byron as an august or lyrical poet shall you find his explanation. In this sense he had but rare moments—once when he wrote his clear-ringing sonnet "Chillon"; and again when the man almost forgot himself in a cause, while the poet raised to a sureness and justice of execution he never equalled before or after struck out with undying glow and energy the insurgent stanzas of the "Isles of Greece" A few [illegible] *amongst the matchless wealth of* [illegible] walks in beauty like the night"— [illegible]"—"There's not a joy the world can give like what it takes away"—"Though the day of my destiny's over." But even in reading these you must forget for the moment the deeper and more perfect things of many other poets. You must forget, notably, Landor's "Rose Aylmer" or Tennyson's "Valley of Cauteretz."

It is a question of the poetic principle. Keats put his finger on the thing from the beginning when he said in effect that Byron was too much engaged by the common husks and temporalities of things. He is correspondingly content with the more superficial thoughts and the more ready utterance. Capable of execrable daubs, he makes the ethereal spirit in "Manfred" talk of

> The azure and vermilion
> Which is mixed for my pavilion.

In his lyrics he often begins with most fortunate lines; he can seldom go far without some incongruity; and as we might well expect from the lawless bias of his emotions and his preposterous absorption in his own case amidst all the vast flotsam and jetsam of human troubles, he neither knows the serene architectural power nor the last touch on detail. Milton went a bit too far when he said that he who would write an heroic poem must make his whole life heroic. But there is something in it, and this much in it, that on the whole in art and everything else, we do what we are, and there is no escape from judgment.

The Spenserian cantos of the Pilgrimage were hailed once as Baedeker sent down from Sinai and inspired an incredible solemnity in reviewers. "Child Rowland to the dark tower came," but Childe Harold came to the footlights, to explain a diorama. If we leave it at that, we are wrong. We prize no doubt short, essential strokes, after the intervening century which produced by far more words than all the centuries before. Cloyed by that descriptive passion of the nineteenth, which Ruskin's splendid and delicate gift elaborated and exhausted, we compare the epoch-making Pilgrimage with an over-powering sequel of literature and experience. We clean miss the original effect of novelty. Nothing resembling it had appeared. Preceding poetry seemed an affair of small canvases or neutral tints by comparison with this sweeping brush, these dashing colours; this range and change of landscape and seascape; these wide, bold pictures of ruins and romance; this variety of incident; these symbols of eternity and space and the insignificance of man; these cryptic glimpses and shadows of satiety and remorse; this elementary but confident re-expression of the most ancient and familiar themes in the world. When complete, the Pilgrimage to most readers was like the Grand Tour brought to the home and hearthrug like the mountain coming after all to the Prophet.

The first canto begins as a "romaunt" out of Wardour Street, and the handling is relatively crude, but in the next he finds himself; the

ship's business hums to the life; we are aboard; the Albanian sketches are in clean colours, brisk with picturesque activities, sharp with mountain air, and still as readable as ever. Five years pass, and, of course, he is a changed and far abler man when he resumes, in the third and fourth cantos, this unique descriptive monologue. Hackneyed things, once most persuasive, are now thrummed to boredom. Yet "Waterloo" has the deep note of opening battle and alarm. "The Castled Crag of Drachenfels" holds a charm. Far other with the pounding rhetoric of the oceanic harangue—

> The armaments that thunderstrike the walls
> Of rock-built cities making nations quake
> And monarchs tremble in their capitals

—this and the sentimental preface are now almost null. When he depends on imagination and reflection he is inferior. But when he sees and feels directly—when his eye is on Terni, or on Venice, or on the statue of the dying gladiator, he can be as expressive as this secondary method of poetry will permit. We get the apt phrases—"Parting day dies like the dolphin"; or "The moon is up and yet it is not night"; or true lines like—

> He heard it but he heeded not, his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away.

And, above all,

> Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

There are lumps of rhymed prose, but also stanzas of softest felicity, as this on the Lake of Geneva—

> It is the hush of night, and all between
> Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,
> Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
> Save darkened Jura whose capped heights appear
> Precipitously steep; and drawing near
> There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
> Of flowers yet fresh with childhood, on the ear
> Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
> Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

In short, in spite of the blightings and the despairs, and all the monotonous complainings which break in like the droning of some conscious bagpipes personally aggrieved, one is not so sure that one will not read all "Childe Harold" again. Historically, it had a vast effect in broadening and enriching the senses of the English people, and has claimed more space in proportion than we can give to the rest.

Yet the "Tales" which beat Scott out of his first field, happily for prose-fiction, might well tempt us to digress. Written at white-heat—two hundred lines a day—"The Giaour," "The Bride," "The Corsair," "Lara," "Corinth," have all the inequalities and defects of headlong composition, but the flushed glittering buoyancy with which they depicted exotic scenes, fatal men and dark secrets, enraptured the public and heavened Murray. The sales were fabulous, and the spell potent for decades. We must remember again that there had been nothing like it. These metrical romances prompt curiosity about the origins of Byron's mental make-up.

There is no biography of him comparable with Sir Sidney Colvin's "Keats." Moore is wadded, soapy and evasive. We would give much to know more about Byron's early reading. When we are told that he read novels by the thousand we have a clue. It is absurd to imagine our ordinary ancestors, male and female, when recreating themselves with prose-fiction, chiefly employed upon their classical heritage, Richardson and Fielding, Sterne and Smollett. Nothing of the kind. The melodramatic and pathetical novels of the lesser hands were the popular stock of the booksellers. When Byron was in his teens Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," Clara Reeve's "Old English Baron," and the lachrymose volumes of the "Man of Feeling" were still circulating; while the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Monk" were almost piping-hot. That splendid fantasy, "Vathek," was a fairly recent masterpiece, and must have given part of the permanent cast to the boy's mind. Byron remembered everything and worked up everything. When cramming for the shipwreck in "Don Juan" he used an account he had read when he was twelve; and it is from "Vathek" that he gets Jamshid's jewel and the blue butterfly of Kashmir. He seldom acknowledges his debts. He came to read French fluently, though never speaking it well, and in whatever edition or language, we may be bound that he knew Monsieur Galland's "Arabian Nights," as well as the diamond showers of wit and fancy in "Zadig" and "Candide."

Melancholy was his underlying temperament always—he had the bilious tinge—and that it nourished itself on the dust and ashes of the macabre we cannot doubt. Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis read within the legendary walls of Newstead itself when he was young must have accounted for a good deal.

When we add "Parisina," "Mazeppa," and "The Island" to the list of metrical tales, we must own again the range, the speed, the shining elements, the nerve of activity, the supple and too facile sense of physical

attraction. "Lara" contains the best portrait of his idea of himself that he ever drew. The celebrated lines from "The Giaour"—"He who hath bent him o'er the dead"—were once thought the last word of elegiac tenderness, and they have still some troubling grace. But if it is a question of poetic rank and significance we still would not give one fit of the "Ancient Mariner," or one passage of Keats's more "golden histories" for all the close-knit vigour, heightened spectacle and intriguing personality of the Byronic narratives.

Then what of "Manfred"? The climax of sensation, when it came out during the exile, it was thought sublime with a double rivalry to Faust and Lucifer. It has his highest blank verse—a medium in which he seldom moved well—and his purest continued flow of style. At moments he attains a beauty that seems to belong to some other man—

> I hear
> Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
> As music on the waters; and I see
> The steady aspect of a large, clear star.

He has power, and controlled power, in a dozen well-known speeches. It is impossible to deny him here the Elizabethan accent. But it does not do what he intends. Fundamentally, when he attempts the spiritual, he has so little to say. As Goethe remarked with darting insight, sharpened by an amusing gnat-sting of human vanity, "when Byron reflects he is a child." His emotional vehemence in action and reaction exceeds his intellectual ability. His heart is too much for his noticeably small head. It is a generalized eloquence. This time he makes the Alpine peak, no less, his pedestal, and the cataract an obbligato to his strain. His mountains—unlike Wordsworth, who well knows one mountain from another—have no personality. In the same way "Manfred" creates no real human type and brings no permanent human theme to a focus of suggestion. As we now know, there is probably a bitter and dread reality behind all, but he cannot create, like Goethe or Marlowe, the tangible dramatic substance. "Manfred" is vaguely sublime. You cannot recollect it well. Nothing is distinct and separately memorable.

Still pouring out in his short life, he tried other forms. His plays are half a dozen. For the present writer they do not live as plays or as very considerable poetry, but inquiry is by no means dismissed by that opinion. Could Byron have wielded the drama had he come to it in time and given time? It is possible but the other case is strong. His lack of constructive art is absolute. He just runs on. He has no development of character or plot. Like Manfred, the plays give out their

theme of destiny at once and with changes of illustrative declamation they talk it to an end. But speechifying is not drama. Again, the blank verse is ruined by the intolerable habit of ending a line with words like "of" and "for" and "in," which ought to belong to the next. Thus the pause becomes absurd, yet the flow is broken; the subtle pulse of our great metre is destroyed.

"Cain" has higher writing and more dramatic quality; there is at last a living opposition of motives; and though those who once evened it with Milton were egregious, the rhetoric of defiance is as intrepid as its argument is rudimentary. It is wonderfully like Byron that Cain begs the question by ignoring the theme of forbidden fruit. Nor is debate extinct about other plays. Goethe—a practical producer be it remembered—thought that "Marino Faliero" was for the stage, but that "The Two Foscari" was not. One of the best intelligence alive thinks, on the contrary, that "The Foscari" ought to be revived by the Stage Society. But though "Marino" is a rôle and the speeches revivify with firm strokes old Venice and the more cruel traits of the oligarchy, one doubts. The rack is no more for the stage than is the operation-table at its worst. To us it seems that no nominal drama could be much more devoid than Byron's plays of the vital elements of character and motive, suspense and solution, required for the action of the theatre; but if the Stage Society essays the experiment, we shall see.

But now we come to the real Byron who engages the world. For all the range and variety we have examined, he is surpassed in the vision and faculty divine by contemporaries and successors. Byron dominant and inimitable lives elsewhere. We discover him in the satirist and the orator. The orator leads the revival of liberalism. The satirist in "Don Juan" takes more of all life and fancy for his theme than anyone since Cervantes; plays like a magician of mockery with a thousand topics of society and dreams; enchanting, repellent, scathing or whimsical by turns with the same easy *diablerie* of wicked wit and light execution. To measure Byron you must remove him altogether from the usual sphere of comparison with the inward poets of imaginative vision and of the light that never was on sea or land; you must take him as a poet of action and comment, of sensuous representation, amidst the whole visible scene; and you must clean forget for the moment all he ever wrote before he found his own instrument and vein in the rippling ridicule of "Beppo." He developed it in the sixteen cantos of the astounding novel in verse which took him five years, and though unfinished it never could have been finished—it is a thing of supreme genius and stands alone.

"Don Juan" seems to be written in no natural ink, but in some cabalistic fluid formed by dissolving jewels and the rainbow in a solution of brimstone and wormwood. The first gay cantos, the most audacious and inventive—smirched by unforgivable cynicisms—sprang from a certain psychic state. After leaving England he had a moral struggle, convulsed but short. At Venice he drinks the Circean cup. He knows his fall—

> No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
> The freshness of the heart can fall like dew.

In his mind he makes a bond with Mephistopheles to attack the whole established order of the world, to outrage its respectabilities, to expose its hypocrisy and even humiliate its virtues; yet to do these things with such interludes of beauty and strength, tenderness and regret, as would fasten a charm upon the society he hated; and to make the defeat of his life the triumph of his powers. Upon the point of morals, it is useless now to discuss "Don Juan" any more than "Candide." This Byron is worse, his ethics are no better than a discourse to young foxes on the error of tails; and we might say of him what was unjustly said of another—that too often he settles like a meat-fly on all you like to eat and makes you sick of it. "The Storm" with all its tragic power and veracity turns ribald. Even the lovely idyll of Juan and Haidée, and the lingering tranquillity of the "Ave Maria" stanzas are not far from the spirit of the black mass. On the other hand, the return of Lambro is one of the really great things in English verse and fiction for scene and character, for laughter in Paradise and merciless disillusionment—

> He was the mildest-mannered man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,
> With such true breeding of a gentleman
> You never could divine his real thought.

There are a hundred other things clamouring in vain for mention. The Seraglio scenes are a Russian ballet. When we are whisked to the Danube and the court of Catherine the Great we change to carnage and lust, but Byron's protest against the brutalities of war is as honest as Voltaire's. We come back to the English scenes—cockney and aristocratic. They are in many ways surprisingly of to-day and in some ways of to-morrow. Adeline and Aurora Raby are observed persons. Newstead is described with fidelity and affection as the individuality of no other historic house has ever been. We discern a chief influence both upon Disraeli and Thackeray, while "Hudibras" is recalled and W. S.

Gilbert anticipated by jack-in-the-box springs of resource that do the almost impossible in rhyming. From the first canto you might think it hopeless to keep up the ingenious felicity of the stanzas and the sparkling of the clipped pat couplets. But he does keep it up for six hundred pages of the authoritative edition. "Don Juan" is a miracle of technical dexterity, sceptical sentiment, and branding intelligence.

In direct political satire, "The Age of Bronze" is more formidable and pungent. In savage gusto the "Irish Avatar" beats everything but the "Vision of Judgment." There Byron comes to the top of his comedy. In our time the ferocity is lost in the fun, and as a feat of devastating humour you cannot read it without shaking the chair.

And still the biggest thing about him is unsaid. A last and wider reason explains why his centenary is commemorated by nations. As we have already noted, his poetry is public poetry. Finer spirits are overheard. He speaks to the audience, and his direct voice commands the hearing and carries through his time. If there is any unity underlying the prodigal miscellany of his vast output, we find it in this, that he was in every gift and instinct an orator from first to last, and became, as no other man has been, the orator of Europe. "Childe Harold," "Manfred," "Cain," are prolonged addresses; "Don Juan," for all its many-coloured mazes, largely belongs to politics like Dryden and Butler. The "Age of Bronze" is a *tour de force* of debating attack, and we cannot doubt for our part, though we cannot prove it, that the continental sweep of its speech for oppressed nations and masses originated Victor Hugo's immense "Légende des Siècles." The "Prophecy of Dante," which is subordinate in poetic essentials, was in its time a great plea for enslaved dismembered Italy; it pre-figured and animated Mazzini. Greece had his heart for years before he spent his last and best in her cause. From Ireland to Poland, from Europe to the rising States of South America, he impelled and nerved them all.

He engrossed the high oratorical talents—eloquence and ridicule, elegy and incitement, emotional description, historical appeal, the broad effects and the clinching phrases—

> A thousand years scarce serve to form a State;
> An hour may lay it in the dust.

And again,

> Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

Or this,

> *Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,*
> *Streams like the thunderstorm* against *the wind.*

Or once more when his accent reached the cold thrill of urging memory—

> . . . . The voices of the dead
> Sound like a distant torrent's fall.

When he speaks of freedom and revolt, the apt words of effectual and communicated passion come of themselves. He had none of Wordsworth's constructive sense or of Shelley's starry idealism. He hated the ascendencies rather than sympathized with the people. He had a set kink of contradiction, and would probably have been against the prevailing order and at odds with his environment under any system. Placed as he was, he became not only the orator of Europe, but as against the Holy Alliance with its texts and bayonets, the Leader of Opposition for the nations in general. He was no Olympian in intellect, much less in character. Yet considering his small head the marvel is what he did with it. But for the infirmity of his foot, his lack of early training, his impoverished, embittered isolation amongst his class, he might well have been great as soldier, sailor, adventurer, or statesman. Fated in other ways to be not the happy but the unhappy warrior, he had an imperishable quality of rallying and sallying courage. He was a path-breaker for more and greater and better movements than he knew. Amidst the Europe created at Versailles we have no power of protest and awakening like his, and the world is the poorer for it. There are shadows on his name, there are a thousand blots on his work. Broken, foiled, striving, he drank, not to extremity, indeed, but to excess, and died. It was given to him to die lowly, like some notable good man, in a wretched room, beaten by the rain, in an hour of darkness for the cause he served, amidst faction and failure, with no ray of promise to be seen. A century afterwards finds all the rest disputed, but his iridescent genius confessed and his personality ineffaceable. It is the irony and magnificence of fame—in whose temples, like the temple of delight, "Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine."

The Observer, April 6 and 13, 1924.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

A versatile writer and editor and anthologist. His chief biographical work is the "Life of Charles Lamb"; his best novel, "Over Bemerton's." He is in the true Lamb line as an essayist. The following example reveals this gifted and gracious author at his wisest.

ON THE BORDERS OF PARIS

[1922]

I

ONE should go to Malmaison only on a very fine day, for it is the saddest house in France, and the road to it, from Paris, runs through the dreariest of suburbs and the untidiest outskirts that a great city can have. You know those insubstantial inadequate cottages, those unfinished villas called "Mon Abri" and "Le Nid," and those neglected factories, among cabbages and hoardings, which the French specialize in; well, you see them most of the way. And the way is chiefly pavé, too.

In a car from the Place de la Concorde, say, the journey takes half an hour.

Not only is Malmaison sad, it is also the loneliest house I was ever in, or the house which most suggests loneliness. It is, in perfection, the house which a man furnishes and equips for a woman to whom he can no longer give love but to whom he is prepared to give everything else; the house, in perfection, in which a woman hopes against hope for a return of the old affection. True kindness would prompt such men (and perhaps does prompt them, but they lack the courage to comply) to cut the knot; false kindness makes them lavish money on Malmaisons.

Not that Malmaison was always like that. When Napoleon built it for the fascinating widow of the unfortunate Vicomte de Beauharnais, he adored her; but he must very soon have come to realize his mistake—certainly not, poor creature, without assistance from her, for her extrava-

gances became almost insane, and her frivolity was never too consistent with the position of First Consul's wife, to say nothing, later, of that of an Empress. It was, however, neither foolishness nor wastefulness that brought about her downfall: it was her inability, in the French phrase, to "put into the world" a little Napoleon. She had borne Beauharnais a son, but she could not oblige the Emperor in the same way, and he was implacable. And so, in 1809, came the divorce, and in the stables you may see the famous coach, the "O[illegible] [illegible] journey—and what a house to [illegible] to alter it! For the rest of her exile, which amounted in fact to disgrace, she was to see at every turn nothing but evidences of her lost place and splendour, nothing but the inexorable letter N wherever she looked.

For although it was nominally Josephine's house, Napoleon is everywhere, in monograms, in portraiture and in symbol. Even the garden is dominated by a gigantic marble head of the [illegible] much of his assertive inventive personality, we cannot; and, to me, the Napoleonic museum which occupies a big upper room is the most interesting part of the château. One comes very near the great little man in this room, and again—as at the Invalides, at the Carnavalet, at Fontainebleau—one is in a position to appreciate his thoroughness and ingenuity. The high quality of workmanship on which he insisted is apparent on every hand, particularly in his campaign accessories, his sets of toilet articles, his writing-case, his candle-case. Everything was made to fold into the smallest possible space. And he thought of everything—even a silk screen, light green in hue, with a weighted top, which could be suspended from the mantelpiece of whatever room he was in, to protect him from a fire that was too hot or too brilliant. And on a hook hangs one of the gold watches which the illustrious Louis Abraham Breguet built for him.

Nothing could make the house anything but sad. Its French formality is sad; the custodians at the gate, surrounded by picture post-cards, the gravel approach, the inhumanity of the garden, the common French failure of the lawn to be a lawn—all are sad. And then the memories, the lifelessness, the furniture not used, the books (Napoleon's own, returned to their old shelves by generous collectors) not opened, the fascinating folding desk in the library not written at, the rich noble curtains not drawn, Josephine's harp for ever silent.

Josephine's harp! Anyone who has been to the Musée Grevin, Paris's *wax-work exhibition, knows that harp, or its facsimile,* standing in the large group called a Soirée at Malmaison. This tableau was arranged by Frédéric Masson, the historian of the Napoleonic era, who *once, in effigy, wearing a tall hat,* was seated in a corner surveying his handiwork, but has now disappeared, either because he was disintegrating or (dare I suggest it?) because his figure was needed for reincarnation as somebody else, a more immediate hero or villain of the day. Anyway, it had gone when I was in the Musée Grevin a few months ago. Well, that representation of the ball of Malmaison is, to my mind, almost a justification of wax-works, so capable is it of suggesting the actual scene and revivifying the past. But at the château itself, Josephine's harp is, with Napoleon's card table, in the music salon; and looking upon that graceful mute instrument one seems to be nearer its ill-starred player. One realizes too what a loss the dignity and charm of drawing-rooms suffered when the harp became obsolete. And, also, what a loss to women with beautiful arms.

Poor Josephine died in 1814. A year later her lord, master and repudiator was again at Malmaison, for five days, a captive, on his way from Waterloo to St. Helena. Five bitterer days probably no man ever spent. And now St. Helena has come to Malmaison, for in one of the rooms, brought from Longwood, is the very bed Napoleon died on with Ary Scheffer's painting of the scene over it. Time's revenges, Time's symmetrical irony, if you like!

II

"When next you are in Paris," said a lady at dinner, "be sure to go to Cabassud's. For lunch. It is a delicious place."

"Cabassud's?"

"Yes. At Ville d'Avray. You sit and eat in little arbours."

And at once there floated through my mind a single detached line from one of the "Proverbs in Porcelain"—

April, Ville d'Avray, Ma'amzelle Rose,

—the only line I have retained.

That was months ago, but I remembered the name, and when I was next in Paris I went out to the little courtly village of white houses and chestnut trees, bent not only on finding Cabassud but also the Corot monument, for it was at Ville d'Avray that Corot lived.

As it happens, Corot and Cabassud are side by side, on the edge of a

little étang: one of the two étangs—the other is across the road—which he painted so often, again and again, under different effects of light, all his life. His admirers may think of him as searching France for these placid meres in which the sky is reflected so tenderly and with such lustre; but they are wrong. The frugal old boy, frugal only to be kind, knew a trick worth two of that. All he did was to leave his house, a few steps away, and find his subjects here, within reach of lunch at home; and it is fitting that his fine great head, benign and simple, in stone, set up in homage by many friends, should be here, so near the water and the reeds that he loved; fitting also that in the decorative border above it should be a lark singing, for it was as a lark that, in a famous passage, Corot once symbolized himself: a lark singing his little songs in a quiet sky, in contradistinction to some contemporary—I forget which one—who was an eagle. Delacroix probably.

Whether any other artists are painting at Ville d'Avray to-day I cannot say; but I can say that a certain craftsman in clay has made it his home, for, greatly daring, I pushed open the unlatched door of his studio, under the impression that it might be a house to let (looking over houses to let being an amusement that never palls), and there I found arrays of exquisitely shaped little vases and bowls in soft neutral hues, and two or three potter's wheels, and vessels containing liquid of every colour of the prism. The potter himself was absent, and it was perhaps just as well; for I have no French to explain away trespass in.

I heard afterwards, from one of Cabassud's friendly waiters, that he was a Russian refugee. Should by any chance these words meet his eyes, I hope he will accept my apology. "Gently, potter, gently, pray."

A few minutes later I had another thrill—for this was a red-letter day indeed.

It is curious how seldom, even if one haunts rivers for the purpose, one sees a kingfisher: I mean those of us who want to see them, who think there is no bird more exciting. Others see them often. I have a friend who composes music in a little summer-house beside the Thames, and one Sunday morning while he was at work a kingfisher flew into the room, and in attempting to fly out again crashed against the window, so that the musician had to nurse it back to consciousness. But I doubt if he really valued the privilege; I think he looked upon it as an interruption. Another friend of mine, a biologist, complained that a kingfisher had swooped on his little pool of goldfish and carried them off. Complained! And the rural postman once told me of a bridge where young kingfishers could be seen every morning at play—half a dozen of them—but his voice

had no emotion in it as he told me, his eyes were dry, and when I went to the place there were none. Nor were there any when, recently, I walked beside the Test at Stockbridge, and beside the Avon at Fordingbridge, and beside the Itchen at Winchester.

It began to seem, indeed, as if none but the unadventurous achieved the fair, until at Ville d'Avray, as I stood between the two lakes, a kingfisher flashed by: my first for years. Only for a moment. It flashed across my vision for only a moment—burning, beautiful—and was gone; but I had seen it.

And Cabassud's?

Why is it that in France eating in the open air is a refined art, while in England it is almost always repulsive? Think of the horrors of restaurants that cater for day trippers here, and then contrast them with the comfort and distinction of Cabassud's, where one sits and eats in arbours, just as my informant had said, and everything is clean and comely and efficient. Although it was as late as October, there was a huge dish of fraises de bois, and a huge dish of framboises, with concomitant cream, enough for every one, and the service was quick. And all the time while I was eating I was peering through the trees for another glimpse of darting blue, but it never came. Next spring, if I get to Paris, I shall go to Cabassud's again, full of new hope, and I advise every sojourner in the French capital to do the same. Let our motto be—

April, Ville d'Avray, . . .

Yes, and why not a Ma'amselle Rose?

Luck of the Year.

LORD HUGH CECIL (*b.* 1869)

The fifth son of a Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, Lord Hugh entered Parliament early, and soon rose to eminence as a speaker. One speech of his upon religion has become a classic, and he continues to be unrivalled as a debater with the power, long lost, of finishing his sentences. He has written a book on "Conservatism," and a few essays in review of books. His recent interests are religious, and he is a commanding figure in Church Conventions or wherever he chooses to exercise his unique gifts of language and thought.

THE KINGDOM AND NATIONALITY

It is almost a commonplace in political discussion that the words "nationality" and "nation" are hard words, not easy to be defined. Some people are impatient of any demand to define them and disposed to set aside any discussion of their meaning with disdain. Lord Morley, if I recollect right, once said that he could not define an elephant, but he knew one when he saw one, and that the same was true of nationality. But this does not really justly describe the difficulty nor satisfactorily solve it. For though neither Lord Morley nor I could define an elephant, I apprehend that an instructed zoologist could make a definition. And though most people would agree that an elephant was an elephant when they saw it, most people do not always agree as to whether a particular community or body of persons is or is not a nationality Attempts are made to reason about nationality and enforce tests by which it may be determined. Some look for a racial basis, some for an historic unity; some for allegiance to a common sovereign; some for some temperamental sympathy arising perhaps from common religion. And when all these claims are examined it often turns out that there is a good deal of vagueness both in the basis of the claim and in its application. Race, history, allegiance, temperament are cross-examined and sometimes a good deal damaged by the process. But people are not

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converted from believing in the nationality to which they have given faith by any such dialectic. Their national faith is unshaken, and they are prepared to act with vehement intensity both by way of self-sacrifice and by way of violence to others in obedience to that faith. Yet the basis of nationalism is very uncertain. The subject of the Hapsburgs for long ages accepted the Hapsburg monarchy as the foundation of his national sympathies; but now Slavs and Czechs have transferred their nationalist devotion to their race or to remote history. The French have forgotten all about Burgundy and Brittany and Normandy; but many formerly reckoned as Russians have rediscovered their devotion to Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and the Ukraine. The Sicilians with their intricate racial origins, and their considerable element of jealousy and dislike for the rest of the Italian monarchy, are nevertheless devotedly Italian in nationalism. The Irish, although very largely non-Celtic in origin and having incorporated in their nationality many persons of purely English extraction, have nevertheless a predominant nationalist enthusiasm, coloured by an anti-English bias, for a Celtic nationality resting on a doubtful historical and ethnological basis.

In short, the power of nationalist sentiment bears no relation to the solidity of the grounds that may be alleged for it. People believe in nationality, and are animated by nationalism not because nationality can be traced to some source or nationalism justified by its relation to race or history or allegiance or temperament, but because it works like a drug on their minds, stimulating them to action and self-sacrifice and overthrowing, or at least heavily biasing, judgment and conscience. This is hardly the operation of a moral principle. When such a principle is at work it operates in harmony with the general system of virtue. Human infirmity may make some inconsistencies here and there; but in the main, anyone who is animated by a virtuous principle acts in conformity with the rest of the system of virtue. A man inspired by charity will in the main act in conformity with justice. Temperance and chastity predispose to unselfishness. Moreover, what is done for the sake of any of these virtues can be traced to its appropriate motive, and justified both in its purpose and in its intensity by the considerations of reason. Virtue hangs together as a system of rational intention and action, proportioned, balanced, sane. But nationalism certainly does not work in this manner. Its incoherence, its violence, its dependence not on its ostensible grounds but upon its own sentimental force, all show that it is not a virtue but a passion; not a moral principle but

a spiritual emotion. And it is because it is a passion that it is impossible exactly to define the object of it. One can no more define a nationality than a sweetheart. The futility of appealing to considerations of race or history is just the same as the futility of arguing that a sweetheart should not inspire her lover with devotion because her profile is not Grecian or her colouring is inartistic. The answer of passion is in itself; the lover loves his mistress, and it is no use arguing with him that he has no reasonable grounds for the passion that he feels. The nationalist loves what he regards as his nation, and it is no use telling him that the nation rests on bad history or ethnology. The only possible definition of a sweetheart is that she is the object of love: the only possible definition of a nationality is that it is the object of nationalism. And a nationality does not really create the nationalism of which it is the centre. Rather nationalism makes its nationality. Just as the passion of sex leads a lover to choose his mistress, so the passion of nationalism seeks for some object for its expression and finds it in a nation.

It must be remembered that the nation is a different thing from the state. The state is by no means a vague creature of emotion, difficult to define. It is an unmistakable organization which quite definitely expresses itself every day in obvious and unquestionable action. The state makes laws and enforces them; the state keeps order and levies taxes; the state organizes government and sustains it by armed force; the state has its organs, executive, legislative, and judicial, about whose existence and character there is no doubt whatever. But the state, though distinct from the nation, may coincide with it and be sustained by the passion of nationalism in its action, and this is the healthy and stable condition. Where nation and state coincide, where the obedience of the subject is enforced by the passion of the patriot, the state is strong, peaceful, and unshaken. Where, on the other hand, the state does not express nationalist sentiment, where the nationalist thinks of his nation as something different from the state of which he is a subject, a great element of instability is introduced, the authority of the state may be and often is challenged. Dangerous moral confusion begins to arise, and the sentiment of obedience is sapped by the sense of a divided allegiance. Sometimes conscience loses control, and citizens, who by their general moral character should be trusted to uphold order and respect the rights of others, become rebels, incendiaries, and even assassins. There is a limited analogy, which must, however, not be pressed too far, between the operation of nationalism upon the state and its obligations, and the operation of love upon marriage. It is marriage,

as it is the state, that has moral authority and should receive a law-abiding obedience. But a loveless marriage is notoriously unwholesome and dangerous, and the state unsustained by nationalism is in the like perilous condition.

To say that nationalism is a passion is not to deny its beneficent influence. On the contrary, all human passions are within their proper sphere highly beneficent. They are the driving power of humanity; without them there would be no progress. The passion of acquisition and the passion of possession lie behind all trade, commerce, and industry. Without the passion of sex the human race would come to an end; without the passion of family affection men would grow up like wolves; and without nationalism the large organized life of communities would lack vitality. And nationalism is only the largest and strongest expression of a passion which works powerfully upon the human mind in many other connexions. Unfortunately, so far as I know, it lacks a name in the English language. The French call it *esprit de corps*, for which we have no equivalent. But though we give it no name, we recognize and value its social effects. It is found to be wonderfully potent in exciting self-sacrifice and devoted service. Among all natural emotions it is the strongest of antidotes to selfishness. It gives to cowards courage and to idlers industry, and strengthens and transforms character more completely and more powerfully than any other human passion. Schools and colleges, trade unions and regiments largely depend upon it for the healthy life of their organizations. And as it is a powerful so also it is a strangely general passion, though, of course, operating with very different degrees of strength. Wherever you find men bound together in any sort of body or organization, even the most rudimentary, the passion begins to be at work. Men will play with the utmost energy and the utmost unselfishness for their side, although the side may be an organization only improvised for the afternoon for the purpose of getting amusement out of a game. They will stand up for the credit of the club of which they are members, of the town in which they live, even of the hotel which they are accustomed to visit for their holiday or the railway which they habitually use, with a loyalty and sometimes with an irritability which is absurdly disproportioned to the object which excites it.

Esprit de corps is thus both a potent and a pervading passion and is a remedy for egoism and selfishness. But when it is centred round a nationality and becomes nationalism it grows overwhelmingly strong and exercises a perverting influence on human character which balances

and even outweighs its beneficence as an antidote to egoism. Its deepest mark on human history has been made through its power over the Jews. They were, and are indeed, the most nationalist people among humanity. And it seems certain that nationalism was one influence, and perhaps the strongest, which tempted them to the rejection of Christ and of St. Paul. Apart from the actual crime of the Crucifixion, the enormous effect on human history of that rejection can hardly be exaggerated. It has made Rome and not Jerusalem the centre of Christendom; and in so far as a divine work can be destroyed, it has destroyed our Lord's foundation of the Church and substituted for it the work of St. Peter and St. Paul. But the transfer of the capital of Christendom to Rome, with its anti-Christian associations and its despotic atmosphere, has corrupted the president of Christendom, the successor of the prince of the Apostles, into a Pope claiming disproportioned and super-episcopal power. And the great mass of the Jewish people have remained outcasts from Christianity, instead of its Levitical tribe, from whom its priests and prophets might most naturally be drawn. Nor perhaps can nationalism be acquitted of a share in the guilt of the Crucifixion. It is a striking thought that the great dramatic choice between Barabbas and Christ may have been the expression of nationalist sentiment. For it is probable that Barabbas was a Zealot, animated by patriotic enthusiasm though stooping to sedition and murder, as unhappily patriots have done since his day. If this be the true view of his character and claim upon popularity among the Jews, the cry "Not this man but Barabbas" was the cry of nationalism, preferring the nationalist hero over the true Prophet of the Most High. And this first crime was repeated and developed in the long struggle between Jewish nationalism and St. Paul.

Jewish nationalism appears thus at the outset of Christian history as the antagonist of the new religion. And since that day nationalism has been often a hindrance to Christianity. The schism between East and West was partly caused by the mutual hostility of the Latin and the Greek. The Reformation, at any rate among ourselves, was largely perverted in the direction of schism and discord by nationalist sentiment. And in the great movement of progress which has followed the Renaissance, nationalism has been a disintegrating and discordant influence. The last four hundred years have been years of astonishing progress in physical science, in the dominion of man over nature and in the improvement of social organization and mutual help among mankind. But the tradition of war has been maintained although

more and more clearly in contrast with the rising level of social life. Four hundred years ago war was not glaringly incongruous to the moral state of Europe. Even one hundred years ago war was not so singular an exception to the prevalent standard of civilization as it seems to-day. The horror of war is now aggravated by the use of all the resources which an advanced civilization puts at the disposal of men. Man's dominion over nature, now so marvellously advanced, is used in war, not for man's service but for his destruction. Nothing stranger has surely ever been witnessed than the consultations during the late war of skilful men of science to frame engines for the killing of human beings. Thus we had civilization turned against itself, its arts made available to destroy its own life. We were in presence of a great inconsistency, an inversion in the general movement of social progress. War, though a hideous anachronism, was yet still accepted as normal in a civilized world. What was the cause of this incongruity? The answer is, the tolerated presence and power of the passion of nationalism, unrestrained by any superior moral discipline.

The problem Christians have to consider is the moral discipline of nationalism. There is nothing peculiar in the problem. The same general principles which are applied to other human passions might be applied to nationalism, and would result in making it, like the rest, beneficent in so far as conformed to the imposed discipline. It is most desirable to preserve the stimulus to public spirit, the cure for selfishness, which patriotic sentiment affords. But it is at least equally desirable to subject it to such restraint that it will not drag human society into the fearful struggles from the worst of which we have just emerged. Another great war might engulf civilization altogether and inaugurate a new dark age, blacker and more anarchic than that which succeeded the fall of Rome. We want to have, as a commonplace of our moral and religious teaching, a picture of the Christian patriot, disciplined as well as devoted, so that young people may be trained to control nationalist sentiment with just the same conventional apparatus as is applied to the government of other human passions. No young person is allowed to grow up giving unbounded indulgence to the passion of acquisition or the passion of possession or the passion of sex or even the passion of family affection. The necessity for restraint of all these passions belongs to the region of the tritest of moral commonplace. And yet nothing is further from the mind of the moralist, even if such a thing were possible, than the extinction of any one of these passions. But in dealing with nationalism there is a dangerous tendency to slide

into one of two attitudes, the attitude of the enthusiastic patriot who cries—a cry which in respect to other passions would be regarded as shameless indeed—"My country right or wrong"; and the attitude of the professed pacificist who disdains nationalism altogether and, in so far as he is under any bias, seems to have a bias against his own country. The task for moralists, the task especially for the Christian Church, is to chasten nationalism as the other human passions are chastened, and by such correction to make it, like them, a beneficent influence upon human life and society. The Christian patriot should be a man devoted to his country, who counts no personal sacrifice too great to be made on its behalf, who thinks it a primary part of his duty to serve it and to spend time and labour and, if he has it, wealth in that service, who will gladly, and as a matter of course, give his life itself for his country should it be necessary; but, on the other hand, the Christian patriot should be scrupulously attentive to the claims of other nations, strictly on his guard against the ungoverned prejudice which sees in international controversies no right except upon the patriotic side, anxious to know and understand the arguments which are used on behalf of other nations, fearful of the loose appeals to emotion which are lightly made by journalists and politicians in times of international dispute; he must be temperate and judicial while not ceasing to be devoted and self-sacrificing; the servant of his country, not altogether its disciple; one [illegible] give up everything for its sake except that conscience and [illegible] which guide him to obedience to the supreme will of God.

And the training of a Christian patriot ought to be m[illegible] by relying upon another principle, congruous to what is good [illegible] but naturally controlling its exaggerations and destru[illegible] This principle is the principle of Catholicism. Cathol[illegible]erent in Christianity because it is of the essence of the Incar[illegible]deem and sanctify not one race or nation but the whole [illegible] Our Lord was incarnate as a man, not as a Jew, although [illegible] was a Jewess, and His Messiahship was based on H[illegible]tle as a Prince of the House of David. It is human[illegible] came down from heaven to save, not any particular par[illegible] And in so far as we are Christians, in so far as we ha[illegible] redemption and atonement that has been won for us, we [illegible] in a universal life, in the life of the whole body of Chr[illegible] includes all His disciples of all races, peoples, and languag[illegible] Nor is this merely a detached theological principle to which men [illegible] without giving to it any really operative conviction. On the c[illegible]rary, it lies [illegible]

missionary work, and it is always stimulating the conscience of Christians to care for men who belong to other classes or nations or races. It has overthrown the great social fabric of slavery, and is even now working in men's minds to impose a common code of moral conduct in respect to all the classes and races of mankind. Christianity does not, indeed, teach that all men are equal, but it does teach that there is a common system of mutual obligation binding on all men alike, and that the dominant characteristic of a Christian must be membership of the one Body through which the personality of Christ is expressed. Of that membership there is only one kind, so that the members, however different their functions, are all alike in their common relation to their Head. And as about the relation to Christ created by the Incarnation, so also about the work of the Holy Spirit, Catholicism or universality is of the essence of our religion. Whatever else may be said about the work of the Holy Ghost in the Church and among men, that work is certainly not limited by any national or racial boundaries. The scriptural metaphor of the wind, which was the sign chosen to signify the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost, typifies the unbounded and universal operation of the Spirit, an[illegible] operation which no man can control by restraints or limit by frontier[illegible] Alike by belief in the Incarnation, therefore, and in the Holy G[illegible] the Church must be Catholic, preaching a universal mission to a[illegible] kind, unhindered by distinction of nationality.

The Catholic character of Christianity should be the strength of wholesome discipline over nationalist passion among Christians. But this aspect of Catholicism has not been sufficiently pressed by Christian teachers. It is true that Catholic principles have been preached by Christians with great effect in many fields. The evils of slavery, the rights of native Asiatics and Africans, the importance of missions, the danger of class prejudices and inequalities, have been brought home to the Christian conscience by various Christian teachers, and their teaching on these topics has been essentially the teaching of Catholicism, that is, of the universal claim of the Incarnation and of the Holy Spirit. But the bearing of this teaching upon national and patriotic sentiment has not until quite lately been formulated and, still less, emphasized. The ordinary Christian has not been taught that in his relation to foreigners he must have regard to the larger claim of the Catholic Church upon his devotion; he has not been accustomed to think that foreign affairs must be governed by the belief that the whole human family is a community, redeemed by Christ, ministered to by the Holy

Spirit, the highest body to which he himself belongs. The claim of the Catholic Church as a universal whole, the Body of Christ of which he is a member, has not been presented to him as something to which his allegiance is due as superior to any national claim. If from childhood every Christian had been accustomed to think of himself first of all as a member of a world-wide body, the Christian Church, and of his particular nation, as of one of so many provinces of this greater whole, nationalism might have been restrained and wars avoided. But though Catholicism has been pressed on the Christian conscience in many aspects, this, although the most natural aspect of all, has until recently been little adverted to. The wider and nobler aspects of Catholicism have been submerged in the course of controversies which, however important, are yet secondary; and most people who hear the word "Catholic" think either of Romanism or of some controversy within the English Church, and hardly at all of the universal claim of the whole Body of Christ upon the loyalty of its members.

Since the War, however, the frightful consequences of an unbridled nationalism have been so poignantly brought home to all the civilized peoples of the world that a reaction against nationalist sentiment has begun. It has come to be felt as a matter of common sense, that both for international business and for protection against war, some organization is necessary to express the real community of life and interest among civilized peoples. For this purpose the League of Nations has been instituted and it is already undertaking a great deal of work, some of which attracts attention and some of which passes unnoticed, but all of which is important for the common interests of the civilized nations. It is a new institution and has, doubtless, many defects which experience will help to remedy. It is necessarily no better than the normal average of the opinion of the nations who belong to it. Accordingly it is [illegible] no means perfect. Yet it is of value both for the actual work it does and will do and as expressing a recognition of the truth [illegible] nation is not the largest and ultimate unit of human society [illegible] League has its dangers. Nothing would be more [illegible] that it should come to be supposed, as perhaps it may, [illegible]ute for the Catholic Church. As a piece of political m[illegible] [illegible]ady useful and will be more useful. But it cannot [illegible] [illegible]ether as they ought to be bound in the Church of [illegible] [illegible]ague of Nations should be a political mechanism by wh[illegible] may be applied to international affairs, just as Parliam[illegible] [illegible] councils may be used by Christians for domestic busine[illegible]

is to that category that it belongs. But when we think of the moral and spiritual community of mankind it is to the Christian Church and not to the League of Nations or any other piece of human machinery that we should look. Nor can the League itself be healthy unless it is dominated by the atmosphere of Catholic Christianity. One can easily imagine that such an organization might be an instrument of quite un-Christian influences in no very remote future. We live in an age when the materialist power both of wealth and of organization is great and pervading; and as civilized mankind is more and more closely bound together by improvements in transport and communication, it may well be that an international mechanism may be controlled by self-interested men and used to gratify a desire for wealth or domination. Accordingly, the League of Nations, so far from superseding the need for a genuine enthusiasm for Christian Catholicism, gives only one more most important opportunity for the exercise of that enthusiasm. The League may ultimately turn out to be good or bad according as Christians may or may not be able, by inspiring it with Catholic sentiment, to make it the champion of Christian ethics and not the tool of greedy or ambitious men.

Here in the English Church we ought to lift up the idea of Catholicism above its present level. We ought to teach as a commonplace of Christianity the sense of loyalty to a universal body, not in respect to particular liturgical practices or even particular theological doctrines, but as an essential and indispensable part of faith in Christ and His Spirit. We ought to accustom the minds of all Christian disciples to look beyond national allegiance to the greater allegiance that they owe to the universal Church, and to seek Christian reunion, the abolition of war, and the elimination of all selfishness, whether of nation, class, or person, by the constant and familiar appeal to our loyalty to the whole Church. It is so that we may begin to realize what is meant by the saying about the celestial city, "They shall bring the glory and the honour of the nations into it." And reality will be given to our faith and to our activity in all social and international affairs if we are looking forward to the day when Christ will come as a King to reign over His Kingdom. We often lose sight of the truth that Christianity and its work among men is always leading up to the ultimate consummation when Christ will Himself lead the Church to victory and the final overthrow of the powers of evil. If these visions were more present to our minds, we should more easily excite for its best object that passionate devotion to a body and a ruler which have so often appeared in the conflicts of

nations. Nationalist devotion to king and country would fall into its own place as a subordinate though valuable sentiment if our minds were accustomed to feel the same emotion for a greater Body and a greater Ruler. The Christian will not be a worse patriot and will be a far better servant to humanity if he can always remember that he is a citizen of a universal Kingdom, the subject of a divine King, and that every other loyalty and corporate allegiance must be subordinate to the supreme claim of the Catholic Church and its King, Jesus Christ.

The Pilgrim.

HILAIRE BELLOC (b. 1870).

On leaving school Belloc served as a driver in the French artillery. He was the most popular military pamphleteer during the late war. Whether as historian or essayist or poet, he excels: and he is most readable when his prejudices are least provoked. Some early poems of his are undying satires on current abuses, and his best verse contains the radium which is immortal.

THE MOWING OF A FIELD

There is a valley in South England remote from ambition and from fear, where the passage of strangers is rare and unperceived, and where the scent of the grass in summer is breathed only by those who are native to that unvisited land. The roads to the Channel do not traverse it; they choose upon either side easier passes over the range. One track alone leads up through it to the hills, and this is changeable: now green where men have little occasion to go, now a good road where it nears the homesteads and the barns. The woods grow steep above the slopes; they reach sometimes the very summit of the heights, or, when they cannot attain them, fill in and clothe the coombes. And, in between, along the floor of the valley, deep pastures and their silence are bordered by lawns of chalky grass and the small yew trees of the Downs.

The clouds that visit its sky reveal themselves beyond the one great rise, and sail, white and enormous, to the other, and sink beyond that other. But the plains above which they have travelled and the Weald to which they go, the people of the valley cannot see and hardly recall. The wind, when it reaches such fields, is no longer a gale from the salt, but fruitful and soft, an inland breeze; and those whose blood was nourished here feel in that wind the fruitfulness of our orchards and all the life that all things draw from the air.

In this place, when I was a boy, I pushed through a fringe of beeches that made a complete screen between me and the world, and I came to a

glade called No Man's Land. I climbed beyond it, and I was surprised and glad, because from the ridge of that glade I saw the sea. To this place very lately I returned.

The many things that I recovered as I came up the countryside were not less charming than when a distant memory had enshrined them, but much more. Whatever veil is thrown by a longing recollection had not intensified nor even made more mysterious the beauty of that happy ground; not in my very dreams of morning had I, in exile, seen it more beloved or more rare. Much also that I had forgotten now returned to me as I approached—a group of elms, a little turn of the parson's wall, a small paddock beyond the graveyard close, cherished by one man, with a low wall of very old stone guarding it all round. And all these things fulfilled and amplified my delight, till even the good vision of the place, which I had kept so many years, left me and was replaced by its better reality. "Here," I said to myself, "is a symbol of what some say is reserved for the soul: pleasure of a kind which cannot be imagined save in a moment when at last it is attained."

When I came to my own gate and my own field, and had before me the house I knew, I looked around a little (though it was already evening), and I saw that the grass was standing as it should stand when it is ready for the scythe. For in this, as in everything that a man can do—of those things at least which are very old—there is an exact moment when they are done best. And it has been remarked of whatever rules us that it works blunderingly, seeing that the good things given to a man are not given at the precise moment when they would have filled him with delight. But, whether this be true or false, we can choose the just turn of the seasons in everything we do of our own will, and especially in the making of hay. Many think that hay is best made when the grass is thickest; and so they delay until it is rank and in flower, and has already heavily pulled the ground. And there is another false reason for delay, which is wet weather. For very few will understand (though it comes year after year) that we have rain always in South England between the sickle and the scythe, or say just after the weeks of east wind are over. First we have a week of sudden warmth, as though the south had come to see us all; then we have the weeks of east and south-east wind; and then we have more or less of that rain of which I spoke, and which always astonishes the world. Now it is just before, or during, or at the very end of that rain—but not later—that grass should be cut for hay. True, upland grass, which is always thin, should be cut earlier than the grass in the bottoms and along the water meadows; but not

the latest, even in the wettest seasons, should be left (as it is) to flower and even to seed. For what we get when we store our grass is not a harvest of something ripe, but a thing just caught in its prime before maturity: as witness that our corn and straw are best yellow, but our hay is best green. So also Death should be represented with a scythe and Time with a sickle; for Time can take only what is ripe, but Death comes always too soon. In a word, then, it is always much easier to cut grass too late than too early; and I, under that evening and come back to these pleasant fields, looked at the grass and knew that it was time. June was in full advance; it was the beginning of that season when the night has already lost her foothold of the earth and hovers over it, never quite descending, but mixing sunset with the dawn.

Next morning, before it was yet broad day, I awoke, and thought of the mowing. The birds were already chattering in the trees beside my window, all except the nightingale, which had left and flown away to the Weald, where he sings all summer by day as well as by night in the oaks and the hazel spinneys, and especially along the little river Adur, one of the rivers of the Weald. The birds and the thought of the mowing had awakened me, and I went down the stairs and along the stone floors to where I could find a scythe; and when I took it from its nail, I remembered how, fourteen years ago, I had last gone out with my scythe, just so, into the fields at morning. In between that day and this were many things, cities and armies, and a confusion of books, mountains and the desert, and horrible great breadths of sea.

When I got out into the long grass the sun was not yet risen, but there were already many colours in the eastern sky, and I made haste to sharpen my scythe, so that I might get to the cutting before the dew should dry. Some say that it is best to wait till all the dew has risen, so as to get the grass quite dry from the very first. But, though it is an advantage to get the grass quite dry, yet it is not worth while to wait till the dew has risen. For, in the first place, you lose many hours of work (and those the coolest), and next—which is more important—you lose that great ease and thickness in cutting which comes of the dew. So I at once began to sharpen my scythe.

There is an art also in the sharpening of a scythe, and it is worth describing carefully. Your blade must be dry, and that is why you will see men rubbing the scythe-blade with grass before they whet it. Then also your rubber must be quite dry, and on this account it is a good thing to lay it on your coat and keep it there during all your day's mowing. The scythe you stand upright, with the blade pointing away from you,

and you put your left hand firmly on the back of the blade, grasping it: then you pass the rubber first down one side of the blade-edge and then down the other, beginning near the handle and going on to the point and working quickly and hard. When you first do this you will perhaps cut your hand; but it is only at first that such an accident will happen to you.

To tell when the scythe is sharp enough this is the rule: First the stone clangs and grinds against the iron harshly; then it rings musically to one note; then, at last, it purrs as though the iron and stone were exactly suited. When you hear this, your scythe is sharp enough; and I, when I heard it that June dawn, with everything quite silent except the birds, let down the scythe and bent myself to mow.

When one does anything anew, after so many years, one fears very much for one's trick or habit. But all things once learnt are easily recoverable, and I very soon recovered the swing and power of the mower. Mowing well and mowing badly—or rather not mowing at all—are separated by very little; as is also true of writing verse, of playing the fiddle, and of dozens of other things, but of nothing more than of believing. For the bad or young or untaught mower without tradition, the mower Promethean, the mower original and contemptuous of the past, does all these things: He leaves great crescents of grass uncut. He digs the point of the scythe hard into the ground with a jerk. He loosens the handles and even the fastening of the blade. He twists the blade with his blunders, he blunts the blade, he chips it, dulls it, or breaks it clean off at the tip. If anyone is standing by he cuts him in the ankle. He sweeps up into the air wildly, with nothing to resist his stroke. He drags up earth with the grass, which is like making the meadow bleed. But the good mower who does things just as they should be done and have been for a hundred thousand years, falls into none of these fooleries. He goes forward very steadily, his scythe-blade just barely missing the ground, every grass falling; the swish and rhythm of his mowing are always the same.

So great an art can only be learnt by continual practice, but this much is worth writing down, that, as in all good work, to know the thing with which you work is the core of the affair. Good verse is best written on good paper with an easy pen, not with a lump of coal on a whitewashed wall. The pen thinks for you; and so does the scythe mow for you if you treat it honourably and in a manner that makes it recognize its service. The manner is this You must regard the scythe as a pendulum that swings, not as a knife that cuts. A good mower puts no more

strength into his stroke than into his lifting. Again, stand up to your work. The bad mower, eager and full of pain, leans forward and tries to force the scythe through the grass. The good mower, serene and able, stands as nearly straight as the shape of the scythe will let him, and follows up every stroke closely, moving his left foot forward. Then also let every stroke get well away. Mowing is a thing of ample gestures, like drawing a cartoon. Then, again, get yourself into a mechanical and repetitive mood: be thinking of anything at all but your mowing, and be anxious only when there seem some interruption to the monotony of the sound. In this mowing should be like one's prayers—all of a sort and always the same, and so made that you can establish a monotony and work them, as it were, with half your mind: that happier half, the half that does not bother.

In this way, when I had recovered the art after so many years, I went forward over the field, cutting lane after lane through the grass, and bringing out its most secret essences with the sweep of the scythe until the air was full of odours. At the end of every lane I sharpened my scythe and looked back at the work done, and then carried my scythe down again upon my shoulder to begin another. So, long before the bell rang in the chapel above me—that is, long before six o'clock, which is the time for the *Angelus*—I had many swathes already lying in order parallel like soldiery; and the high grass yet standing, making a great contrast with the shaven part, looked dense and high. As it says in the "Ballad of Val-ès-Dunes," where—

The tall son of the Seven Winds
Came riding out of Hither-hythe,

and his horse-hoofs (you will remember) trampled into the press and made a gap in it, and his sword (as you know)

. . . was like a scythe
In Arcus when the grass is high
And all the swathes in order lie,
And there's the bailiff standing by
A-gathering of the tithe.

So I mowed all that morning, till the houses awoke in the valley, and from some of them rose a little fragrant smoke, and men began to be seen.

I stood still and rested on my scythe to watch the awakening of the village, when I saw coming up to my field a man whom I had known in older times, before I had left the Valley.

He was of that dark, silent race upon which all the learned quarrel,

but which, by whatever meaningless name it may be called—Iberian, or Celtic, or what you will—is the permanent root of all England, and makes England wealthy and preserves it everywhere, except perhaps in the Fens and in a part of Yorkshire. Everywhere else you will find it active and strong. These people are intensive; their thoughts and their labours turn inward. It is on account of their presence in these islands that our gardens are the richest in the world. They also love low rooms and ample fires and great warm slopes of thatch. They have, as I believe, an older acquaintance with the English air than any other of all the strains that make up England. They hunted in the Weald with stones, and camped in the pines of the green-sand. They lurked under the oaks of the upper rivers, and saw the legionaries go up, up the straight paved road from the sea. They helped the few pirates to destroy the towns, and mixed with those pirates and shared the spoils of the Roman villas, and were glad to see the captains and the priests destroyed. They remain; and no admixture of the Frisian pirates, or the Breton, or the Angevin and Norman conquerors, has very much affected their cunning eyes.

To this race, I say, belonged the man who now approached me. And he said to me, "Mowing?" And I answered, "Ar." Then he also said "Ar," as in duty bound; for so we speak to each other in the Stenes of the Downs.

Next he told me that, as he had nothing to do, he would [illegible] hand; and I thanked him warmly, or, as we say, "kindly." [illegible] good custom of ours always to treat bargaining as though it were a courteous pastime; and though what he was after was [illegible] what I wanted was his labour at the least pay, yet we both [illegible] comedy that we were free men, the one granting a grace and the [illegible] accepting it. For the dry bones of commerce, avarice and [illegible] need, are odious to the Valley; and we cover them up with a [illegible] body of fiction and observances. Thus, when it comes to [illegible] the buyer does not begin to decry the pig and the vendor to praise it, [illegible] custom with lesser men; but tradition makes them do business in this fashion:

First the buyer will go up to the seller when he sees him in his own steading, and, looking at the pig with admiration, the buyer will say that rain may or may not fall, or that we shall have snow or thunder, according to the time of year. Then the seller, looking critically at the pig, will agree that the weather is as his friend maintains. There is no haste at all; great leisure marks the dignity of their exchan[illegible] [illegible] next step is, that the buyer says: "That's a fine pig you h[illegible]

——" (giving the seller's name). "Ar, powerful fine pig." Then the seller, saying also "Mr." (for twin brothers rocked in one cradle give each other ceremonious observance here), the seller, I say, admits, as though with reluctance, the strength and beauty of the pig, and falls into deep thought. Then the buyer says, as though moved by a great desire, that he is ready to give so much for the pig, naming half the proper price, or a little less. Then the seller remains in silence for some moments; and at last begins to shake his head slowly, till he says: "I don't be thinking of selling the pig, anyways." He will also add that a party only Wednesday offered him so much for the pig, and he names about double the proper price. Thus all ritual is duly accomplished; and the solemn act is entered upon with reverence and in a spirit of truth. For when the buyer uses this phrase: "I'll tell you what I *will* do," and offers him within half a crown of the pig's value, the seller replies that he can refuse him nothing, and names half a crown above its value; the difference is split, the pig is sold, and in the quiet soul of each runs the peace of something accomplished.

Thus do we buy a pig or land or labour or malt or lime, always with elaboration and set forms; and many a London man has paid double and more for his violence and his greedy haste and very unchivalrous higgling. As happened with the land at Underwaltham, which the mortgagees had begged and implored the estate to take at twelve hundred, and had privately offered to all the world at a thousand, but which a sharp direct man, of the kind that makes great fortunes, a man in a motor-car, a man in a fur coat, a man of few words, bought for two thousand three hundred before my very eyes, protesting that they might take his offer or leave it; and all because he did not begin by praising the land.

Well then, this man I spoke of offered to help me, and he went to get his scythe. But I went into the house and brought out a gallon jar of small ale for him and for me; for the sun was now very warm, and small ale goes well with mowing. When we had drunk some of this ale in mugs, called "I see you," we took each a swathe, he a little behind me because he was the better mower; and so for many hours we swung one before the other, mowing and mowing at the tall grass of the field. And the sun rose to noon and we were still at our mowing; and we ate food, but only for a little while, and we took again to our mowing. And at last there was nothing left but a small square of grass, standing like a square of linesmen who keep their formation, tall and unbroken, with all the dead lying around them when the battle is over and done.

Then for some little time I rested after all those hours; and the man

and I talked together, and a long way off we heard in another field the musical sharpening of a scythe.

The sunlight slanted powdered and mellow over the breadth of the valley; for day was nearing its end. I went to fetch rakes from the steading; and when I had come back the last of the grass had fallen, and all the field lay flat and smooth, with the very green short grass in lanes between the dead and yellow swathes.

These swathes we raked into cocks to keep them from the dew against our return at daybreak; and we made the cocks as tall and steep as we could, for in that shape they best keep off the dew, and it is easier also to spread them after the sun has risen. Then we raked up every straggling blade, till the whole field was a clean floor for the tedding and the carrying of the hay next morning. The grass we had mown was but a little over two acres; for that is all the pasture on my little tiny farm.

When we had done all this, there fell upon us the beneficent and deliberate evening; so that as we sat a little while together near the rakes, we saw the valley more solemn and dim around us, and all the trees and hedgerows quite still, and held by a complete silence. Then I paid my companion his wage, and bade him a good night, till we should meet in the same place before sunrise.

He went off with a slow and steady progress, as all our peasants do, making their walking a part of the easy but continual labour of their lives. But I sat on, watching the light creep around towards the north and change, and the waning moon coming up as though by stealth behind the woods of No Man's Land.

Hills and the Sea.

MAX BEERBOHM (*b.* 1872)

This author and caricaturist is the most circumspect and conscientious of craftsmen. His output is slender and his scope contracted. But in certain sketches and in one or two short stories he reaches perfection. There is a perfume about Max's art at its highest which, once inhaled, is never quite lost.

HOSTS AND GUESTS

BEAUTIFULLY vague though the English language is, with its meanings merging into one another as softly as the facts of landscape in the moist English climate, and much addicted though we always have been to ways of compromise, and averse from sharp hard logical outlines, we do not call a host a guest, nor a guest a host. The ancient Romans did so. They, with a language that was as lucid as their climate and was a perfect expression of the sharp, hard logical outlook fostered by that climate, had but one word for those two things. Nor have their equally acute descendants done what might have been expected of them in this matter. *Hôte* and *ospite* and *héspide* are as mysteriously equivocal as *hospes*. By weight of all this authority I find myself being dragged to the conclusion that a host and a guest must be the same thing, after all. Yet in a dim and muzzy way, deep down in my breast, I feel sure that they are different. Compromise, you see, as usual. I take it that strictly the two things *are* one, but that our division of them is yet another instance of that sterling common sense by which, etc., etc.

I would go even so far as to say that the difference is more tha merely circumstantial and particular. I seem to discern also a tempera mental and general difference. You ask me to dine with you in restaurant, I say I shall be delighted, you order the meal, I praise it, y pay for it, I have the pleasant sensation of not paying for it; and it is w that each of us should have a label according to the part he plays in transaction. But the two labels are applicable in a larger and m

philosophic way. In every human being one or the other of these two instincts is predominant: the active or positive instinct to offer hospitality, the negative or passive instinct to accept it. And either of these instincts is so significant of character that one might well say that mankind is divisible into two great classes: hosts and guests.

I have already (see third sentence of foregoing paragraph) somewhat prepared you for the shock of a confession which candour now forces from me. I am one of the guests. You are, however, so shocked that you will read no more of me? Bravo! Your refusal indicates that you have not a guestish soul. *Here am I trying to entertain you, and you will not* be entertained. You stand shouting that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Very well. For my part, I would rather read than write, any day. You shall write this essay for me. Be it never so humble, I shall give it my best attention and manage to say something nice about it. I am sorry to see you calming suddenly down. Nothing but a sense of duty to myself, and to guests in general, makes me resume my pen. I believe guests to be as numerous, really, as hosts. It may be that even you, if you examine yourself dispassionately, will find that you are one of them. In which case, you may yet thank me for some comfort. I think there are good qualities to be found in guests, and some bad ones in even the best hosts.

Our deepest instincts, bad or good, are those which we share with the *rest of the animal creation. To offer hospitality, or to accept it, is but an* instinct which man has acquired in the long course of his self-development. Lions do not ask one another to their lairs, nor do birds keep open nest. Certain wolves and tigers, it is true, have been so seduced by man from their natural state that they will deign to accept man's hospitality. But when you give a bone to your dog, does he run out and invite another dog to share it with him?—and does your cat insist on having a circle of other cats around her saucer of milk? Quite the contrary. A deep sense of personal property is common to all these creatures. Thousands of years hence they may have acquired some willingness to share things with their friends. Or rather, dogs may; cats, I think, not. Meanwhile, let us not be censorious. Though certain monkeys assuredly were of finer and more malleable stuff than any wolves or tigers, it was a very long time indeed before even we began to be hospitable. The cavemen did not entertain. It may be that now and again—say, towards the end of the Stone Age—one or another among the more enlightened of them said to his wife, while she plucked an eagle that he had snared the day before, "That red-haired [illegible]

next valley seems to be a decent, harmless sort of person. And sometimes I fancy he is rather lonely. I think I will ask him to dine with us to-night," and, presently going out, met the red-haired man and said to him, "Are you doing anything to-night? If not, won't you dine with us? It would be a great pleasure to my wife. Only ourselves. Come just as you are." "That is most good of you, but," stammered the red-haired man, "as ill-luck will have it, I *am* engaged to-night. A long-standing, formal invitation. I wish I could get out of it, but I simply can't. I have a morbid conscientiousness about such things." Thus we see that the will to offer hospitality was an earlier growth than the will to accept it. But we must beware of thinking these two things identical with the mere will to give and the mere will to receive. It is unlikely that the red-haired man would have refused a slice of eagle if it had been offered to him where he stood. And it is still more unlikely that his friend would have handed it to him. Such is not the way of hosts. The hospitable instinct is not wholly altruistic. There is pride and egoism mixed up with it, as I shall show.

Meanwhile, why did the red-haired man babble those excuses? It was because he scented danger. He was not by nature suspicious, but—what possible motive, except murder, could this man have for enticing him to that cave? Acquaintance in the open valley was all very well and pleasant, but a strange den after dark—no, no! You despise him for his fears? Yet these were not really so absurd as they may seem. As man progressed in civilization, and grew to be definitely gregarious, hospitality became more a matter of course. But even then it was not above suspicion. It was not hedged around with those unwritten laws which make it the safe and eligible thing we know to-day. In the annals of hospitality there are many pages that make painful reading; many a great dark blot is there which the Recording Angel may wish, but will not be able, to wipe out with a tear.

If I were a host, I should ignore those tomes. Being a guest, I sometimes glance into them, but with more of horror, I assure you, than of malicious amusement. I carefully avoid those which treat of hospitality among barbarous races. Things done in the best periods of the most enlightened peoples are quite bad enough. The Israelites were the salt of the earth. But can you imagine a deed of colder-blooded treachery than Jael's? You would think it must have been held accursed by even the basest minds. Yet thus sang Deborah and Barak, "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be among women in the tent." And Barak, remember, was a gallant

soldier, and Deborah was a prophetess who "judged Israel at that time." So much for the ideals of hospitality among the children of Israel.

Of the Homeric Greeks it may be said that they too were the salt of the earth; and it may be added that in their pungent and antiseptic quality there was mingled a measure of sweetness, not to be found in the children of Israel. I do not say outright that Odysseus ought not to have slain the suitors. That is a debatable point. It is true that they were guests under his roof. But he had not invited them. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. I am thinking of another episode in his life. By what Circe did, and by his disregard of what she had done, a searching light is cast on the laxity of Homeric Greek notions as to what was due to guests. Odysseus was a clever, but not a bad man, and his standard of general conduct was high enough. Yet, having foiled Circe in her purpose to turn him into a swine, and having forced her to restore his comrades to human shape, he did not let pass the barrier of his teeth any such winged words as "Now will I bide no more under thy roof, Circe, but fare across the sea with my dear comrades, even unto mine own home, for that which thou didst was an evil thing, and one not meet to be done unto strangers by the daughter of a god." He seems to have said nothing in particular, to have accepted with alacrity the invitation that he and his dear comrades should prolong their visit, and to have prolonged it with them for a whole year, in the course of which Circe bore him a son, named Telegonus. As Matthew Arnold would have said, "What a set!"

My eye roves, for relief, to those shelves where the later annals are. I take down a tome at random. Rome in the fifteenth century. civilization never was more brilliant than there and then, I imagine; and yet—no, I replace that tome. I saw enough in it to remind me that the Borgias selected and laid down rare poisons in their cellars with as much thought as they gave to their vintage wines. Extraordinary!—but the Romans do not seem to have thought so. An invitation to dine at the Palazzo Borghese was accounted the highest social honour. I am aware that in recent books of Italian history there has been a tendency to whiten the Borgias' characters. But I myself hold to the old romantic black way of looking at the Borgias. I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, "I am dining with the Borgias to-night," no Roman ever was able to say "I dined last night with the Borgias."

To mankind in general Macbeth and Lady Macbeth stand out as the supreme type of all that a host and hostess should not be. Ho[illegible] the

marked coolness of Scotsmen towards Shakespeare, hence the untiring efforts of that proud and sensitive race to set up Burns in his stead. It is a risky thing to offer sympathy to the proud and sensitive, yet I must say that I think the Scots have a real grievance. The two actual, historic Macbeths were no worse than innumerable other couples in other lands that had not yet fully struggled out of barbarism. It is hard that Shakespeare happened on the story of that particular pair, and so made it immortal. But he meant no harm, and, let Scotsmen believe me, did positive good. Scotch hospitality is proverbial. As much in Scotland as in America does the English visitor blush when he thinks how perfunctory and niggard, in comparison, English hospitality is. It was Scotland that first formalized hospitality, made of it an exacting code of honour, with the basic principle that the guest must in all circumstances be respected and at all costs protected. Jacobite history bristles with examples of the heroic sacrifices made by hosts for their guests, sacrifices of their own safety and even of their own political convictions, for fear of infringing, however slightly, that sacrad code of theirs. And what was the origin of all this noble pedantry? Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Perhaps if England were a bleak and rugged country, like Scotland, or a new country, like America, the foreign visitor would be more overwhelmed with kindness here than he is. The landscapes of our countryside are so charming, London abounds in public monuments so redolent of history, so romantic and engrossing, that we are perhaps too apt to think the foreign visitor would have neither time nor inclination to sit dawdling in private dining-rooms. Assuredly there is no lack of hospitable impulse among the English. In what may be called mutual hospitality they touch a high level. The French, also the Italians, entertain one another far less frequently. In England the native guest has a very good time indeed—though of course he pays for it, in some measure, by acting as host too, from time to time.

In practice, no, there cannot be any absolute division of mankind into my two categories, hosts and guests. But psychologically a guest does not cease to be a guest when he gives a dinner, nor is a host not a host when he accepts one. The amount of entertaining that a guest need do is a matter wholly for his own conscience. He will soon find that he does not receive less hospitality for offering little; and he would not receive less if he offered none. The amount received by him depends wholly on the degree of his agreeableness. Pride makes an occasional host of him; but he does not shine in that capacity. Nor do hosts want

him to assay it. If they accept an invitation from him, they do so only because they wish not to hurt his feelings. As guests they are fish out of water.

Circumstances do, of course, react on character. It is conventional for the rich to give, and for the poor to receive. Riches do tend to foster in you the instincts of a host, and poverty does create an atmosphere favourable to the growth of guestish instincts. But strong bents make their own way. Not all guests are to be found among the needy, nor all hosts among the affluent. For sixteen years after my education was, by courtesy, finished—from the age, that is, of twenty-two to the age of thirty-eight—I lived in London, seeing all sorts of people all the while; and I came across many a rich man who, like the master of the shepherd Corin, was "of churlish disposition" and little recked "to find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality." On the other hand, I knew quite poor men who were incorrigibly hospitable.

To such men, all honour. The most I dare claim for myself is that if I had been rich I should have been better than Corin's master. Even as it was, I did my best. But I had no authentic joy in doing it. Without the spur of pride I might conceivably have not done it at all. There recurs to me from among memories of my boyhood an episode that is rather significant. In my school, as in most others, we received now and again "hampers" from home. At the midday dinner, in every house, we all ate together; but at breakfast and supper we ate in four or five separate "messes." It was customary for the receiver of a hamper to share the contents with his mess-mates. On one occasion I received, instead of the usual variegated hamper, a box containing twelve sausage-rolls. It happened that when this box arrived and was opened by me there was no one around. Of sausage-rolls I was particularly fond. I am sorry to say that I carried the box up to my cubicle, and, having eaten two of the sausage-rolls, said nothing to my friends, that day, about the other ten, nor anything about them when, three days later, I had eaten them all—all, up there, alone.

Thirty years have elapsed, my school-fellows are scattered far and wide, the chance that this page may meet the eyes of some of them does not much dismay me; but I am glad there was no collective and contemporary judgment by them on my strange exploit. What defence could I have offered? Suppose I had said "You see, I am so essentially a guest," the plea would have carried little weight. And yet it would not have been a worthless plea. On receipt of a hamper, a boy did rise, always, in the esteem of his mess-mates. His sardines, his marmalade,

his potted meat, at any rate while they lasted, did make us think that his parents "must be awfully decent" and that he was a not unworthy son. He had become our central figure, we expected him to lead the conversation, we liked listening to him, his jokes were good. With those twelve sausage-rolls I could have dominated my fellows for a while. But I had not a dominant nature. I never trusted myself as a leader. Leading abashed me. I was happiest in the comity of the crowd. Having received a hamper, I was always glad when it was finished, glad to fall back into the ranks. Humility is a virtue, and it is a virtue innate in guests.

Boys (as will have been surmised from my record of the effect of hampers) are all of them potential guests. It is only as they grow up that some of them harden into hosts. It is likely enough that if I, when I grew up, had been rich, my natural bent to guestship would have been diverted, and I too have become a (sort of) host. And perhaps I should have passed muster. I suppose I did pass muster whenever, in the course of my long residence in London, I did entertain friends. But the memory of those occasions is not dear to me—especially not the memory of those that were in the more distinguished restaurants. Somewhere in the back of my brain, while I tried to lead the conversation brightly, was always the haunting fear that I had not brought enough money in my pocket. I never let this fear master me. I never said to anyone "Will you have a liqueur?"—always "What liqueur will you have?" But I postponed as far as possible the evil moment of asking for the bill. When I had, in the proper casual tone (I hope and believe), at length asked for it, I wished always it were not brought to me *folded* on a plate, as though the amount were so hideously high that I alone must be privy to it. So soon as it was laid beside me, I wanted to know the worst at once. But I pretended to be so occupied in talk that I was unaware of the bill's presence; and I was careful to be always in the middle of a sentence when I raised the upper fold and took my not (I hope) frozen glance. In point of fact, the amount was always much less than I had feared. Pessimism does win us great happy moments.

Meals in the restaurants of Soho tested less severely the pauper guest masquerading as host. But to them one could not ask rich persons—nor even poor persons unless one knew them very well. Soho is so uncertain that the fare is often not good enough to be palmed off on even one's poorest and oldest friends. A very magnetic host, with a great gift for bluffing, might, no doubt, even in Soho's worst moments, diffuse among his guests a conviction that all was of the best. But I never was good at

bluffing. I had always to let food speak for itself. "It's cheap" was the only pæan that in Soho's bad moments ever occurred to me, and this of course I did not utter. And *was* it so cheap, after all? Soho induces a certain optimism. A bill there was always larger than I had thought it would be.

Every one, even the richest and most munificent of men, pays much by cheque more light-heartedly than he pays little in specie. In restaurants I should have liked always to give cheques. But in any restaurant I was so much more often seen as guest than as host that I never felt sure the proprietor would trust me. Only in my club did I know the luxury, or rather the painlessness, of entertaining by cheque. A cheque—especially if it is a club cheque, as supplied for the use of members, not a leaf torn out of his own book—makes so little mark on any man's imagination. He dashes off some words and figures, he signs his name (with that vague momentary pleasure which the sight of his own signature anywhere gives him), he walks away and forgets. Offering hospitality in my club, I was inwardly calm. But even there I did not glow (though my face and manner, I hoped, glowed). If my guest was by nature a guest, I managed to forget somewhat that I myself was a guest by nature. But if, as now and then happened, my guest was a true and habitual host, I did feel that we were in an absurdly false relation; and it was not without difficulty that I could restrain myself from saying to him, "This is all very well, you know, but—frankly: your place is at the head of your own table."

The host as guest is far, far worse than the guest as host. He never even passes muster. The guest, in virtue of a certain hability that is part of his natural equipment, can more or less ape the ways of a host. But the host, with his more positive temperament, does not even attempt the graces of a guest. By "graces" I do not mean to imply anything artificial. The guest's manners are, rather, as wild flowers springing from good rich soil—the soil of genuine modesty and gratitude. He honourably wishes to please in return for the pleasure he is receiving. He wonders that people should be so kind to him, and, without knowing it, is very kind to *them*. But the host, as I said earlier in this essay, is a guest against his own will. That is the root of the mischief. He feels that it is more blessed, etc., and that he is conferring rather than accepting a favour. He does not adjust himself. He forgets his place. He leads the conversation. He tries genially to draw you out. He never comments on the goodness of the food or wine. He looks at his watch abruptly and says he must be off. He doesn't say he has had a delightful time. In fact, his place is at the head of his own table.

His own table, over his own cellar, under his own roof—it is only e that you see him at his best. To a club or restaurant he may etimes invite you, but not there, not there, my child, do you get full savour of his quality. In life or literature there has been no ter host than Old Wardle. Appalling though he would have been a guest in club or restaurant, it is hardly less painful to think of him as a st there. At Dingley Dell, with an ample gesture, he made you free of l that was his. He could not have given you a club or a restaurant. Nor, when you come to think of it, did he give you Dingley Dell. The lace remained his. None knew better than Old Wardle that this was so. Hospitality, as we have agreed, is not one of the most deep-rooted instincts in man, whereas the sense of possession certainly is. Not even Old Wardle was a communist. "This," you may be sure he said to himself, "is *my* roof, these are *my* horses, that's a picture of *my* dear old grandfather." And "This," he would say to us, "is *my* roof: sleep soundly under it. These are *my* horses: ride them. That's a portrait of *my* dear old grandfather: have a good look at it." But he did not ask us to walk off with any of these things. Not even what he actually did give us would he regard as having passed out of his possession. "That," he would muse if *we* were torpid after dinner, "is *my* roast beef," and "That," if we staggered on the way to bed, "is *my* cold milk punch." "But surely," you interrupt me, "to give and then not feel that one has given is the very best of all ways of giving." I agree. I hope you didn't think I was trying to disparage Old Wardle. I was merely keeping my promise to point out that from among the motives of even the best hosts pride and egoism are not absent.

Every virtue, as we were taught in youth, is a mean between two extremes; and I think any virtue is the better understood by us if we glance at the vice on either side of it. I take it that the virtue of hospitality stands midway between churlishness and mere ostentation. Far to the left of the good host stands he who doesn't want to see anything of any one; far to the right, he who wants a horde of people to be always seeing something of *him*. I conjecture that the figure on the left, just dis cernible through my field-glasses, is that of old Corin's master. H name was never revealed to us, but Corin's brief account of his charact suffices. "Deeds of hospitality" is a dismal phrase that could ha occurred only to the servant of a very dismal master. Not less tell-t is Corin's idea that men who do these "deeds" do them only to save th souls in the next world. It is a pity Shakespeare did not actually br Corin's master on to the stage. One would have liked to see the

man genuinely touched by the charming eloquence of Rosalind's appeal for a crust of bread, and conscious that he would probably go to heaven if he granted it, and yet not quite able to grant it. Far away though he stands to the left of the good host, he has yet something in common with that third person discernible on the right—that speck yonder, which I believe to be Lucullus. Nothing that we know of Lucullus suggests that he was less inhuman than the churl of Arden. It does not appear that he had a single friend, nor that he wished for one. His lavishness was indiscriminate except in that he entertained only the rich. One would have liked to dine with him, but not even in the act of digestion could one have felt that he had a heart. One would have acknowledged that in all the material resources of his art he was a master, and also that he practised his art for sheer love of it, wishing to be admired for nothing but his mastery, and cocking no eye on any of those ulterior objects but for which some of the most prominent hosts would not entertain at all. But the very fact that he was an artist is repulsive. When hospitality becomes an art it loses its very soul. With this reflection I look away from Lucullus and, fixing my gaze on the middle ground, am the better able to appreciate the excellence of the figure that stands before me—the figure of Old Wardle. Some pride and egoism in that capacious breast, yes, but a great heart full of kindness, and ever a warm spontaneous welcome to the stranger in need, and to all old friends and young. Hark! he is shouting something. He is asking us both down to Dingley Dell. And you have shouted back that you will be delighted. Ah, did I not suspect from the first that you too were perhaps a guest?

But—I constrain you in the act of rushing off to pack your things—one moment: this essay has yet to be finished. We have yet to glance at those two extremes between which the mean is good guestship. Far to the right of the good guest, we descry the parasite; far to the left, the churl again. Not the same churl perhaps. We do not know that Corin's master was ever sampled as a guest. I am inclined to call yonder speck Dante—Dante Alighieri, of whom we do know that he received during his exile much hospitality from many hosts and repaid them by writing how bitter was the bread in their houses, and how steep the stairs were. To think of dour Dante as a guest is less dispiriting only than to think what he would have been as a host had it ever occurred to him to entertain anyone or anything except a deep regard for Beatrice; and one turns with positive relief to have a glimpse of the parasite—Mr. Smurge, I presume, "whose gratitude was as boundless as his appetite, and his presence as unsought as it appeared to be inevitable." But now, how

gracious and admirable is the central figure—radiating gratitude, but not too much of it; never intrusive, ever within call; full of dignity, yet all amenable; quiet, yet lively; never echoing, ever amplifying; never contradicting, but often lighting the way to truth; an ornament, an inspiration, anywhere.

Such is he. But *who* is he? It is easier to confess a defect than to claim a quality. I have told you that when I lived in London I was nothing as a host; but I will not claim to have been a perfect guest. Nor indeed was I. I was a good one, but, looking back, I see myself not quite in the centre—slightly to the left, slightly to the churlish side. I was rather *too* quiet, and I did sometimes contradict. And, though I always liked to be invited anywhere, I very often preferred to stay at home. If anyone hereafter shall form a collection of the notes written by me in reply to invitations, I am afraid he will gradually suppose me to have been more in request than ever I really was, and to have been also a great invalid, and a great traveller.

And Even Now.

GEORGE SAMPSON

Educated at St. John's, Cambridge, he has been for years Inspector of Schools under the L.C.C. and has written largely on literature. In this essay his gifts of intellect, emotion and judgment are revealed in harmonious fusion. The fineness of his mind and of his taste is only equalled by the distilled excellence of his style.

BACH AND SHAKESPEARE

COMPARISONS between one form of art and another are often unprofitable and sometimes mischievous. Music, poetry, painting, and sculpture have their own modes of being and must submit to certain laws and limitations, prescribed, not by critical authority, but by the nature of things. Whoever it was that called architecture "frozen music" may be allowed the metaphor, but not the comparison.

We are on safer ground when we turn from arts to artists. Music and poetry are not really comparable, but musicians and poets may be. Circumstances, aims and conditions can be similar when the means of expression are different; and doubts that perplex us in one instance may be dissipated when they are observed in another. People have clouded the name of Shakespeare with suspicion, because the obscurity of his life seems incompatible with the splendour of his achievement. Could such transcendent genius, they ask, be indeed "self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure," and "tread on earth unguess'd at"? Let us compare, therefore, certain circumstances in the life of the greatest English poet with certain circumstances in the life of the greatest pure German musician, and see if the mystery of William Shakespeare be any deeper than the mystery of Johann Sebastian Bach. We start with this advantage, that we shall not be comparing an unknown with a still more unknown. We do know many indisputable facts about Bach. The huge biographical treatise of Spitta may not be full of grace and charm, but it is unquestionably full of facts and documents. Indeed, ife

of Bach is as likely to be choked with certainties as a Life of Shakespeare with conjectures. It is because the certainties may assist the conjectures that we offer the present comparison.

A noticeable difference greets us at the outset. The family of Shakespeare had no tradition of poetry; the family of Bach was solidly musical. The difference need not trouble us, for poetry is in no sense a domestic and social art, whereas it was precisely as a domestic and social art that music was cultivated in sixteenth and seventeenth century Germany. The Bachs were clannish as well as musical, and loved to make opportunities for joyous intercourse. They displayed, as an early biographer observes, a happy contentedness, indispensable for the cheerful enjoyment of life. Though serious men, seriously employed as Cantors, Organists and Town Musicians, they were not Puritans. The churlish spirit of Malvolio had no part in their gatherings. They loved laughter and used their skill to devise broadly humorous entertainment out of popular ditties. The comic tunes interwoven in the thirtieth variation of Bach's Goldberg set may serve to remind us of the "quodlibets" that amused his robust forbears. None of these rose above the condition that we should label as lower middle class; and Alderman John Shakespeare, genial and mirth-loving as he was, would have regarded most of them as his inferiors.

Johann Sebastian Bach himself was born at Eisenach in Thuringia, under the shadow of the Wartburgs, on March 21, 1685, fourth and last son of Johann Ambrosius Bach, a town musician. We know little about the boy's education in music or in letters, but it is obvious that to his father (a viola player) he owed not merely his first knowledge of music, but his extraordinary understanding of stringed instruments. In his tenth year he lost both his parents and passed into the care of his eldest brother, who was organist at Ohrdruf. Here the boy attended school, and was taught music by the brother; but, apparently, not enough; for tradition relates that, being forbidden to use a certain volume of clavier pieces, little Sebastian secretly copied them all out on the moonlit nights of six months; but the transcript was discovered by his brother, who confiscated it, no doubt in the interests of discipline. The father and grandfather of Bach had been secular musicians; his brother was in the service of the church; and it was in an atmosphere of church music, therefore, that the boy's most formative years were passed. In 1700 Bach got his first employment as soprano singer in the convent school at Lüneberg; and when his voice went, as it naturally did very soon, he remained there as a violinist. In 1704 he became organist at Arnstadt; in 1706 organist at Mülhausen; in 1707 court organist and chamber

musician at Weimar; and in 1717 Kapellmeister in the service of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen. He failed to secure an organist's post at Hamburg, and in 1722, at the age of thirty-seven, he succeeded Kuhnau as Cantor at St. Thomas's Church School in Leipzig, where he remained *till his death in 1750. The Cantor ranked third in the school after the* Rector and Subrector, and was required to have charge of all the musical instruction, vocal and instrumental, and to teach Latin in one of the classes. The last duty Bach was allowed to delegate as others had done.

Where, in this life of routine employment in petty towns and courts, is there room for the development of a mighty musician? Bach was always a subordinate, always under the necessity of keeping to daily hours of work, and liable to be checked, rated, and censured, as he was when he overstayed his leave in order to hear Buxtehude play. A wonderful teacher of those with the will and capacity to learn, he lacked the pedagogue's power of controlling a class, and spent his energy in struggles with refractory pupils. Other ties were not lacking; for his domestic life, happy as it was, can hardly have made for freedom and self-communion. A man twice married, and the father of twenty children (even though some of them died young), needs to be vastly better circumstanced than the Leipzig Cantor if he is to find solitude in such a multitude. Did we not know the facts, should we ever have supposed that the boy so precariously taught and the man so heavily occupied would become, first, the greatest player of his time on clavier and organ, and next, the writer of an incredible number of elaborate compositions of the highest rank and in all departments of music? Or, given the sixty volumes of the standard edition, and considering both their mere quantity and their artistic magnitude, should we not have been tempted to doubt whether they came from such a man if definite evidence had been lacking? There are people who find it hard to believe that the plays of Shakespeare were written by anyone under the rank of a Viscount; but so far no one has suggested that the works of Bach were written by Frederick the Great, whose musical proclivities and personal relations with Bach himself might be held to give grounds for suspicion.

We must remember that the Bach we know was not the Bach known to his contemporaries. We know him as the supremely great composer; they knew him chiefly as a player. He outshone all executants of his time and enjoyed an almost legendary reputation. We do not know how he acquired his tremendous skill, neither do we know who tau[illegible] technique of composition. Bach employs with supreme [illegible] elaborate and intricate forms of musical architecture. He [illegible]

out a flood of facile tune with simple accompaniment. For him, every line of notes had to play its own independent part in the music and to combine as well with all the others. No man has surpassed him in the power of making great music out of polyphony; and no man has been able to do more than Bach with two lines of notes. Even in the simpler dance forms of the English Suites and Partitas, his two lines sound greater than other people's four—or forty. How came he by this extraordinary command of form? Fortunately an answer—such answer as there ever can be to the riddle of creative art—may be definitely given. He was self-taught. To the end of his life Bach was an indefatigable student, and his growing power over the resources of composition can be clearly traced in his works. His masters were all who could teach him anything. He made long journeys on foot to hear great players—to Hamburg to hear Reinken, to Lübeck to hear Buxtehude. Whenever he could he took musical holidays, in the course of which he visited most of the towns of Germany where there was something to be heard. That he never met his exact contemporary Handel was not due to lack of effort on the part of Bach. Further, he was untiring in his study of other men's inventions. As we have seen, he began as a boy the habit of assiduous transcription that remained a peculiarity of his whole life. He absorbed music as steadily as he produced it; for, like some other men of high creative power, he could turn almost anything to the nourishment of his own personal genius. And so, self-taught, he learned from everybody; and without travelling beyond his native Germany grew into knowledge of Palestrina, Caldara, Lotti, Couperin, Frescobaldi, Legrenzi, and Corelli, yet remained always himself, writing without lapse or deviation the music that, in the highest degree, possesses the great style, the style absolute, that is not so much impersonal as beyond all personality. The music of Bach tells us as much—and as little—of the man as the verse of Shakespeare. He made no pageant of a bleeding heart and did not turn his chagrin and disappointment into notes. If ever there was one who, with Shakespeare, can be called "self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure," who made the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place and trod the earth unguessed at, it was the composer of the "Matthew Passion" and the "B minor Mass." Men knew the somewhat touchy Cantor of the Thomasschule and admired the prince of instrumentalists; but they knew little of the soul that heard the seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts," and caught the surges of their song in music that echoes the thunders of the Apocalypse.

Bach used the music of others not only as matter for leisured study,

but as an immediate stimulus. By all report his power of improvization appeared inexhaustible; yet he liked to be set going by something not his own. It is a curious fact that Bach's original hymn tunes are much less important than his lovely and expressive harmonies to the hymns of others. We are again reminded oddly of Shakespeare, who rarely, if ever, invented his own stories, but needed to be set going by some external suggestion from tale or play or history. Given his story, no matter how crude or ghastly, Shakespeare could transmute it into a drama thrilling with life and movement, and gleaming with matchless poetry. So potent is his art that we forget sometimes how poor is the originating substance of certain plays. In *The Merchant of Venice*, for instance, we are caught by the sheer magnificence of creative skill and find ourselves interested in the clash of racial and religious animosities almost without consciousness of the fact that not an incident in the story will bear a moment's examination. But, apparently, without the stimulus of the story, Shakespeare would never have given us Shylock and Portia.

Bach had to endure from contemporary critics a reproach that deeply annoyed him. In his day music was part of a liberal education, and, conversely, the musician was expected to have studied the liberal arts, and not solely the one which he meant to practise. Both ideals (if they are two, and not one) need constant reassertion, especially in the present day of specialization. Handel, Telemann, and Scheibe were university men; Bach, through the narrow circumstances of his youth, was not, and he was sometimes reminded of his deficiency. He was charged with ignorance, and his works were alleged to show the crudities and bad style arising from a lack of general culture.

The charge of ignorance was ill-founded, for Bach had received a sound schooling and, at Ohrdruf, in particular, had profited by the reforms of Comerius; no uncultivated man would have possessed or could have used the considerable theological library in his personal possession; but can we not detect in the charge a note resembling that which, sounding faintly in Ben Jonson and such incidental persons as Henry Ramsay, Jasper Mayne, and William Cartwright, hinted that Shakespeare was ill-educated, and presently swelled into a tradition that he was a sort of freak or curiosity, needing no learning, because Nature had chosen him as a passive instrument for her purpose? Even those who testified to the technical skill of Bach managed to hint that he had attained it without effort. "Our Bach," says the first obituary notice, "did not engage at all in deep theoretical considerations of music, but was all the stronger in the practice of it." So the eighteenth century thought of Shakespeare.

"All the Images of Nature were still present to him," writes Dryden, "and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. . . . Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greatest commendation: he was naturally learn'd."

Bach, like Shakespeare, was an efficient and practical man of affairs. He was careful and scrupulous in business, and, though never in a post of high emolument, left a fair property at his death. Neither Bach nor Shakespeare had the "artistic temperament" that the Skimpoles plead to excuse their raids upon the pockets of others. The musician and the poet alike worked for their living and paid their way like respectable citizens. Never was the sanity of true genius better exemplified than in Bach and Shakespeare. They could not, as Coleridge did, exist upon delusions and subscriptions, in a perpetually suspended condition of "just sending to the press a treatise on the Logos or Communicative Intelligence, in two volumes of six hundred pages each," not a line of which was written or ever would be written. Not for Bach and Shakespeare could there be the solemn dedication and novitiate of Milton, or the long leisure of Wordsworth, or the gigantic gambling of Wagner upon a distant success. What they did had to be done at once. Shakespeare had to provide plays for My Lord Chamberlain's men; Bach had to provide music for court or church use. "He is most marvellous," wrote Zelter to Goethe in 1827, "when he is in a hurry, and not in the humour. I possess manuscripts of his, where he has thrice begun and then erased again; he could not get it to go, but the music must be forthcoming, for next Sunday there was some inevitable wedding or funeral before him. Even the very worst foolscap paper seems to have been scarce at times, but the work had to be done; little by little he gets into the swing, and at last the great artist is there, Bach's very self."

In a sense all the works of Bach are music-master's compositions, written because they were needed for practical use, and not (apparently) because they cried aloud within him for birth. He wrote, as Shakespeare wrote, to fulfil his obligations, and without any parade of what a modern would be sure to call his artistic conscience. There was no room in his busy life of creative activity for manifestos about art, and he appeared not to know the importance of being eccentric. Bach had nothing to do with art for art's sake, being too much occupied with art for God's sake. He therefore found no incompatibility between the pursuit of music as an art and the practice of music as a calling, because for him both were included in the greater ideal of duty. With Bach, to be false to music was worse than to be false to art: it was to be false to

God. He served his art with purity and probity because he served God thereby in the labour that is, in the true sense, devotion.

Even in certain material limitations of their art these two great spirits were strangely alike. We all feel how inadequate to the power of *Lear*, the breadth of *Hamlet*, and the depth of *Macbeth* must have been the wretched booths that passed in Shakespeare's day for theatres. If we could be vouchsafed a vision of the poet's own life, we should probably find nothing to amaze us more than the disproportion between the magnitude of Shakespeare's genius and the meagreness of the material for making that genius manifest. It is, of course, the way of great art both to fit itself to material conditions and to transcend them. The dramatist must write first of all for the theatre of his own age if he is to live in the theatre of another. The musician must write for the players and singers of his own day before he can reach the players and singers of a day to come. Bach, like Shakespeare, took what means the time provided, and wrote for what was there, not for what was absent. "Even in Lüneberg," says Spitta, describing Bach's early years, "the ill-luck began which pursued the greatest of German organists all his life through; for he had always to do the best he could with small or bad organs, and never had a really fine instrument at his command for any length of time." In choral music his state was even worse. At Leipzig, in the great period of the Cantatas and Passions, he could have had no more than twenty players for his orchestra and about the same number for his choir; and even these varied as pupils came and went. Many a Cantata is orchestrated as it is, simply because at that particular time Bach had only those instruments at his disposal. The "Matthew Passion" is the greatest music-drama ever written. We need not search for epithets, we can simply say that it is always at the level of its awful theme. If we are amazed to think that parts in Shakespeare associated with the names of Sarah Siddons or Ellen Terry were first enacted by theatre-boys, it should amaze us no less to think that the arias and recitatives of the "Matthew Passion" were first sung by schoolboys, and that the instrumental parts, difficult enough to modern professional players, were performed by pupils in the school and artisans in the town band. The opening chorus of the "Matthew Passion" is one of the miracles of music, with its agitated lines of sound, its dramatic exclamations, and its chorale melody ringing above all like an assertion of hope in a tumult of despair; and yet to perform this miracle Bach had barely three voices to a part. We, accustomed to a band of seventy or eighty and a chorus of two hundred and fifty, find it as hard to imagin[illegible] render

performance at St. Thomas's in 1729 as Bach would have found it to envisage the Queen's Hall orchestra packed with its singers and players in 1929.

The advantage is not entirely with us. Just as we sometimes get excellent performances of Shakespeare under conditions where sheer poverty prevents an extravagance of presentation and drives the producer back upon the play itself, so we sometimes hear better performances of Bach in small churches than in great concert halls. If Bach had for his mighty choral effects nothing like the mass of sound that they appear to need, he had a balance of vocal and instrumental tone that we never hear. Moreover, it is certain that his arias and recitatives were better sung by his boys than they are now by the ladies and gentlemen who adorn our platforms as soloists. Bach is dramatic, but he is not operatic; and to sing his solos in the *ad captandum* manner of the opera is to achieve disaster. The vulgarization of Shakespeare's marvellous descriptive passages with *tableaux vivants* on the stage is no worse a desecration than the spectacle of a stout bejewelled lady with bare bosom and uplifted eyes declaiming "Erbarme dich" as if she were singing "Ernani, involami." We have to get away from the showy concert-room performance of Bach as we have to get away from the showy stage performance of Shakespeare, and for the same reason, namely, that the show inevitably injures the piece.

Bach and Shakespeare accepted not only current conditions but current forms. They were not innovators; they were content to take what they found and make the best of it. Shakespeare is the child of his dramatic ancestors. He gave us no new forms of drama or verse; he simply filled the old forms with a new content. Shakespeare's plays are not different from Marlowe's or Kyd's, they are merely better plays of the same kind, just as Mozart's operas are not different from Cimarosa's, but merely better operas of the same kind. So Bach took the current musical forms, some of them imposed by the conditions of his office, and gave the dry bones an unimagined life. Fugue, Chorale Prelude, Motet, Concerto, Suite, Cantata, Passion, Mass—all were there before him, and he was content to take them and bend them to his will.

Shakespeare and Bach appear to have been satisfied with the existence of their works as matter for performance, and to have taken no care to secure for them the perpetuity of print. When Shakespeare died sixteen of his plays had been printed, but not, apparently, with his consent or co-operation. The rest remained in some manuscript form at the theatres, and were published by the piety of friends in the Folio of 1623. No attempt was made to separate the work of other men from Shake-

speare's own, or even to indicate mixed authorship; and to-day we have no certainty that all of Shakespeare's work is included in the collection called by his name, and considerable certainty that some of the work included is not his. The new taste imported from France in the seventeenth century made Shakespeare seem archaic or uncouth, and though he was never forgotten, he became old-fashioned and increasingly difficult to read. For stage use it was found necessary to re-write or adapt him, and it was in mangled versions that the contemporaries of Davenant and Dryden knew his plays. Not till the edition of Rowe appeared in 1709 did Shakespeare begin to pass regularly into the intellectual life of later generations, and even then he was presented with editorial conjectures, well-meant and even necessary, but nevertheless departures from the old texts. On the stage the adapter still held sway. Cibber and Tate altered Shakespeare to the taste of the eighteenth century, and actors like Charles Kean and Henry Irving presented to the nineteenth such selections from certain plays as appeared compatible with their ideas of a successful entertainment. In the ordinary way, no one ever attempted to put on the stage a plain unaltered version of any play by the man who received general lip-homage as our greatest poet and dramatist.

How did Bach fare? He died in 1750 and was speedily forgotten by all but a few. Official Leipzig had belittled him in life and ignored him in death. He had trodden the earth unguessed-at even by the sons he had laboriously trained. Three of them, William Friedemann, Charles Philip Emmanuel, and John Christian, became considerable musicians, but they were less concerned for their father's fame than for their own. The last, the old man's Benjamin, became in later years a feature of London musical life, but he troubled little about his father, and always referred to him as "the old perruque." When Burney visited Germany in 1772 it was Emmanuel, not Sebastian, who was the great Bach. The eighteenth century wanted a Dryden in music, and found him in Handel, a great but lesser musician, whose works had more obvious qualities of popularity than Bach's. In Germany the worship of Handel ran a normal course; in England it became a grave musical calamity. The extent to which Handel mania could paralyse the English musical intelligence can be seen in the author of "Erewhon," who may be called the last of the Handelians.

But the music of Handel was at least available; the music of Bach was not. Very few of his compositions had been printed, the bulk of them being still in manuscript, and liable to the gradual attrition that is the universal lot of such music. He wrote nearly three hundred church

cantatas; we actually possess a hundred and ninety. One great organ work survives only in a copy made by a pupil; another was recovered from the hands of a shopkeeper. That we have so much is almost a miracle. Bach, like Shakespeare, left no instructions about his manuscripts, and those in his possession were shared by Friedemann and Emmanuel, who lent them for a fee to those desirous of studying or performing them. Barely one of the works that we associate with the name of Bach was in print. "The Well-tempered Clavichord," the great organ compositions, the Concertos, the Passions, the Mass, were all unprinted, and apparently dead for ever. But slowly the work of revival went on, and we should hold in special honour the names of the first pioneers, Forkel, Rochlitz, and Zelter, the last of whom builded better than he knew when he fired the old Goethe and the young Mendelssohn with his enthusiasm. The crucial date in the history of the Bach revival is 1829, when, exactly a hundred years after its birth, the "Matthew Passion" was performed at Leipzig under the direction of Mendelssohn, who, with Edward Devrient, had wrung a growling consent from old Zelter, the owner of the manuscript, which he had bought at the price of waste paper. The impression made by the work was tremendous, the hushed silence, as Fanny Mendelssohn tells us, being broken only by the ejaculations of people under the stress of deep emotion. Two other performances rapidly followed, and thus, by strange but not inappropriate irony, a Jew and an actor gave back to Christendom for ever the one imperishable setting of its central tragedy.

Like Shakespeare, Bach has suffered from his friends. Editorial performing directions have been scattered as freely over the text of Bach as editorial stage directions have been scattered over the text of Shakespeare. Even the faithful Forkel and Zelter felt bound to re-write Bach as Dryden and Davenant, or Tate and Cibber, had felt bound to re-write Shakespeare; and, to complete the parallel, as the star actor adapted Shakespeare for the better exhibition of his own magnificence, so Liszt and Bülow adapted Bach for *virtuoso* display at the piano.

Shakespeare was not forgotten so completely as Bach; but he was neglected, misunderstood, mishandled, misinterpreted, and has survived all the injuries done to him. The fate of his work seems such a mystery that twisted minds have been moved to ask whether this prosaic and somewhat litigious actor can have been the writer of great plays to which he appears, by modern standards, to have been indifferent. The limited and uneventful life of Bach from the organ stool at Arnstadt to the Cantor's seat at Leipzig offers a curious parallel. The letters that survive

reveal nothing of the great musician, but something of a man with a certain personal touchiness. They provide evidence to show that Bach contended vigorously for his rights as a man and his precedence as a public servant, and was as solicitous of a titular honour from the King of Poland as Shakespeare was to establish his right to a grant of arms; but they offer no evidence to show that he cared about the fate of his works or even recognized their supreme greatness. The mystery of Shakespeare is no greater than the mystery of Bach.

As usual, the real mystery is not that which is generally assumed. The mind that doubts whether this provincial Englishman or that provincial German, self-taught, self-developed, without advantage of high culture or easy station, could so have passed the bounds of space and time in works of which no praise can be too extravagant, inevitably makes the blunder of trying to find reasons for that which is above all reason. The spirit of great creative genius lights upon whom it will, and we cannot explain it. That is the mystery. People sometimes talk as if a mass of learning could make a Shakespeare. They can appreciate the knowledge that becomes an excrescence, but not the knowledge that becomes experience. They can understand the acquisitive mind, but they suspect the creative mind. The dubious life of Shakespeare is thus their happy hunting-ground, as the life of Bach would be if less were known about it.

The likeness between these great artists goes deeper still. Bach, like Shakespeare, is for all time and for all men. He is a universal genius, the last of the mediaeval composers and the first of the moderns. Just as no poet can write without some influence from Shakespeare, so no musician can keep Bach out of his score. The best of Bach, like the best of Shakespeare, has an idiom that transcends its own age, and becomes the speech of every age. They are the greatest masters of rhythmic utterance we know, and the magic with which they set rhythm against metre they might have learned from each other. In their moments of simplicity as well as in their flights of complicated beauty they can achieve in triumph effects too audacious for other men. It is almost amusing to recall that both have been denounced for their incorrectness and indifference to rules. There is in both a largeness and breadth of understanding, a sense of human joys as well as of human tears With less opportunity [illegible]

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done can be seen in "Phœbus and Pan" and the humorous dist

the father's complaint in the "Coffee Cantata." The "Matthew Passion" is a drama most wonderfully laid out, and what seems to move us most in it is the pity and terror of the human failure. From its distracted opening to the lovely choral epilogue that uplifts the soul at the end, the tragedy is complete and unfaltering, both in its great design and in its details. Here we can see most clearly Bach's power to sustain the majesty of a theme and to grip the heart with the poignant beauty of a phrase.

Finally, let us notice both in Bach and Shakespeare a moving reticence—an almost overwhelming impersonality that seems at odds with what we know of the men themselves. Which of his fellows ever saw the creative spirit who wrote *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*? To discuss whether Shakespeare was Catholic or Protestant seems almost childishly irrelevant. What had that divining soul to do with sects? We know that Bach was officially a Lutheran; yet the "B minor Mass" is not a flourish of orthodoxy, but the vision of one who reached beyond the stars to the country of the soul. To this clear consciousness of the eternal we can attribute his quiet content to write for instant service and to let the future go. He wrote because he had to write, as the trees grow and the waters move and the stars wheel about the poles of heaven. Zelter recognized this long ago. Writing to Goethe in 1827 he exclaims, "Even when every criticism made against him is allowed, this Leipzig Cantor is one of God's own phenomena—clear, yet never to be cleared up." So might an Englishman write of Shakespeare.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

Soldier, Novelist, War Correspondent, Politician, Minister, Lord of Admiralty, Administrator, Journalist, Orator, Author, Historian, Painter; this latter-day Admirable Crichton is more versatile but less of a dilettante than any other portent in our history. It is however as an Author that he must take his stand before posterity; and he will live in that capacity not when discussing Politics and the ephemeral affairs of men, but when unfolding as in the following article the relation of life to Art, and his own reactions to new impulses. In its revelation of character, in its gift of expression, and in its fresh intellectual challenge this essay is Mr. Churchill at his best. What praise could be more rewarding?

PAINTING AS A PASTIME

I

I do not submit these sketches to the public gaze because I am under any illusion about their merit. They are the productions of a week-end and holiday amateur who during the last few years has found a new pleasure, and who wishes to tell others of his luck. To have reached the age of forty without ever handling a brush or fiddling with a pencil, to have regarded with mature eye the painting of pictures of any kind as a mystery, to have stood agape before the chalk of the pavement artist, and then suddenly to find oneself plunged in the middle of a new and intense form of interest and action with paints and palettes and canvases, and not to be discouraged by results, is an astonishing and enriching experience. I hope it may be shared by others. I should be glad if these lines, I should be proud if these sketches, induced others to try the experiment which I have tried, and if some at least were to find themselves dowered with an absorbing new amusement delightful to themselves, and at any rate not violently harmful to man or beast.

I hope this is modest enough: because there is no subject on which I feel more humble or yet at the same time more natural. I do not

presume to explain how to paint, but only how to get enjoyment. Do not turn the superior eye of critical passivity upon these efforts. Buy a paint-box and have a try. If you need something to occupy your leisure, to divert your mind from the daily round, to illuminate your holidays, do not be too ready to believe that you cannot find what you want here. Even at the advanced age of forty! It would be a sad pity to shuffle or scramble along through one's playtime with golf and bridge, pottering, loitering, shifting from one heel to the other, wondering what on earth to do—as perhaps is the fate of some unhappy beings—when all the while, if you only knew, there is close at hand a wonderful new world of thought and craft, a sunlit garden gleaming with light and colour of which you have the key in your waistcoat-pocket. Inexpensive independence, a mobile and perennial pleasure apparatus, new mental food and exercise, the old harmonies and symmetries in an entirely different language, an added interest to every common scene, an occupation for every idle hour, an unceasing voyage of entrancing discovery—these are high prizes. Make quite sure they are not yours. After all, if you try and fail there is not much harm done. The nursery will grab what the studio has rejected. And then you can always go out and kill some animal, humiliate some rival on the links, or despoil some friend across the green table. You really will not be worse off in any way. In fact you will be better off. You will know "beyond a peradventure," to quote a phrase disagreeably reminiscent, that that is really what you were meant to do in your hours of relaxation.

But if, on the contrary, you are inclined—late in life though it be—to reconnoitre a foreign sphere of limitless extent, then be persuaded that the first quality that is needed is Audacity. There really is no time for the deliberate approach. Two years of drawing lessons, three years of copying woodcuts, five years of plaster casts—these are for the young. They have enough to bear. And this thorough grounding is for those who, hearing the call in the morning of their days, are able to make painting their paramount lifelong vocation. The truth and beauty of line and form which by the slightest touch or twist of the brush a real artist imparts to every feature of his design must be founded on long, hard, persevering apprenticeship and a practice so habitual that it has become instinctive. We must not be too ambitious. We cannot aspire to masterpieces. We may content ourselves with a joy-ride in a paint-box. And for this Audacity is the only ticket.

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I shall now relate my personal experience. When I left the Admiralty at the end of May, 1915, I still remained a member of the Cabinet and of the War Council. In this position I knew everything and could do nothing. The change from the intense executive activities of each day's work at the Admiralty to the narrowly-measured duties of a counsellor left me gasping. Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure. I had great anxiety and no means of relieving it; I had vehement convictions and small power to give effect to them. I had long hours of utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the unfolding of the War. And then it was that the Muse of Painting came to my rescue—out of charity and out of chivalry, because after all she had nothing to do with me—and said, "Are these toys any good to you? They amuse some people."

Having bought a paint-box, an easel, and a canvas, the next step was *to begin*. But what a step to take! The palette gleamed with beads of colour; fair and white rose the canvas; the empty brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air. My hand seemed arrested by a silent veto. But after all the sky on this occasion was unquestionably blue, and a pale blue at that. There could be no doubt that blue paint mixed with white should be put on the top part of the canvas. One really does not need to have had an artist's training to see that. It is a starting-point open to all. So very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint on the palette with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. It was a challenge, a deliberate challenge; but so subdued, so halting, indeed so cataleptic, that it deserved no response. At that moment the loud approaching sound of a motor-car was heard in the drive. From this chariot there stepped swiftly and lightly none other than the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery. "Painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush—the big one." Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see that it could not hit back. No evil fate avenged the jaunty violence. The canvas grinned in helplessness before me. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury.

I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

Every one knows the feelings with which one stands shiverii

a spring-board, and the shock when a friendly foe steals up behind and hurls you into the flood, and the ardent glow which thrills you as you emerge breathless from the plunge.

This beginning with Audacity, or being thrown into the middle of it, is already a very great part of the art of painting.

But there is more in it than that.

La peinture à l'huile
Est bien difficile,
Mais c'est beaucoup plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau.

I write no word in disparagement of water-colours. But there really is nothing like oils. You have a medium at your disposal which offers real power, if you only can find out how to use it. Moreover, it is easier to get a certain distance along the road by its means than by water-colour. First of all, you can correct mistakes much more easily. One sweep of the palette-knife "lifts" the blood and tears of a morning from the canvas and enables a fresh start to be made. Secondly, you can approach your problem from any direction. You need not build downwards awkwardly from white paper to your darkest dark. You may strike where you please, beginning if you will with a moderate central arrangement of middle tones, and then hurling in the extremes when the psychological moment comes. Lastly, the pigment itself is such nice stuff to handle (if it does not retaliate). You can build it on layer after layer if you like. You can keep on experimenting. You can change your plan to meet the exigencies of time or weather. And always remember you can scrape it all away.

Just to paint is great fun. The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing. Try it if you have not done so—before you die. As one slowly begins to escape from the difficulties of choosing the right colours and laying them on in the right places and in the right way, wider considerations come into view. One begins to see, for instance, that painting a picture is like fighting a battle; and trying to paint a picture is, I suppose, like trying to fight a battle. It is, if anything, more exciting than fighting it successfully. But the principle is the same. It is the same kind of problem as unfolding a long, sustained, interlocked argument. It is a proposition which, whether of few or numberless parts, is commanded by a single unity of conception. And we think—though I cannot tell—that painting

a great picture must require an intellect on the grand scale. There must be that all-embracing view which presents the beginning and the end, the whole and each part, as one instantaneous impression retentively and untiringly held in the mind. When we look at the larger Turners—canvases yards wide and tall—and observe that they are all done in one piece and represent one single second of time, and that every innumerable detail, however small, however distant, however subordinate, is set forth naturally and in its true proportion and relation, without effort, without failure, we must feel in presence of an intellectual manifestation the equal in quality and intensity of the finest achievements of warlike action, of forensic argument, or of scientific or philosophical adjudication.

In all battles two things are usually required of the Commander-in-Chief: to make a good plan for his army and, secondly, to keep a strong reserve. Both these are also obligatory upon the painter. To make a plan, thorough reconnaissance of the country where the battle is to be fought is needed. Its fields, its mountains, its rivers, its bridges, its trees, its flowers, its atmosphere—all require and repay attentive observation from a special point of view. One is quite astonished to find how many things there are in the landscape, and in every object in it, one never noticed before. And this is a tremendous new pleasure and interest which invests every walk or drive with an added object. So many colours on the hill-side, each different in shadow and in sunlight; such brilliant reflections in the pool, each a key lower than what they repeat; such lovely lights gilding or silvering surface or outline, all tinted exquisitely with pale colour, rose, orange, green, or violet. And I had lived for over forty years without ever noticing any of them except in a general way, as one might look at a crowd and say, "What a lot of people!"

I think this heightened sense of observation of Nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through trying to paint. No doubt many people who are lovers of art have acquired it in a high degree without actually practising. But I expect that nothing will make one observe more quickly or more thoroughly than having to face the difficulty of representing the thing observed. And mind you, if you do observe accurately and with refinement, and if you do record what you have seen with tolerable correspondence, the result follows on the canvas with startling obedience. Even if only four or five main features are seized and truly recorded, these by themselves will carry a lot of ill-success or half-success. Answer five big questions

e examination paper correctly and well, and though you may not a prize, at any rate you won't be absolutely ploughed.

But in order to make his plan, the General must not only recon-re the battle-ground, he must also study the achievements of the at Captains of the past. He must bring the observations he has lected in the field into comparison with the treatment of similar cidents by famous chiefs. Then the galleries of Europe take on a ew—and to me at least a severely practical—interest. "This, then, s how —— painted a cataract. Exactly, and there is that same light I noticed last week in the waterfall at ——." And so on. You see the difficulty that baffled you yesterday; and you see how easily it has been overcome by a great or even by a skilful painter. Not only is your observation of Nature sensibly improved and developed, but you look at the masterpieces of art with an analysing and a comprehending eye.

The whole world is open with all its treasures. The simplest objects have their beauty. Every garden presents innumerable fascinating problems. Every land, every parish, has its own tale to tell. And there are many lands differing from each other in countless ways, and each presenting delicious variants of colour, light, form, and definition. Obviously, then, armed with a paint-box, one cannot be bored, one cannot be left at a loose end, one cannot "have several days on one's hands." Good gracious! what there is to admire and how little time there is to see it in! For the first time one begins to envy Methuselah. No doubt he made a very indifferent use of his opportunities.

But it is in the use and withholding of their reserves that the great commanders have generally excelled. After all, when once the last reserve has been thrown in, the commander's part is played. If tha does not win the battle, he has nothing else to give. The event mus be left to luck and to the fighting troops. But these last, in the absenc of high direction, are apt to get into sad confusion, all mixed togeth in a nasty mess, without order or plan—and consequently witho effect. Mere masses count no more. The largest brush, the bright colours cannot even make an impression. The battle-field become sea of mud mercifully veiled by the fog of war. It is evident th has been a serious defeat. Even though the General plunges in hir and emerges bespattered, as he sometimes does, he will not ret the day.

In painting, the reserves consist in Proportion or Relation. it is here that the art of the painter marches along the road wh

traversed by all the greatest harmonies in thought. At one side of the palette there is white, at the other black; and neither is ever used "neat." Between these two rigid limits all the action must lie, all the power required must be generated. Black and white themselves placed in juxtaposition make no great impression; and yet they are the most that you can do in pure contrast. It is wonderful—after one has tried and failed often—to see how easily and surely the true artist is able to produce every effect of light and shade, of sunshine and shadow, of distance or nearness, simply by expressing justly the relations between the different planes and surfaces with which he is dealing. We think that this is founded upon a sense of proportion, trained no doubt by practice, but which in its essence is a frigid manifestation of mental power and size. We think that the same mind's eye that can justly survey and appraise and prescribe beforehand the values of a truly great picture in one all-embracing regard, in one flash of simultaneous and homogeneous comprehension, would also with a certain acquaintance with the special technique be able to pronounce with sureness upon any other high activity of the human intellect. This was certainly true of the great Italians.

I have written in this way to try to show how varied are the delights which may be gained by those who enter hopefully and thoughtfully upon the pathway of painting; how enriched they will be in their daily vision, how fortified in their independence, how happy in their leisure. Whether you feel that your soul is pleased by the conception or contemplation of harmonies, or that your mind is stimulated by the aspect of magnificent problems, or whether you are content to find it fun to try to observe and depict the jolly things you see, the vistas of possibility are limited only by the shortness of life. Every day you may make progress. Every step may be fruitful. Yet there will stretch out before you an ever-lengthening, ever-ascending, ever-improving path. You know you will never get to the end of the journey. But this, so far from discouraging, only adds to the joy and glory of the climb.

Try it, then, before it is too late and before you mock at me. Try it while there is time to overcome the preliminary difficulties. Learn enough of the language in your prime to open this new literature to your age. Plant a garden in which you can sit when digging days are done. It may be only a small garden, but you will see it grow. Year by year it will bloom and ripen. Year by year it will be better cultivated. The weeds will be cast out. The fruit-trees will be pruned and trained. The flowers will bloom in more beautiful combinations. There will

be sunshine there even in the winter-time, and cool shade, and the play of shadow on the pathway in the shining days of June.

II

I must say I like bright colours. I agree with Ruskin in his denunciation of that school of painting who "eat slate-pencil and chalk, and assure everybody that they are nicer and purer than strawberries and plums." I cannot pretend to feel impartial about the colours. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject. But then I shall require a still gayer palette than I get here below. I expect orange and vermilion will be the darkest, dullest colours upon it, and beyond them there will be a whole range of wonderful new colours which will delight the celestial eye.

Chance led me one autumn to a secluded nook on the Côte d'Azur, between Marseilles and Toulon, and there I fell in with one or two painters who revelled in the methods of the modern French school. These were disciples of Cézanne. They view Nature as a mass of shimmering light in which forms and surfaces are comparatively unimportant, indeed hardly visible, but which gleams and glows with beautiful harmonies and contrasts of colour. Certainly it was of great interest to me to come suddenly in contact with this entirely different way of looking at things. I had hitherto painted the sea flat, with long, smooth strokes of mixed pigment in which the tints varied only by gradations. Now I must try to represent it by innumerable small, separate, lozenge-shaped points and patches of colour—often pure colour—so that it looked more like a tessellated pavement than a marine picture. It sounds curious. All the same, do not be in a hurry to reject the method. Go back a few yards and survey the result. Each of these little points of colour is now playing his part in the general effect. Individually invisible, he sets up a strong radiation, of which the eye is conscious without detecting the cause. Look also at the blue of the Mediterranean. How can you depict and record it? Certainly not by any single colour that was ever manufactured. The only way in which that luminous intensity of blue can be simulated is by this multitude of tiny points of varied colour all in true relation to the rest of the scheme. Difficult? Fascinating!

Nature presents itself to the eye through the agency of these individual points of light, each of which sets up the vibrations peculiar to its

colour. The brilliancy of a picture must therefore depend partly upon the frequency with which these points are found on any given area of the canvas, and partly on their just relation to one another. Ruskin says in his "Elements of Drawing," from which I have already quoted, "You will not, in Turner's largest oil pictures, perhaps six or seven feet long by four or five high, find one spot of colour as large as a grain of wheat ungradated." But the gradations of Turner differ from those of the modern French school by being gently and almost imperceptibly evolved one from another instead of being boldly and even roughly separated; and the brush of Turner followed the form of the objects he depicted, while our French friends often seem to take a pride in directly opposing it. For instance, they would prefer to paint a sea with up and down strokes rather than with horizontal; or a tree-trunk from right to left rather than up and down. This, I expect, is due to falling in love with one's theories, and making sacrifices of truth to them in order to demonstrate fidelity and admiration.

But surely we owe a debt to those who have so wonderfully vivified, brightened, and illuminated modern landscape painting. Have not Manet and Monet, Cézanne and Matisse, rendered to painting something of the same service which Keats and Shelley gave to poetry after the solemn and ceremonious literary perfections of the eighteenth century? They have brought back to the pictorial art a new draught of *joie de vivre*; and the beauty of their work is instinct with gaiety, and floats in sparkling air.

I do not expect these masters would particularly appreciate my defence, but I must avow an increasing attraction to their work. Lucid and exact expression is one of the first characteristics of the French mind. The French language has been made the instrument of that admirable gift. Frenchmen talk and write just as well about painting as they have done about love, about war, about diplomacy, or, we may add, cooking. Their terminology is precise and complete. They are therefore admirably equipped to be teachers in the theory of any of these arts. Their critical faculty is so powerfully developed that it is perhaps some restraint upon achievement. But it is a wonderful corrective to others as well as to themselves.

My French friend, for instance, after looking at some of my daubs, took me round the galleries of Paris, pausing here and there. Wherever he paused, I found myself before a picture which I particularly admired. He then explained that it was quite easy to tell, from the kind of things I had been trying to do, what were the things I liked. Never having

taken any interest in pictures till I tried to paint, I had no preconceived opinions.

I just felt, for reasons I could not fathom, that I liked some much more than others. I was astonished that anyone else should, on the most cursory observation of my work, be able so surely to divine a taste which I had never consciously formed. My friend says that it is not a bad thing to know nothing at all about pictures, but to have a matured mind trained in other things and a new strong interest for painting. The elements are there from which a true taste in art can be formed with time and guidance, and there are no obstacles or imperfect conceptions in the way. I hope this is true. Certainly the last part is true.

Once you begin to study it, all Nature is equally interesting and equally charged with beauty. I was shown a picture by Cézanne of a blank wall of a house, which he had made instinct with the most delicate lights and colours. Now I often amuse myself when I am looking at a wall or a flat surface of any kind by trying to distinguish all the different colours and tints which can be discerned upon it, and considering whether these arise from reflections or from natural hue. You would be astonished the first time you tried this to see how many and what beautiful colours there are even in the most commonplace objects, and the more carefully and frequently you look the more variations do you perceive.

But these are no reasons for limiting oneself to the plainest and most ordinary objects and scenes. Mere prettiness of scene, to be sure, is not needed for a beautiful picture. In fact, artificially made pretty places are very often a hindrance to a good picture. Nature will hardly stand a double process of beautification: one layer of idealism on top of another is too much of a good thing. But a vivid scene, a brilliant atmosphere, novel and charming lights, impressive contrasts, if they strike the eye all at once, arouse an interest and an ardour which will certainly be reflected in the work which you try to do, and will make it seem easier.

It would be interesting if some real authority investigated carefully the part which memory plays in painting. We look at the object with an intent regard, then at the palette, and thirdly at the canvas. The canvas receives a message dispatched usually a few seconds before from the natural object. But it has come through a post-office *en route*. It has been transmitted in code. It has been turned from light into paint. It reaches the canvas a cryptogram. Not until it has been placed in its correct relation to everything else that is on the canvas or that has yet to be put upon the canvas can it be deciphered, is its meaning apparent, is it translated once again from mere pigment into light. And the light

this time is not of Nature but of Art. The whole of this considerable process is carried through on the wings or the wheels of memory. In most cases we think it is the wings—airy and quick like a butterfly from flower to flower. But all heavy traffic and all that has to go a long journey must travel on wheels.

In painting in the open air the sequence of actions is so rapid that the process of translation into and out of pigment may seem to be unconscious. But all great landscapes have been painted indoors, and often long after the first impressions were gathered. In a dim cellar the Dutch or Italian master re-created the gleaming ice of a Netherlands carnival or the lustrous sunshine of Venice or the Campagna. Here, then, is required a truly formidable memory of the ocular kind. Not only do we develop our powers of observation, but also those of carrying the record—of carrying it through an extraneous medium and of reproducing it, hours, days, or even months after the scene has vanished or the sunlight died.

I was told by a friend that when Whistler guided a school in Paris he made his pupils observe their model on the ground floor, and then run upstairs and paint their picture piece by piece on the floor above. As they became more proficient he put their easels up a storey higher, till at last the *élite* were scampering with their decision up six flights into the attic—praying it would not evaporate on the way. This is, perhaps, only a tale. But it shows effectively of what enormous importance a trained, accurate, retentive memory must be to an artist; and conversely what a useful exercise painting may be for the development of an accurate and retentive memory.

There is no better exercise for the would-be artist than to study and devour a picture, and then, without looking at it again, to attempt the next day to reproduce it. Nothing can more exactly measure the progress both of observation and memory. It is still harder to compose out of many separate, well-retained impressions, aided though they be by sketches and colour notes, a new complete conception. But this is the only way in which great landscapes have been painted—or can be painted. The size of the canvas alone precludes its being handled out of doors. The fleeting light imposes a rigid time-limit. One cannot go back day after day without the picture getting stale. The painter must choose between a rapid impression, fresh and warm and living, but probably deserving only of a short life, and the cold, profound, intense effort of memory, knowledge, and will-power, prolonged perhaps for weeks, from which a masterpiece can alone result. It is much better not too

much about the latter. Leave to the masters of art trained by a lifetime of devotion the wonderful process of picture-building and picture-creation. Go out into the sunlight and be happy with what you see.

Painting is complete as a distraction. I know of nothing which, without exhausting the body, more entirely absorbs the mind. Whatever the worries of the hour or the threats of the future, once the picture has begun to flow along there is no room for them in the mental screen. They pass out into shadow and darkness. All one's mental light, such as it is, is concentrated on the task. Time stands respectfully aside, and it is only after many hesitations that luncheon knocks gruffly at the door. When I have had to stand up on parade, or even, I regret to say, in church, for half an hour at a time, I have always felt that the erect position is not natural to man, has only been painfully acquired, and is only with fatigue and difficulty maintained. But no one who is fond of painting finds the slightest inconvenience in standing to paint for three or four hours at a time or for seven or eight hours in a day. Not, at least, as long as the interest holds.

Lastly, let me say a word on painting as a spur to travel. There is really nothing like it. Every country where the sun shines and every district in it has a theme of its own. The lights, the atmosphere, the aspect, the spirit, are all different; but each has its native charm. Even if you are only a poor painter you can feel the influence of the scene, guiding your brush, selecting the tubes you squeeze on to the palette. Even if you cannot portray it as you see it, you feel it, you know it, and you admire it for ever. When people rush about Europe in the train from one glittering centre of work or pleasure into another, passing—at enormous expense—through a series of mammoth hotels and blatant carnivals, they little know what they are missing, and how cheaply priceless things can be obtained. The painter wanders and loiters contentedly from place to place, always on the look-out for some brilliant butterfly of a picture which can be caught and set up and carried safely home. All he asks for is sunshine, and if it be really true that we are to have thirty-five years of drought, there ought to be no difficulty about supplying that. Côte d'Azur, Côte d'Argent, Côte d'Emeraude all present to him their world-famed beauties, which neither crowds nor casinos are needed to enhance.

Sir William Orpen advised me to visit Avignon on account of its wonderful light, and certainly there is no more delightful centre for a would-be painter's activities: then Egypt, fierce and brilliant, presenting in infinite variety the single triplex theme of the Nile, the desert, and the

sun; or Palestine, a land of rare beauty—the beauty of the turquoise and the opal—which well deserves the attention of some real artist, and has never been portrayed to the extent that is its due. And what of India? Who has ever interpreted its lurid splendours? But after all, if only the sun will shine, one does not need to go beyond one's own country. There is nothing more intense than the burnished steel and gold of a Highland stream; and at the beginning and close of almost every day the Thames displays to the citizens of London glories and delights which one must travel far to rival.

I end where I began; I hope sincerely that these notes and sketches may encourage others to find out whether they have not got within them that love of colour and faculty of observation which will enable them to enrich their leisure with the delightful amusement of painting. At any rate I shall dwell in the comfortable expectation of stirring some slumbering genius into action, or at least of investing a modest life with a new sense of fullness, security, and independence.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (b. 1874)

This robust critic and journalist began reviewing Art books for the "Bookman" and "Speaker." Since then he has produced poems, sketches, detective stories, and even illustrations. He is a master of antithesis and believes in beer and religion.

A PIECE OF CHALK

I REMEMBER one splendid morning, all blue and silver, in the summer holidays, when I reluctantly tore myself away from the task of doing nothing in particular, and put on a hat of some sort and picked up a walking-stick, and put six very bright-coloured chalks in my pocket. I then went into the kitchen (which, along with the rest of the house, belonged to a very square and sensible old woman in a Sussex village), and asked the owner and occupant of the kitchen if she had any brown paper. She had a great deal; in fact, she had too much; and she mistook the purpose and the rationale of the existence of brown paper. She seemed to have an idea that if a person wanted brown paper he must be wanting to tie up parcels; which was the last thing I wanted to do; indeed, it is a thing which I have found to be beyond my mental capacity. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. I explained to her that I only wanted to draw pictures on it, and that I did not want them to endure in the least; and that from my point of view, therefore, it was a question not of tough consistency, but of responsive surface, a thing comparatively irrelevant in a parcel. When she understood that I wanted to draw she offered to overwhelm me with note-paper, apparently supposing that I did my notes and correspondence on old brown paper wrappers from motives of economy.

I then tried to explain the rather delicate logical shade, that I not only liked brown paper, but liked the quality of brownness in paper, just as I liked the quality of brownness in October woods, or in beer, or in

the peat-streams of the North. Brown paper represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation, and with a bright-coloured chalk or two you can pick out points of fire in it, sparks of gold, and blood-red, and sea-green, like the first fierce stars that sprang out of divine darkness. All this I said (in an off-hand way) to the old woman; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chalks, and possibly other things. I suppose every one must have reflected how primeval and how poetical are the things that one carries in one's pocket; the pocket-knife, for instance, the type of all human tools, the infant of the sword. Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about the things in my pocket. But I found it would be too long; and the age of the great epics is past.

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With my stick and my knife, my chalks and my brown paper, I went out on to the great downs. I crawled across those colossal contours that express the best quality of England, because they are at the same time soft and strong. The smoothness of them has the same meaning as the smoothness of great cart-horses, or the smoothness of the beech-tree; it declares in the teeth of our timid and cruel theories that the mighty are merciful. As my eye swept the landscape, the landscape was as kindly as any of its cottages, but for power it was like an earthquake. The villages in the immense valley were safe, one could see, for centuries; yet the lifting of the whole land was like the lifting of one enormous wave to wash them all away.

I crossed one swell of living turf after another, looking for a place to sit down and draw. Do not, for heaven's sake, imagine I was going to sketch from Nature. I was going to draw devils and seraphim, and blind old gods that men worshipped before the dawn of right, and saints in robes of angry crimson, and seas of strange green, and all the sacred or monstrous symbols that look so well in bright colours on brown paper. They are much better worth drawing than Nature; also they are much easier to draw. When a cow came slouching by in the field next to me, a mere artist might have drawn it; but I always get wrong in the hind legs of quadrupeds. So I drew the soul of the cow; which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all the beasts. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. And this, I think, is the mistake that people make about the old poets who lived before Wordsworth, and were supposed not to care very much about Nature because they did not describe it much.

They preferred writing about great men to writing about great hills; but they sat on the great hills to write it. They gave out much less about Nature, but they drank in, perhaps, much more. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. They blazoned the shields of their paladins with the purple and gold of many heraldic sunsets. The greenness of a thousand green leaves clustered into the live green figure of Robin Hood. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Apollo.

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But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper, it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential chalk, behind. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find any white chalk. Now, those who are acquainted with all the philosophy (nay, religion) which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. I cannot avoid remarking here upon a moral significance. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals, is this, that white is a colour. It is not a mere absence of colour; it is a shining and affirmative thing, as fierce as red, as definite as black. When (so to speak) your pencil grows red-hot, it draws roses; when it grows white-hot, it draws stars. And one of the two or three defiant verities of the best religious morality, of real Christianity for example, is exactly this same thing; the chief assertion of religious morality is that white is a colour. Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. In a word, God paints in many colours; but He never paints so gorgeously, I had almost said so gaudily, as when He paints in white. In a sense our age has realized this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. For if it were really true that white was a blank and colourless thing, negative and non-committal, then white would be used instead of black and grey for the funeral dress of this pessimistic period. We should see city gentlemen in frock-coats of spotless silver satin, with top-hats as white as wonderful arum lilies. Which is not the case.

Meanwhile, I could not find my chalk.

* * * * *

I sat on the hill in a sort of despair. There was no town nearer than Chichester at which it was even remotely probable that there would be such a thing as an artist's colourman. And yet, without white, my absurd little pictures would be as pointless as the world would be if there were no good people in it. I stared stupidly round, racking my brain for expedients. Then I suddenly stood up and roared with laughter, again and again, so that the cows stared at me and called a committee. Imagine a man in the Sahara regretting that he had no sand for his hour-glass. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for his chemical experiments. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. The landscape was made entirely out of white chalk. White chalk was piled mere miles until it met the sky. I stooped and broke a piece off the rock I sat on: it did not mark so well as the shop chalks do; but it gave the effect. And I stood there in a trance of pleasure, realizing that this Southern England is not only a grand peninsula, and a tradition and a civilization; it is something even more admirable. It is a piece of chalk.

Tremendous Trifles.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

Educated at Eton and Cambridge. Wrote for the "Manchester Guardian" and "New Statesman" and succeeded Sir Edmund Gosse on the "Sunday Times." A sane and unprejudiced critic of books and a wise and profound student of human nature, Mr. MacCarthy has yet to produce the book (and books) which his friends know to be embryonically within him. He is the patron of struggling talent and the inspirer of merit however modest: and in a select circle of friends he has proved himself for a generation the wisest and most comforting of conversationalists.

BOHEMIA

There is a great difference of opinion as to where the confines of this country begin. I see the smaller Oxford Dictionary defines a *Bohemian* as "a socially unconventional person of free and easy habits, manners, and sometimes morals (esp. of artists, etc.)." This definition leaves much to be desired. "Especially of artists, etc."; it is precisely the "*et cetera*" one is curious about. Unconventionality alone does not make a *Bohemian*. It was an unconventional thing to invent "ear-stoppers" and to put them on the moment the conversation became trying, yet Herbert Spencer was not a *Bohemian*; the most rigid conventionalist would hesitate to call him that. These "ear-stoppers" were formed by a band, almost semicircular in shape, with a little velvet knob at each end, which a spring kept pressed over each ear. The device was unconventional; the effect was comic; but it was too rational and deliberate a proceeding to be the mark of a Bohemian. In fact, I shall endeavour to persuade you that it was the reverse. For Bohemianism must be distinguished from mere eccentricity of behaviour. I remember knowing in my early youth a successful Yorkshire manufacturer who exhibited two odd traits, but the one strikes me now as belonging, like Herbert Spencer's ear-stoppers, to the category of ingenious, rational

contrivances, and the other to that of pure eccentricity; neither marks him as a Bohemian. His case is instructive. At the bottom of his park ran an inky canal, down which coal barges were towed all day. A high wall separated his grounds from the tow-path, and along the top of this wall, which was several hundred yards in length, he placed a row of bottles. The bargees could not resist shying coal at them. In fact, it became their regular practice, a sport to which they all looked forward, and on which bets were laid. Periodically the gardener went round to collect the missiles which had fallen on the park side of the wall, and the ingenious proprietor boasted that he kept one small greenhouse going during the year without its costing him a penny.

His eccentricity was to keep open house at midday on cold beef, which he cut into slices himself with extraordinary rapidity, and flung on to the plates of the expectant guests with a dexterous flick of the carving knife. The slices always landed flat on the plates, and, with the exception of the left-hand corner plate at the other end of the table, his aim was unerring; for this shot he had visibly to pull himself together, and sometimes he failed. Out of consideration for the feelings of a possibly touchy guest, this place was always occupied by a member of the family, which was a large one. He had, I think, the makings of a *Bohemian* in him, and yet clearly he was not one. He was merely eccentric and ingenious and unconventional.

The respect in which a *Bohemian* differs essentially from other people seems to me to lie not in laxity of morals, nor in irregularity of habits (for some *Bohemians* have clockwork habits), nor in casual manners (for some are punctilious), but in not possessing a sense that everything ought to serve a particular purpose and no other. The *Bohemian* has no delight in allocation for its own sake. Now the run of mankind take an almost childish delight in contrivances intended to meet the need of particular occasions, and their object, as the contents of shop windows show, is not to make the same thing serve many ends, but to have at hand as many things as possible made in such a way that they can only be used on certain definite occasions. The man who is the antithesis to the *Bohemian* is the man who cannot resist a new patent egg-decapitator. He likes his travelling bag to be constructed in such a way that only a shoe-horn and nothing else will go in a particular place in it. He would, if such a suit could be designed, like to possess one in which the wearer could only go through the motions necessary in golf, and in which it would be quite impossible to shoot or ride. Conventions in dress, dictating a particular costume on particular occasions, delight instead of

bother him. He rejoices to think that he must dress differently for Newmarket and for Ascot. And he treats time and space, as far as he can, in the same way. He likes to arrange his day so that it is difficult to do anything except certain kinds of things at certain hours; his house so that each room is used only for certain purposes, and each part of each room so that it becomes more fitted for one purpose than any other. His dining-room will be a room in which it is almost impossible to sit comfortably, except round the table; his drawing-room one in which it would be hard to concentrate upon work, with a corner of it especially suitable for afternoon tea. On the other hand, the note of the *Bohemian's* house is that any room and anything in it may be used for any purpose as occasion arises, from the dining-room table as a writing-table, to paper clips as studs, or tooth-brushes as window wedges. He *prefers* to use his ulster as a dressing-gown, whereas his opposite would like to have an excuse for having three dressing-gowns, each for a different stage in his toilet. The *Bohemian* does not scorn to use an old hat-box as a waste-paper basket, and although his way of life does not conduce to order like his opposite's, it is a mistake to conclude that the one loves order and the other does not. The real difference between them is that the one gets an exquisite satisfaction from thinking that everything round him serves a definite purpose, and is amused by forestalling the minute contingencies of life, while the other is bored by preparing for them, and the purpose things serve is by no means the most interesting quality they possess for him. To the former the charm of thinking about the hours ahead of him is that each one is ear-marked; to the latter that they are empty, and can be filled with anything. Æsthetic people are not most interested in the purpose for which things are made, but in their appearance, or the suggestions they may carry for their imagination; they therefore tend to be *bohemian*.

The question what are the signs by which a traveller may know that he has crossed the borders of Bohemia are difficult to define. The frontier begins at different places for different people. To me it is marked by a house at which one might find any afternoon the master shaving at three o'clock by the drawing-room looking-glass; but to some people such a sight would suggest that they must be drawing near the capital. It depends upon previous experience. But if you wish to find out whether or not you are likely to be at home and comfortable anywhere throughout its dominions (this is a practical question often requiring decision), call up to yourself the vision of some one buttering bread with a perfectly clean razor; if the idea sends a shudder through

you, you may conclude you will be happier in other social latitudes; but if you can envisage it with equanimity, you may, if you choose, make *Bohemia* your home. As everybody knows, it has, as an abode, many advantages, and having passed this test you may be confident that its drawbacks will not prove serious ones for you.

ROBERT LYND (*b.* 1879)

Literary Editor of the "Daily News," and contributor to the "New Statesman." Wrote "If the Germans Conquered England." Has produced several books, and is not merely a sound critic but an essayist of unusual humour and sagacity.

FEAR

I AM afraid of so many things that I ought not to have been surprised, on taking rooms in a little cottage in Buckinghamshire, to find myself living in terror of the landlady. I was afraid to be late for breakfast, afraid to be late for lunch, afraid to be late for tea, afraid to be late for supper—she resolutely refused to cook me a hot dinner—and a little nervous even of being late going to bed. I do not think she meant to frighten me, for she was an honest, Christian woman, but she liked having her own way. She even compelled me to eat what she liked. In a sense, she always allowed me to choose, but I always found that in the end I had to choose exactly what she had chosen that I should choose. "What about lunch to-d'y, sir?" she would say to me, lingering in the doorway, a large, dark, smiling, intimidating figure, after she had put the breakfast on the table. I weighed the rival charms of various delicacies in my mind, almost tasting them as my thoughts lingered on them. Then, as my wants are of the simplest and I wished to give the woman no trouble, I would suggest tentatively: "What about a roast chicken and apple tart?" Her eyes with the dark rings under them would be quite expressionless as her massive head began to shake on her massive shoulders with a faint wobble of doubt. "I've got a nice bit of cold 'am," she would say meditatively, fixing me with her eyes and turning up the corners of her mouth in a joyless smile. As I did not really care much, I said: "Good! Cold ham and apple tart will do splendidly." Again her face lengthened, and the massive head once more began to shake from side to side with a faint

wobble on her massive shoulders. "I'm afryde I can't do pystry," she said mournfully. "Got no time," she explained, dwelling on the last word with emphasis and raising her voice as she uttered it. And then she would add, with a sickly smile of reproach at me for forgetting what I ought to have been old enough to remember: "There are only twenty-four hours in a d'y, y'know." "Oh, well," I would say, a little shamefacedly, "make whatever gives the least trouble." She became almost winning at that. "Wot do you s'y to a little stewed rhubarb?" she would entice me, her hand still on the handle of the door. "Splendid!" I told her. "That's right," she said, nodding as if in approbation of a child that had been naughty and was now good; "stewed rhubarb and shype." Now, though not particularly fastidious about food, I can honestly say that I almost hate blancmange, so that I said to her hurriedly: "Oh, don't trouble about the shape. Stewed rhubarb will do splendidly." She became almost genial under the sacrifices I was making, one by one, to her convenience, but she absolutely refused to accept this one. "Oh, you shall 'ave your shype," she told me, wagging her head jocularly as she disappeared through the doorway. And I did.

One of the great disadvantages of being a coward is that one is constantly having to eat things that one does not wish to eat. One is not free from this necessity even at home, if one happens to be afraid of the servants. I remember, during the War, being very much afraid of a cook who was at once so brawny and so mysterious that we suspected her of being a deserter from the army disguising himself as a woman. One thing was certain: she was not a cook. At least, she did not know how to make soup. She did not know how much salt to put in; she did not know how much pepper to put in. And, as a result, each of us was confronted at table with a bowl of hot and greasy water, which first scalded the lips, then pickled the tongue, and, finally (so lavish had she been with the pepper), scorched the throat, so that at the end of the first spoonful everybody was breathing like a dog on a hot day. Now, it is easy enough for one person to get out of eating soup. All you have to do is to explain that you have been forbidden soup by the doctor A cook cannot consider that an insult, and she may even sympathize with you as an invalid. This soup was so bad, however, that even our guests (of whom there were two present) seemed unwilling to go on with it, and it would obviously have been impossible to persuade the cook that a large number of men, women, and children, under forty, were all such dyspeptics as to have been forbidden soup by their doctors. To make such a pretence would have been hardly less insulting than to rin

naid and tell her to take the stuff away. This being so, there was ernative but to dispose of the soup in some manner other than by g it. Luckily, there was a second scullery in the house, and, though der to reach it one had to go along a passage which would be visible atchful eyes in the kitchen, there was a faint hope that the cook ht not be looking. See us, then, one by one, guests, children, and all, peing along the passage, trembling in fear of demon eyes, each carrying ttle bowl of soup, pouring it as quietly as possible down the sink, and rrying furtively and feverishly back to our places at the table. How ppy we felt when we were all safely in our seats again, our empty wls before us, without having suffered a single casualty! To have utwitted the cook and the housemaid in this fashion seemed at the noment the supreme triumph of our lives. When the next course rrived, though I have no doubt it was as vilely cooked as the first one, we were so hilarious as a result of the success of our stratagem that we ate it as though it had been ambrosia. Fortunately, after a few days, the cook had stolen so many things that she decamped, leaving as little as she could but a memory of prodigal pepper behind her. Even to-day, when I think of her, I find myself gasping gently.

It is one thing, however, to make away with a bowl of soup in one's own house and quite another thing to make away with a blancmange in lodgings. I thought at first of opening the window and throwing the blancmange into a thick bush. I would have given it to the birds if I had been sure they would eat it. Then I considered the possibilities of the fire. If I could only have been certain that blancmange was one of those things that burn quickly! I pictured to myself, however, the little flat, white dome of blancmange still slowly sizzling on the top of the logs when the landlady came into the room to clear the things away, and I had not the courage to face the situation. Even if I were to beat it with the poker, I knew that I could not beat it so as to make it look like anything but blancmange. "Wy, wot 'ave you been doing to the fire?" the landlady would have said; and I am not one of those silver-tongued people who could have charmed her into believing that the blancmange had got there by accident. You may wonder why I did not wrap it in a piece of paper and throw it into a field later in the afternoon, but, though such a course is possible—and has even, I believe, been taken with rabbit and with suet pudding—it seems to me alien to the spirit of blancmange. If I were to put a parcel of this kind in my pocket, I should be sure to forget it. In the end, I braced myself t the inevitable. I ate the blancmange. It was even worse than I ha

feared; but it was not so bad as offending the landlady. After that I tried to avoid any recurrence of "shape" by standing out against all invitations to "choose" any kind of stewed fruit for any of my meals. My landlady might try to allure me with, "Wot would you s'y, sir, to a few stewed pru-ins?" but, guessing that they would be served with "shape," I assured her warmly that all I wanted was biscuits and cheese.

By an evil chance I fell a victim to the landlady's wiles again one day when, as we held our usual after-breakfast conversation, I happened to remark that I supposed she was kept fairly busy all the year round. "Oh, yes," she said, taking up the bacon dish, "I'm gen'rally pretty full." She nodded sagely. "People know where they'll be comfortable," she assured me; "they soon find out where they can get good food—good food and good, plyne cooking," she added, without even the shadow of a smile. She lowered her voice to a confidential tone and a brightness came into her face. "I tell you wot some of 'em like," she said—"a nice boiled suet pudding with a little nice treacle. Wy, you 'aven't 'ad it yet, I don't think! No. Just fancy! Wy, wot *can* I have been thinking about? I tell you wot, sir, you shall 'ave a little treat to-d'y. Yes, you shall 'ave it—a nice little boiled pudding with some nice treacle." It was in vain that I protested that I was a man of few needs and besought her not to give herself unnecessary trouble. "No trouble at all," she assured me; "and, if it is, well, once in a w'y, wot does it matter? Life's myde up of troubles," she added; and, as she swept out of the room, I could hear her murmuring, mechanically, "Yes, you shall 'ave it." And I did. When it appeared I confess I once more looked longingly at the fire, but again the thought that either the smell or the sizzle of a slab of burning pudding would betray me to the landlady frightened me. I was so demoralized by this time, indeed, that I should have felt guilty even if I had done the thing up into a parcel and taken it away to hide it in the woods. I had no will, though plenty of wish, left. Therefore, I ate a slice of the pudding, and congratulated the landlady on her cooking "That's right," she said, as if commending a child for swallowing a dose of medicine; "you shall 'ave it agyne." And I did.

Now it is a curious fact, worth the notice of psychologists, that, if I went back to that neighbourhood again, I should go back to the same landlady, simply because I should be too great a coward to go anywhere else. I dare not pass her door if I stayed at a rival lodging-house. I should be afraid that she might be looking out of a window or standing at the gate, thinking things she was too civilized to say. And this fear of landladies, I believe, is not at all uncommon. I have kno

who were very uncomfortable in their lodgings but who went on living in them because they had not the courage to give notice. When I was a boy, I knew an old gentleman who used to say the most ferocious things about his landlady behind her back, but who was all smiles and obeisance as soon as she came into the room. He was in the tea-trade and had a square beard and scandal-seeking eyes and walked with his toes turned out so far that his feet progressed sideways in the fashion to which Charlie Chaplin has since accustomed us. I used to meet him at "high tea," for he lodged in the same house and had his meals at the same table as a medical student who was a great friend of mine. The old gentleman used to sit at the head of the table, and as soon as the landlady had disappeared would denounce her because of the draught that came in under the door and swept round his ankles. He declared that he would leave if she did not have this remedied. Then he would pour himself out a cup of tea, and, after the first sip, would begin muttering an ever-increasing stream of blasphemies. "If I have told that woman the right way to make tea once," he declared, wrathfully, "I've told her a hundred times. You can't make good tea without first rinsing the pot with hot water. She knows that as well as I do, but she won't do it. I sometimes wonder whether she's only a lazy slut or whether she does it to annoy me." He angrily dipped his spoon into the cup and removed several floating tea-leaves. "I don't like either to hear or to make use of strong language, Mr. Lynd," he said, with the hairs of his eyebrows bristling, "but that woman's a bitch." She came into the room at that moment with a butter-knife she had forgotten. The old man's aspect changed in an instant to a smirk of greeting. "I was just looking for the butter-knife, Mrs. Triggs," he would say to her, with a nervous snigger; "thank you very much." Then, when she had left the room, he would cock an eye at us, half in fear and half in hope, and say: "Do you think, did she hear what I said?" Even if she had heard him, however, I do not think she would have turned him out—she despised him too much to care what he said. I have never heard greater contempt in a woman's voice than on one occasion, when the medical student suggested that Mr. Brown might one day marry and leave her. "And who under God," said she, as though the suggestion were that of a lunatic, "would marry *him*?"

Poor man, I used rather to despise him myself. Since then, however, I have lived in lodgings in Buckinghamshire, and, looking back on him, I love him as a brother

The Blue Lion.

GILES LYTTON STRACHEY (b. 1880)

This historian and essayist writes books which rival fiction in popularity and sale. He invented the new method of biography, reducing it from an unwieldy, stodgy duty to the liveliest and lightest of exercises. He does not catalogue events, he selects, and his cameos live in their setting of careful English and cynical disparagement.

MADAME DU DEFFAND

When Napoleon was starting for his campaign in Russia, he ordered the proof-sheets of a forthcoming book, about which there had been some disagreement among the censors of the Press, to be put into his carriage, so that he might decide for himself what suppressions it might be necessary to make. "Je m'ennuie en route; je lirai ces volumes, et j'écrirai de Mayence ce qu'il y aura à faire." The volumes thus chosen to beguile the imperial leisure between Paris and Mayence contained the famous correspondence of Madame du Deffand with Horace Walpole. By the Emperor's command a few excisions were made, and the book—reprinted from Miss Berry's original edition which had appeared two years earlier in England—was published almost at once. The sensation in Paris was immense; the excitement of the Russian campaign itself was half forgotten; and for some time the blind old inhabitant of the Convent of Saint Joseph held her own as a subject of conversation with the burning of Moscow and the passage of the Berezina. We cannot wonder that this was so. In the Parisian drawing-room of those days the letters of Madame du Deffand must have exercised a double fascination—on the one hand as a mine of gossip about numberless persons and events still familiar to many a living memory, and, on the other, as a detailed and brilliant record of a state of society which had already ceased to be actual and become historical. The letters were hardly more than thirty years old; but the world which they depicted in all its intensity and all its singularity—the world of the old régime—had vanished for ever into

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limbo. Between it and the eager readers of the First Empire a gulf was fixed—a narrow gulf, but a deep one, still hot and sulphurous with the volcanic fires of the Revolution. Since then a century has passed; the gulf has widened; and the vision which these curious letters show us to-day seems hardly less remote—from some points of view, indeed, even more—than that which is revealed to us in the Memoirs of Cellini or the correspondence of Cicero. Yet the vision is not simply one of a strange and dead antiquity: there is a personal and human element in the letters which gives them a more poignant interest, and brings them close to ourselves. The soul of man is not subject to the rumour of periods; and these pages, impregnated though they be with the abolished life of the eighteenth century, can never be out of date.

A fortunate chance enables us now, for the first time, to appreciate them in their completeness. The late Mrs. Paget Toynbee, while preparing her edition of Horace Walpole's letters, came upon the trace of the original manuscripts, which had long lain hidden in obscurity in a country house in Staffordshire. The publication of these manuscripts in full, accompanied by notes and indexes in which Mrs. Toynbee's well-known accuracy, industry, and tact are everywhere conspicuous, is an event of no small importance to lovers of French literature. A great mass of new and deeply interesting material makes its appearance. The original edition produced by Miss Berry in 1810, from which all the subsequent editions were reprinted with varying degrees of inaccuracy, turns out to have contained nothing more than a comparatively small fraction of the whole correspondence; of the 838 letters published by Mrs. Toynbee, 485 are entirely new, and of the rest only 52 were printed by Miss Berry in their entirety. Miss Berry's edition was, in fact, simply a selection, and as a selection it deserves nothing but praise. It skims the cream of the correspondence; and it faithfully preserves the main outline of the story which the letters reveal. No doubt that was enough for the readers of that generation; indeed, even for the more exacting reader of to-day, there is something a little overwhelming in the closely packed 2,000 pages of Mrs. Toynbee's volumes. Enthusiasm alone will undertake to grapple with them, but enthusiasm will be rewarded. In place of the truthful summary of the earlier editions, we have now the truth itself—the truth in all its subtle gradations, all its long-drawn-out suspensions, all its intangible and irremediable obscurities: it is the difference between a clear-cut drawing in black-and-white and a finished painting in oils. Probably Miss Berry's edition will still be preferred by the ordinary reader who wishes to become acquainted

with a celebrated figure in French literature; but Mrs. Toynbee's will always be indispensable for the historical student, and invaluable for anyone with the leisure, the patience, and the taste for a detailed and elaborate examination of a singular adventure of the heart.

The Marquise du Deffand was perhaps the most typical representative of that phase of civilization which came into existence in Western Europe during the early years of the eighteenth century, and reached its most concentrated and characteristic form about the year 1750 in the drawing-rooms of Paris. She was supremely a woman of her age; but it is important to notice that her age was the first, and not the second, half of the eighteenth century: it was the age of the Regent Orleans, Fontenelle, and the young Voltaire; not that of Rousseau, the "Encyclopædia," and the Patriarch of Ferney. It is true that her letters to Walpole, to which her fame is mainly due, were written between 1766 and 1780; but they are the letters of an old woman, and they bear upon every page of them the traces of a mind to which the whole movement of contemporary life was profoundly distasteful. The new forces to which the eighteenth century gave birth in thought, in art, in sentiment, in action—which for us form its peculiar interest and its peculiar glory—were anathema to Madame du Deffand. In her letters to Walpole, whenever she compares the present with the past her bitterness becomes extreme. "J'ai eu autrefois," she writes in 1778, "des plaisirs indicibles aux opéras de Quinault et de Lulli, et au jeu de Thevenart et de la Lemaur. Pour aujourd'hui, tout me paraît détestable: acteurs, auteurs, musiciens, beaux esprits, philosophes, tout est de mauvais goût, tout est affreux, affreux." That great movement towards intellectual and political emancipation which centred in the "Encyclopædia" and the "Philosophes" was the object of her particular detestation. She saw Diderot once—and that was enough for both of them. She could never understand why it was that M. de Voltaire would persist in wasting his talent for writing over such a dreary subject as religion. Turgot, she confessed, was an honest man, but he was also a "sot animal." His dismissal from office—that fatal act, which made the French Revolution inevitable—delighted her: she concealed her feelings from Walpole, who admired him, but she was outspoken enough to the Duchesse de Choiseul. "Le renvoi du Turgot me plaît extrêmement," she wrote; "tout me paraît en bon train." And then she added, more prophetically than she knew, "Mais, assurément, nous n'en resterons pas là." No doubt her dislike of the Encyclopædists and all their works was in part a matter of personal pique—the result of her famous quarrel with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, under

GILES LYTTON STRACHEY

Between it and the eager readers of the First Empire a gulf was a narrow gulf, but a deep one, still hot and sulphurous with the c fires of the Revolution. Since then a century has passed; the s widened; and the vision which these curious letters show us to- ems hardly less remote—from some points of view, indeed, even —than that which is revealed to us in the Memoirs of Cellini or the spondence of Cicero. Yet the vision is not simply one of a strange dead antiquity: there is a personal and human element in the letters ch gives them a more poignant interest, and brings them close to selves. The soul of man is not subject to the rumour of periods; d these pages, impregnated though they be with the abolished life of e eighteenth century, can never be out of date.

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whose opposing banner d'Alembert and all the intellectual leaders of Parisian society had unhesitatingly ranged themselves. But that quarrel was itself far more a symptom of a deeply-rooted spiritual antipathy than a mere vulgar struggle for influence between two rival *salonnières*. There are indications that, even before it took place, the elder woman's friendship for d'Alembert was giving way under the strain of her scorn for his advanced views and her hatred of his proselytizing cast of mind. "Il y a de certains articles," she complained to Voltaire in 1763—a year before the final estrangement—"qui sont devenus pour lui affaires de parti, et sur lesquels je ne lui trouve pas le sens commun." The truth is that d'Alembert and his friends were moving, and Madame du Deffand was standing still. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse simply precipitated and intensified an inevitable rupture. She was the younger generation knocking at the door.

Madame du Deffand's generation had, indeed, very little in common with that ardent, hopeful, speculative, sentimental group of friends who met together every evening in the drawing-room of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Born at the close of the seventeenth century, she had come into the world in the brilliant days of the Regent, whose witty and licentious reign had suddenly dissipated the atmosphere of gloom and bigotry imposed upon society by the moribund Court of Louis XIV. For a fortnight (so she confessed to Walpole) she was actually the Regent's mistress; and a fortnight, in those days, was a considerable time. Then she became the intimate friend of Madame de Prie—the singular woman who, for a moment, on the Regent's death, during the government of M. le Duc, controlled the destinies of France, and who committed suicide when that amusement was denied her. During her early middle age Madame du Deffand was one of the principal figures in the palace of Sceaux, where the Duchesse du Maine, the granddaughter of the great Condé and the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV, kept up for many years an almost royal state among the most distinguished men and women of the time. It was at Sceaux, with its endless succession of entertainments and conversations—supper-parties and water-parties, concerts and masked balls, plays in the little theatre and picnics under the great trees of the park—that Madame du Deffand came to her maturity and established her position as one of the leaders of the society in which she moved. The nature of that society is plainly enough revealed in the letters and the memoirs that have come down to us. The days of formal pomp and vast representation had ended for ever when the "Grand Monarque" was no longer to be seen strutting, in periwig and red-heeled shoes, down the

glittering gallery of Versailles; the intimacy and seclusion of modern life had not yet begun. It was an intermediate period, and the comparatively small group formed by the élite of the rich, refined, and intelligent classes led an existence in which the elements of publicity and privacy were curiously combined. Never, certainly, before or since, have any set of persons lived so absolutely and unreservedly with and for their friends as these high ladies and gentlemen of the middle years of the eighteenth century. The circle of one's friends was, in those days, the framework of one's whole being; within which was to be found all that life had to offer, and outside of which no interest, however fruitful, no passion, however profound, no art, however soaring, was of the slightest account. Thus while in one sense the ideal of such a society was an eminently selfish one, it is none the less true that there have been very few societies indeed in which the ordinary forms of personal selfishness have played so small a part. The selfishness of the eighteenth century was a communal selfishness. Each individual was expected to practise, and did in fact practise to a consummate degree, those difficult arts which make the wheels of human intercourse run smoothly—the arts of tact and temper, of frankness and sympathy, of delicate compliment and exquisite self-abnegation—with the result that a condition of living was produced which, in all its superficial and obvious qualities, was one of unparalleled amenity. Indeed, those persons who were privileged to enjoy it showed their appreciation of it in an unequivocal way—by the tenacity with which they clung to the scene of such delights and graces. They refused to grow old; they almost refused to die. Time himself seems to have joined their circle, to have been infected with their politeness, and to have absolved them, to the furthest possible point, from the operation of his laws. Voltaire, d'Argental, Moncrif, Hénault, Madame d'Egmont, Madame du Deffand herself—all were born within a few years of each other, and all lived to be well over eighty, with the full zest of their activities unimpaired. Pont-de-Veyle, it is true, died young—at the age of seventy-seven. Another contemporary, Richelieu, who was famous for his adventures while Louis XIV was still on the throne, lived till within a year of the opening of the States-General. More typical still of this singular and fortunate generation was Fontenelle, who, one morning in his hundredth year, quietly observed that he felt a difficulty in existing, and forthwith, even more quietly, ceased to do so.

Yet, though the wheels of life rolled round with such an alluring smoothness, they did not roll of themselves; the skill and care of tr

mechanicians were needed to keep them going; and the task was no light one. Even Fontenelle himself, fitted as he was for it by being blessed (as one of his friends observed) with two brains and no heart, realized to the full the hard conditions of social happiness. "Il y a peu de choses," he wrote, "aussi difficiles et aussi dangereuses que le commerce des hommes." The sentence, true for all ages, was particularly true for his own. The graceful, easy motions of that gay company were those of dancers balanced on skates, gliding, twirling, interlacing, over the thinnest ice. Those drawing-rooms, those little circles, so charming with the familiarity of their privacy, were themselves the rigorous abodes of the deadliest kind of public opinion—the kind that lives and glitters in a score of penetrating eyes. They required in their votaries the absolute submission that reigns in religious orders—the willing sacrifice of the entire life. The intimacy of personal passion, the intensity of high endeavour—these things must be left behind and utterly cast away by all who would enter that narrow sanctuary. Friendship might be allowed there, and flirtation disguised as love; but the overweening and devouring influence of love itself should never be admitted to destroy the calm of daily intercourse and absorb into a single channel attentions due to all. Politics were to be tolerated, so long as they remained a game; so soon as they grew serious and envisaged the public good, they became insufferable. As for literature and art, though they might be excellent as subjects for recreation and good talk, what could be more preposterous than to treat such trifles as if they had a value of their own? Only one thing; and that was to indulge, in the day-dreams of religion or philosophy, the inward ardours of the soul. Indeed, the scepticism of that generation was the most uncompromising that the world has known; for it did not even trouble to deny: it simply ignored. It presented a blank wall of perfect indifference alike to the mysteries of the universe and to the solutions of them. Madame du Deffand gave early proof that she shared to the full this propensity of her age. While still a young girl in a convent school, she had shrugged her shoulders when the nuns began to instruct her in the articles of their faith. The matter was considered serious, and the great Massillon, then at the height of his fame as a preacher and a healer of souls, was sent for to deal with the youthful heretic. She was not impressed by his arguments. In his person the generous fervour and the massive piety of an age that could still believe felt the icy and disintegrating touch of a new and strange indifference. "Mais qu'elle est jolie!" he murmured as he came away. The Abbess ran forward to ask what holy books he recommended. "Give her a

threepenny Catechism," was Massillon's reply. He had seen that the case was hopeless.

An innate scepticism, a profound levity, an antipathy to enthusiasm that wavered between laughter and disgust, combined with an unswerving devotion to the exacting and arduous ideals of social intercourse—such were the characteristics of the brilliant group of men and women who had spent their youth at the Court of the Regent, and dallied out their middle age down the long avenues of Sceaux. About the middle of the century the Duchesse du Maine died, and Madame du Deffand established herself in Paris at the Convent of Saint Joseph in a set of rooms which still showed traces—in the emblazoned arms over the great mantelpiece—of the occupation of Madame de Montespan. A few years later a physical affliction overtook her: at the age of fifty-seven she became totally blind; and this misfortune placed her, almost without a transition, among the ranks of the old. For the rest of her life she hardly moved from her drawing-room, which speedily became the most celebrated in Europe. The thirty years of her reign there fall into two distinct and almost equal parts. The first, during which d'Alembert was pre-eminent, came to an end with the violent expulsion of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. During the second, which lasted for the rest of her life, her *salon*, purged of the Encyclopædists, took on a more decidedly worldly tone; and the influence of Horace Walpole was supreme.

It is this final period of Madame du Deffand's life that is reflected so minutely in the famous correspondence which the labours of Mrs. Toynbee have now presented to us for the first time in its entirety. Her letters to Walpole form in effect a continuous journal covering the space of fifteen years (1766–1780). They allow us, on the one hand, to trace through all its developments the progress of an extraordinary passion, and on the other to examine, as it were under the microscope of perhaps the bitterest perspicacity on record, the last phase of a doomed society. For the circle which came together in her drawing-room during those years had the hand of death upon it. The future lay elsewhere; it was simply the past that survived there—in the rich trappings of fashion and wit and elaborate gaiety—but still irrevocably the past. The radiant creatures of Sceaux had fallen into the yellow leaf. We see them in these letters, a collection of elderly persons trying hard to amuse themselves and not succeeding very well. Pont-de-Veyle, the youthful septuagenarian, did perhaps succeed; for he never noticed what a bore he was becoming with his perpetual cough, and continued to go the rounds with

able animation, until one day his cough was heard no more. Hénault—once notorious for his dinner-parties, and for having written an historical treatise—which, it is true, was worthless, but he had written it—Hénault was beginning to dodder, and Voltaire, grinning in Ferney, had already dubbed him "notre délabré Président." Various dowagers were engaged upon various vanities. The Marquise de Boufflers was gambling herself to ruin; the Comtesse de Boufflers was wringing out the last drops of her reputation as the mistress of a Royal Prince; the Maréchale de Mirepoix was involved in shady politics; the Maréchale de Luxembourg was obliterating a highly dubious past by a scrupulous attention to "bon ton," of which, at last, she became the arbitress: "Quel ton! Quel effroyable ton!" she is said to have exclaimed after a shuddering glance at the Bible; "ah, Madame, quel dommage que le Saint Esprit eût aussi peû de goût!" Then there was the floating company of foreign diplomats, some of whom were invariably to be found at Madame du Deffand's: Caraccioli, for instance, the Neapolitan Ambassador—"je perds les trois quarts de ce qu'il dit," she wrote, "mais comme il en dit beaucoup, on peut supporter cette perte"; and Bernstorff, the Danish envoy, who became the fashion, was lauded to the skies for his wit and fine manners, until, says the malicious lady, "à travers tous ces éloges, je m'avisai de l'appeler Puffendorf," and Puffendorf the poor man remained for evermore. Besides the diplomats, nearly every foreign traveller of distinction found his way to the renowned *salon*; Englishmen were particularly frequent visitors; and among the familiar figures of whom we catch more than one glimpse in the letters to Walpole are Burke, Fox, and Gibbon. Sometimes influential parents in England obtained leave for their young sons to be admitted into the centre of Parisian refinement. The English cub, fresh from Eton, was introduced by his tutor into the red and yellow drawing-room, where the great circle of a dozen or more elderly important persons, glittering in jewels and orders, pompous in powder and rouge, ranged in rigid order round the fireplace, followed with the precision of a perfect orchestra the leading word or smile or nod of an ancient Sibyl, who seemed to survey the company with her eyes shut, from a vast chair by the wall. It is easy to imagine the scene, in all its terrifying politeness. Madame du Deffand could not tolerate young people; she declared that she did not know what to say to them; and they, no doubt, were in precisely the same difficulty. To an English youth, unfamiliar with the language and shy as only English youths can be, a conversation with that redoubtable old lady must have been a grim ordeal indeed. One can almost hear the stumbling, pointless observations, almost see the imploring

looks cast, from among the infinitely attentive company, towards the tutor, and the pink ears growing still more pink.

But such awkward moments were rare. As a rule the days flowed on in easy monotony—or rather, not the days, but the nights. For Madame du Deffand rarely rose till five o'clock in the evening; at six she began her reception; and at nine or half-past the central moment of the twenty-four hours arrived—the moment of supper. Upon this event the whole of her existence hinged. Supper, she used to say, was one of the four ends of man, and what the other three were she could never remember. She lived up to her dictum. She had an income of £1,400 a year, and of this she spent more than half—£720—on food. These figures should be largely increased to give them their modern values; but, economize as she might, she found that she could only just manage to rub along. Her parties varied considerably in size; sometimes only four or five persons sat down to supper—sometimes twenty or thirty. No doubt they were elaborate meals. In a moment of economy we find the hospitable lady making pious resolutions: she would no longer give "des repas"—only ordinary suppers for six people at the most, at which there should be served nothing more than two entrées, one roast, two sweets, and—mysterious addition—"la pièce du milieu" This was certainly moderate for those days (Monsieur de Jonsac rarely provided fewer than fourteen entrées), but such resolutions did not last long. A week later she would suddenly begin to issue invitations wildly, and, day after day, her tables would be loaded with provisions for thirty guests. But she did not always have supper at home From time to time she sallied forth in her vast coach and rattled through the streets of Paris to one of her still extant dowagers—a Maréchale, or a Duchesse—or the more and more "délabré Président" There the same company awaited her as that which met in her own house; it was simply a change of decorations; often enough for weeks together she had supper every night with the same half-dozen persons. The entertainment, apart from the supper itself, hardly varied. Occasionally there was a little music, more often there were cards and gambling Madame du Deffand disliked gambling, but she loathed going to bed, and, if it came to a choice between the two, she did not hesitate: once, at the age of seventy-three, she sat up till seven o'clock in the morning playing vingt-et-un with Charles Fox. But distractions of that kind were merely incidental to the grand business of the night—the conversation. In the [illegible] after an eight hours' sitting, broke up reluctantly at two or [illegible] morning to meet again that same evening at six, talk continued.

For those strange creatures it seemed to form the very substance of life itself. It was the underlying essence, the circumambient ether, in which alone the pulsations of existence had their being; it was the one eternal reality; men might come and men might go, but talk went on for ever. It is difficult, especially for those born under the Saturnine influence of an English sky, quite to realize the nature of such conversation. Brilliant, charming, easy-flowing, gay and rapid it must have been; never profound, never intimate, never thrilling; but also never emphatic, never affected, never languishing, and never dull. Madame du Deffand herself had a most vigorous flow of language. "Écoutez! Écoutez!" Walpole used constantly to exclaim, trying to get in his points; but in vain; the sparkling cataract swept on unheeding. And indeed to listen was the wiser part—to drink in deliciously the animation of those quick, illimitable, exquisitely articulated syllables, to surrender one's whole soul to the pure and penetrating precision of those phrases, to follow without a breath the happy swiftness of that fine-spun thread of thought. Then at moments her wit crystallized; the cataract threw off a shower of radiant jewels, which one caught as one might. Some of these have come down to us. Her remark on Montesquieu's great book —"C'est de l'esprit sur les lois"—is an almost final criticism. Her famous "mot de Saint Denis," so dear to the heart of Voltaire, deserves to be once more recorded. A garrulous and credulous Cardinal was describing the martyrdom of Saint Denis the Areopagite: when his head was cut off, he took it up and carried it in his hands. That, said the Cardinal, was well known; what was not well known was the extraordinary fact that he walked with his head under his arm all the way from Montmartre to the Church of Saint Denis—a distance of six miles. "Ah, Monseigneur!" said Madame du Deffand, "dans une telle situation, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte." At two o'clock the brilliance began to flag; the guests began to go; the dreadful moment was approaching. If Madame de Gramont happened to be there, there was still some hope, for Madame de Gramont abhorred going to bed almost as much as Madame du Deffand. Or there was just a chance that the Duc de Choiseul might come in at the last moment, and stay on for a couple of hours. But at length it was impossible to hesitate any longer; the chariot was at the door. She swept off, but it was still early; it was only half-past three; and the coachman was ordered to drive about the Boulevards for an hour before going home.

It was, after all, only natural that she should put off going to bed, for she rarely slept for more than two or three hours. The greater part

of that empty time, during which conversation was impossible, she devoted to her books. But she hardly ever found anything to read that she really enjoyed. Of the two thousand volumes she possessed—all bound alike, and stamped on the back with her device of a cat—she had only read four or five hundred; the rest were impossible. She perpetually complained to Walpole of the extreme dearth of reading matter. In nothing, indeed, is the contrast more marked between that age and ours than in the quantity of books available for the ordinary reader. How the eighteenth century would envy us our innumerable novels, our biographies, our books of travel, all our easy approaches to knowledge and entertainment, our translations, our cheap reprints! In those days, even for a reader of catholic tastes, there was really very little to read. And, of course, Madame du Deffand's tastes were far from catholic—they were fastidious to the last degree. She considered that Racine alone of writers had reached perfection, and that only once—in "Athalie." Corneille carried her away for moments, but on the whole he was barbarous. She highly admired "quelques centaines de vers de M. de Voltaire." She thought Richardson and Fielding excellent, and she was enraptured by the style—but only by the style—of "Gil Blas." And that was all. Everything else appeared to her either affected or pedantic or insipid. Walpole recommended to her a History of Malta; she tried it, but she soon gave it up—it mentioned the Crusades. She began Gibbon, but she found *him superficial*. She tried *Buffon*, but *he* was "d'une monotonie insupportable; il sait bien ce qu'il sait, mais il ne s'occupe que des bêtes; il faut l'être un peu soi-même pour se dévouer à une telle occupation." She got hold of the memoirs of Saint-Simon in manuscript, and these amused her enormously; but she was so disgusted by the style that she was very nearly sick. At last, in despair, she embarked on a prose translation of Shakespeare. The result was unexpected; she was positively pleased. "Coriolanus," it is true, "me semble, sauf votre respect, épouvantable, et n'a pas le sens commun"; and "pour 'La Tempête,' je ne suis pas touchée de ce genre." But she was impressed by *Othello*; she was interested by *Macbeth*; and she admired *Julius Cæsar*, in spite of its bad taste. At *King Lear*, indeed, she had to draw the line. "Ah, mon Dieu! Quelle pièce! Réellement la trouvez-vous belle? Elle me noircit l'âme à un point que je ne puis exprimer; c'est un amas de toutes les horreurs infernales." Her reader was an old soldier from the Invalides, who came round every morning early, and took up his position by her bedside. She lay back among the cushions, listening, for long hours. Was there ever a more incongruous

company, a queerer trysting-place, for Goneril and Desdemona, Ariel and Lady Macbeth?

Often, even before the arrival of the old pensioner, she was at work dictating a letter, usually to Horace Walpole, occasionally to Madame de Choiseul or Voltaire. Her letters to Voltaire are enchanting; his replies are no less so; and it is much to be regretted that the whole correspondence has never been collected together in chronological order, and published as a separate book. The slim volume would be, of its kind, quite perfect. There was no love lost between the two old friends; they could not understand each other; Voltaire, alone of his generation, had thrown himself into the very vanguard of thought; to Madame du Deffand progress had no meaning, and thought itself was hardly more than an unpleasant necessity. She distrusted him profoundly, and he returned the compliment. Yet neither could do without the other: through her, he kept in touch with one of the most influential circles in Paris; and even she could not be insensible to the glory of corresponding with such a man. Besides, in spite of all their differences, they admired each other genuinely, and they were held together by the habit of a long familiarity. The result was a marvellous display of epistolary art. If they had liked each other any better, they never would have troubled to write so well. They were on their best behaviour—exquisitely courteous and yet punctiliously at ease, like dancers in a minuet. His cajoleries are infinite; his deft sentences, mingling flattery with reflection, have almost the quality of a caress. She replies in the tone of a worshipper, glancing lightly at a hundred subjects, purring out her "Monsieur de Voltaire," and seeking his advice on literature and life. He rejoins in that wonderful strain of epicurean stoicism of which he alone possessed the secret: and so the letters go on. Sometimes one just catches the glimpse of a claw beneath the soft pad, a grimace under the smile of elegance; and one remembers with a shock that, after all, one is reading the correspondence of a monkey and a cat.

Madame du Deffand's style reflects, perhaps even more completely than that of Voltaire himself, the common sense of the eighteenth century. Its precision is absolute. It is like a line drawn in one stroke by a master, with the prompt exactitude of an unerring subtlety. There is no breadth in it—no sense of colour and the concrete mass of things. One cannot wonder, as one reads her, that she hardly regretted her blindness. What did she lose by it? Certainly not

> The sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summer's rose;

for what did she care for such particulars when her eyes were at their clearest? Her perception was intellectual; and to the penetrating glances of her mental vision the objects of the sensual world were mere irrelevance. The kind of writing produced by such a quality of mind may seem thin and barren to those accustomed to the wealth and variety of the Romantic school. Yet it will repay attention. The vocabulary is very small; but every word is the right one; this old lady of high society, who had never given a thought to her style, who wrote—and spelt—by the light of nature, was a past mistress of that most difficult of literary accomplishments—"l'art de dire en un mot tout ce qu'un mot peut dire." The object of all art is to make suggestions. The romantic artist attains that end by using a multitude of different stimuli, by calling up image after image, recollection after recollection, until the reader's mind is filled and held by a vivid and palpable evocation; the classic works by the contrary method of a fine enonomy, and, ignoring everything but what is essential, trusts, by means of the exact propriety of his presentation, to produce the required effect. Madame du Deffand carries the classical ideal to its furthest point. She never strikes more than once, and she always hits the nail on the head. Such is her skill that she sometimes seems to beat the Romantics even on their own ground: her reticences make a deeper impression than all the dottings of their i's. The following passage from a letter to Walpole is characteristic:

> *Nous eûmes une musique charmante, une dame qui joue de la harpe à merveille;* elle me fit tant de plaisir que j'eus du regret que vous ne l'entendissiez pas, c'est un instrument admirable. Nous eûmes aussi un clavecin, mais quoiqu'il fût touché avec une grande perfection, ce n'est rien en comparaison de la harpe Je fus fort triste toute [illegible]

Here are no coloured words, no fine phrases—only the most flat and ordinary expressions—"un instrument admirable"—"une grande perfection"—"fort triste." Nothing is described; and yet how much is suggested! The whole scene is conjured up—one does not know how; one's imagination is switched on to the right rails, as it were, by a look, by a gesture, and then left to run of itself. In the simple, faultless rhythm of that closing sentence, the trembling melancholy of the old harp seems to be lingering still.

While the letters to Voltaire show us nothing but the brilliant exterior of Madame du Deffand's mind, those to Walpole reveal the whole state of her soul. The revelation is not a pretty one. Bitterness, discontent, pessimism, cynicism, boredom, regret, despair—these are the feelings that dominate every page. To a superficial observer Madame du Deffand's lot must have seemed peculiarly enviable; she was well off, she enjoyed the highest consideration, she possessed intellectual talents of the rarest kind which she had every opportunity of displaying, and she was surrounded by a multitude of friends. What more could anyone desire? The harsh old woman would have smiled grimly at such a question. "A little appetite," she might have answered. She was like a dyspeptic at a feast; the finer the dishes that were set before her, the greater her distaste; that spiritual gusto which lends a savour to the meanest act of living, and without which all life seems profitless, had gone from her for ever. Yet—and this intensified her wretchedness—though the banquet was loathsome to her, she had not the strength to tear herself away from the table. Once, in a moment of desperation, she had thoughts of retiring to a convent, but she soon realized that such an action was out of the question. Fate had put her into the midst of the world, and there she must remain. "Je ne suis point assez heureuse," she said, "de me passer des choses dont je ne me soucie pas." She was extremely lonely. As fastidious in friendship as in literature, she passed her life among a crowd of persons whom she disliked and despised. "Je ne vois que des sots et des fripons," she said; and she did not know which were the most disgusting. She took a kind of deadly pleasure in analysing "les nuances des sottises" among the people with whom she lived. The varieties were many, from the foolishness of her companion, Mademoiselle Sanadon, who would do nothing but imitate her—"elle fait des définitions," she wails—to that of the lady who hoped to prove her friendship by unending presents of grapes and pears—"comme je n'y tâte pas, cela diminue mes scrupules du peu de goût que j'ai pour elle." Then there were those who were not quite fools but something very near it. "Tous les Matignon sont des sots," said somebody one day to the Regent, "excepté le Marquis de Matignon." "Cela est vrai," the Regent replied, "il n'est pas sot, mais on voit bien qu'il est le fils d'un sot." Madame du Deffand was an expert at tracing such affinities. For instance, there was Necker. It was clear that Necker was not a fool, and yet—what was it? Something was the matter—yes, she had it: he made you feel a fool yourself—"l'on est plus bête avec lui que l'on ne l'est tout seul." As she said of herself: "elle est toujours tentée d'arracher les masques qu'elle rencontre."

Those blind, piercing eyes of hers spied out unerringly the weakness or the ill-nature or the absurdity that lurked behind the gravest or the most fascinating exterior; then her fingers began to itch, and she could resist no longer—she gave way to her besetting temptation. It is impossible not to sympathize with Rousseau's remark about her—"J'aimai mieux encore m'exposer au fléau de sa haine qu'à celui de son amitié." There, sitting in her great Diogenes-tub of an arm-chair—her "tonneau" as she called it—talking, smiling, scattering her bons-mots, she went on through the night, in the remorseless secrecy of her heart, tearing off the masks from the faces that surrounded her. Sometimes the world in which she lived displayed itself before her horrified inward vision like some intolerable and meaningless piece of clock-work mechanism:

> J'admirais hier au soir la nombreuse compagnie qui était chez moi; hommes et femmes me paraissaient des machines à ressorts, qui allaient, venaient, parlaient, riaient, sans penser, sans réfléchir, sans sentir; chacun jouait son rôle par habitude: Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon crevait de rire, Mme. de Forcalquier dédaignait tout, Mme. de la Vallière jabotait sur tout. Les hommes ne jouaient pas de meilleurs rôles, et moi j'étais abîmée dans les réflexions les plus noires; je pensai que j'avais passé ma vie dans les illusions; que je m'étais creusée tous les abîmes dans lesquels j'étais tombée.

At other times she could see around her nothing but a mass of mutual hatreds, into which she was plunged herself no less than her neighbours:

> [illegible] société, un charmant commerce.

Once or twice for several months together she thought that she had found in the Duchesse de Choiseul a true friend and a perfect companion. But there was one fatal flaw even in Madame de Choiseul: she *was* perfect!—"Elle est parfaite; et c'est un plus grand défaut qu'on ne pense et qu'on ne saurait imaginer." At last one day the inevitable happened—she went to see Madame de Choiseul, and she was bored. "Je rentrai chez moi à une heure, pénétrée, persuadée qu'on ne peut être content de personne."

One person, however, there was who pleased her, and it was the final irony of her fate that this very fact should have been the last drop that caused the cup of her unhappiness to overflow. Horace Walpole had come upon her at a psychological moment. Her quarrel with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and the Encyclopædists had just occurred; she was within a few years of seventy, and it must have seemed to her that, after such a break, at such an age, there was little left for her to do

but to die quietly. Then the gay, talented, fascinating Englishman appeared, and she suddenly found that, so far from her life being over, she was embarked for good and all upon her greatest adventure. What she experienced at that moment was something like a religious conversion. Her past fell away from her a dead thing; she was overwhelmed by an ineffable vision; she, who had wandered for so many years in the ways of worldly indifference, was uplifted all at once on to a strange summit, and pierced with the intensest pangs of an unknown devotion. Henceforward her life was dedicated; but, unlike the happier saints of a holier persuasion, she was to find no peace on earth. It was, indeed, hardly to be expected that Walpole, a blasé bachelor of fifty, should have reciprocated so singular a passion; yet he might at least have treated it with gentleness and respect. The total impression of him which these letters produce is very damaging. It is true that he was in a difficult position; and it is also true that, since only the merest fragments of his side of the correspondence have been preserved, our knowledge of the precise details of his conduct is incomplete; nevertheless, it is clear that, on the whole, throughout the long and painful episode, the principal motive which actuated him was an inexcusable egoism. He was obsessed by a fear of ridicule. He knew that letters were regularly opened at the French Post Office, and he lived in terror lest some spiteful story of his absurd relationship with a blind old woman of seventy should be concocted and set afloat among his friends, or his enemies, in England, which would make him the laughing-stock of society for the rest of his days. He was no less terrified by the intensity of the sentiment of which he had become the object. Thoroughly superficial and thoroughly selfish, immersed in his London life of dilettantism and gossip, the weekly letters from France with their burden of a desperate affection appalled him and bored him by turns. He did not know what to do; and his perplexity was increased by the fact that he really liked Madame du Deffand—so far as he could like anyone—and also by the fact that his vanity was highly flattered by her letters. Many courses were open to him, but the one he took was probably the most cruel that he could have taken: he insisted with an absolute rigidity on their correspondence being conducted in the tone of the most ordinary friendship—on those terms alone, he said, would he consent to continue it. And of course such terms were impossible to Madame du Deffand. She accepted them—what else could she do?—but every line she wrote was a denial of them. Then, periodically, there was an explosion. Walpole stormed, threatened, declared he would write no more; and on her side there were abject

apologies, and solemn promises of amendment. Naturally, it was all in vain. A few months later he would be attacked by a fit of the gout, her solicitude would be too exaggerated, and the same fury was repeated, and the same submission. One wonders what the charm could have been that held that proud old spirit in such a miserable captivity. Was it his very coldness that subdued her? If he had cared for her a little more, perhaps she would have cared for him a good deal less. But it is clear that what really bound her to him was the fact that they so rarely met. If he had lived in Paris, if he had been a member of her little clique, subject to the unceasing searchlight of her nightly scrutiny, who can doubt that, sooner or later, Walpole too would have felt "le fléau de son amitié"? His mask, too, would have been torn to tatters like the rest. But, as it was, his absence saved him; her imagination clothed him with an almost mythic excellence; his brilliant letters added to the impression; and then, at intervals of about two years, he appeared in Paris for six weeks—just long enough to rivet her chains, and not long enough to loosen them. And so it was that she fell before him with that absolute and unquestioning devotion of which only the most dominating and fastidious natures are capable. Once or twice, indeed, she did attempt a revolt, but only succeeded in plunging herself into a deeper subjection. After one of his most violent and cruel outbursts, she refused to communicate with him further, and for three or four weeks she kept her word; then she crept back and pleaded for forgiveness. Walpole graciously granted it. It is with some satisfaction that one finds him, a few weeks later, laid up with a peculiarly painful attack of the gout.

About half-way through the correspondence there is an acute crisis, after which the tone of the letters undergoes a marked change. After seven years of struggle, Madame du Deffand's indomitable spirit was broken; henceforward she would hope for nothing; she would gratefully accept the few crumbs that might be thrown her; and for the rest she resigned herself to her fate. Gradually sinking into extreme old age, her self-repression and her bitterness grew ever more and more complete. She was always bored; and her later letters are a series of variations on the perpetual theme of "ennui." "C'est une maladie de l'âme," she says, "dont nous afflige la nature en nous donnant l'existence, c'est le ver solitaire qui absorbe tout." And again, "l'ennui est l'avant-goût du néant, mais le néant lui est préférable." Her existence had become a hateful waste—a garden, she said, from which all the flowers had been uprooted and which had been sown with salt. "Ah! Je le répète sans cesse, il n'y a qu'un malheur, celui d'être né." The grasshopper had

become a burden; and yet death seemed as little desirable as life. "Comment est-il possible," she asks, "qu'on craigne la fin d'une vie aussi triste?" When Death did come at last, he came very gently. She felt his approaches, and dictated a letter to Walpole, bidding him, in her strange fashion, an infinitely restrained farewell: "Divertissez-vous, mon ami, le plus que vous pourrez; ne vous affligez point de mon état, nous étions presque perdus l'un pour l'autre; nous ne nous devions jamais revoir; vous me regretterez, parce qu'on est bien aise de se savoir aimé." That was her last word to him. Walpole might have reached her before she finally lost consciousness, but, though he realized her condition and knew well enough what his presence would have been to her, he did not trouble to move. She died as she had lived—her room crowded with acquaintances and the sound of a conversation in her ears. When one reflects upon her extraordinary tragedy, when one attempts to gauge the significance of her character and of her life, it is difficult to know whether to pity most, to admire, or to fear. Certainly there is something at once pitiable and magnificent in such an unflinching perception of the futilities of living, such an uncompromising refusal to be content with anything save the one thing that it is impossible to have. But there is something alarming too; was she perhaps right after all?

Books and Characters.

JOHN COLLINGS SQUIRE (*b.* 1884).

Author and poet, Editor of the "London Mercury," and contributor to the "Observer." Has for some time been the literary accoucheur of young poets and novelists, and arbiter in many a circle which trusts his honesty and his judgment. His own work in poetry and prose is first-class, but he is beyond this an inspirer and leader of acknowledged contemporary force.

FAME AFTER DEATH

I HAVE been reading an author unduly neglected. There are many. Our literature is full of minor classics which from time to time are galvanized into life by new editions, and then relapse into almost complete oblivion, a few bookish people cherishing them and no one else mentioning them. These resent the neglect. They feel that injustice is being done if a favourite book is omitted from histories of literature or is unknown to people who would appreciate it. And there is no doubt that the injustice is felt as an injustice to the author personally, though he be long dead and unaware of men's speech and their silence. This feeling springs unconsciously, perhaps, from the knowledge that if a man writes a good book one of his main motives, almost always, is posthumous fame. He wishes his name and his personality to survive him; posterity must think well of him; it must know that a man lived who was fully up to its own best standards, a man intellectually as acute, emotionally as quick, morally as sound as the latest births of time "I think," said the dying Keats, "that I shall be among the English poets after I die"; "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes," wrote Shakespeare, "shall outlast this powerful rhyme." The predictions indicate the prepossessions. We still see through their eyes and feel with their hearts, find ourselves in them and them in ourselves But posthumous fame is not always of this quality; and the neglect we spoke of is not the only kind of neglect.

For, thinking of those authors whose names are kept but dimly and intermittently alive, of those books (not of the first order) in the survival or revival of which chance seems so notably to operate, I thought of those whose names survive detached from their works, or of whom the names are universally respected whilst the works are generally ignored. There are Anglo-Saxon poets, Cædmon and Cynewulf, whose names come easy to the lips of all literate men; but who reads them save an occasional editor and an infrequent examinee? Langland, of "Piers Plowman," is another such. He is universally regarded as our greatest writer before Chaucer, but how many times a year does anybody open his book, and how many of those who would never omit him from any list of the illustrious dead, are in contact with him or have any first-hand basis for their belief in his greatness? Writing of Chaucer's successors, the late Churton Collins, a candid if a narrow man, remarked that "What Voltaire said of Dante is literally true of such poets as Henryson, Douglas, and Dunbar. We simply take them on trust." And there are a great many others whom most of us take on trust. It would be foolish to suggest that no one ever reads the "Faerie Queene" through, and we know that from time to time Spenser, the great artist, has profoundly affected the art of his successors. But what proportion of those who put him amongst the four greatest of our poets habitually read his masterpiece, or, in fact, have ever read it at all? How many who mechanically do reverence to his name are secretly of opinion that his works are extremely dull? Is he read in England any more than Confucius is? And in some degree does not this divorce between fame and familiarity, this existence of established and unchallenged reputation which is also mainly untested, affect also such great figures as Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Dryden, and such lesser ones as Richardson and Jeremy Taylor? They are labelled; they have, after whatever early vicissitudes, been put on their respective shelves, and scholars provide the general public with the facts about them and the justifications for their position. But Spenser does not live as Shelley lives, nor Dryden as Jane Austen. The range of their personal access is far narrower than that of their celebrity. In the farthest extremity, there survive from classical times illustrious names to which no works are attached at all; they are spoken of with respect; they must not be missed out on any account; but we know nothing of the men beyond their names. And this, which is an uncommon occurrence in the sphere of literature, is in other spheres common; for our dim and inchoate early records have handed down to us the names of thousands

of monarchs and warriors who meant to leave their marks on the world, whose names do reverberate through the ages, and of whom we know nothing more. What was Sennacherib like? What, beyond their names, did Hengist and Horsa leave behind them? And, dreaming of that posthumous life which is so usual a human ambition, would they have been satisfied to know that they would survive only in a mere verbal repetition of the names they bore?

Probably they would have preferred that to nothing. This passion is beyond reason. Reason tells us that time is long and eternity longer, that all civilizations pass, and that in the end all records fade. We cannot, looking ahead, visualize millions of years of accumulated reputations. Old fames must die as new fames grow, and accident may wipe them out with more than normal rapidity. "What poets sang in Atlantis?" asks a modern poet. We know what they must have felt, but we do not know who they were; and the tidal wave that suddenly submerged that fabled continent is but a violent and abrupt symbol of the decay and oblivion that ultimately must overcome all the works of men. We may be as established as we think. We may at last have driven firm piles in that morass into which past civilizations have constantly relapsed. The last of the barbarian invasions may be over; our scientific fabric may not, within thinkable time, collapse; the ordered progress of the Victorian vision may be ahead and may last through æons. But even so—and it is a large postulate—the vessel's wake cannot indefinitely be kept in sight. There will be a horizon to each age, beyond which the knowledge and interest of details far behind will fade. They will have new Shakespeares and new Spensers; our sonnets will have gone like our marble and the gilded monuments of our princes, beyond the range even of archæologists. And in the end what prospect does reason, working on the supposed facts that are now provided her, offer? A cooling and a disappearance. A void and frozen world circling in space, and a watching moon that has outlasted all mortal fames and seen the ultimate Shakespeare pass and die, leaving no more permanent trace than Hodge at his plough or the slaves that worked on the pyramids. We know all that, yet knowing it makes no difference. For fame after death, however uncertain and however perishable, men will work, starve, and bear with cheerfulness the neglect of their contemporaries, in the last resort they are content that for some term, the limits of which they shrink from contemplating, the mere syllables of their names should be known and spoken, like the names of schoolboys cut on desks or the initials of lovers on trees. Is it strange that the meditative,

contemplating so peculiar a phenomenon, should have found in this mania, otherwise so stupid and perverse, the inexplicable reflection of a deep consciousness of immortality?

Life and Letters.

PHILIP GUEDALLA (*b.* 1889)

Exhibitioner, First-class Honour Moderations. President of the Oxford Union Society. Historian and author, he is known mainly for the brilliance of his epigrams and for his crisp and caustic comments on life. His books on "Napoleon the Third" and Palmerston register his recent advances in subject and technique, and this continuous progress augurs excellently for the future.

FEZ

Somewhere in the town a drum was throbbing. The little pulse of sound seemed to go straight up in the silence over the city, like a tall thread of wood smoke into a windless sky. But all round the great place lay out in the still sunshine; and the grey hills, where the olive-trees climb up into the Middle Atlas, look down on Fez. There is something a little alarming about a city without a sound. When one stands above a town in the West, there is always a striking of clocks, a dull thunder of wheels, or the sudden yell of an engine. But down in the little streets, which wind through Fez, there is no traffic beyond men on foot and sheeted women and the faint click of ambling mules and the little donkeys that brush their loads against the walls on either side. That is why scarcely a sound drifts up, as you look out across the city.

It is a grey, congested heap of square-topped houses, filling a whole valley, climbing the little hills, and huddled behind the shelter of the city walls. Tall towers stand up out of the mass, where the *muezzin* goes up between the city and the sky to quaver out the hours of prayer; and beyond the minarets one catches the sudden green of a great roof of tiles. But the memory that will remain is of a heaped, great waste of houses lying silent in the sun. As one stared, it seemed to stare silently back; and somewhere in the town a solitary drum was throbbing.

The little alleys wind in and out among the houses. Sometimes they vanish unto tunnels under the piled city, or pick their way across

greatness hanging about the spot; of a gleaming hansom cab at the entrance and a black-bearded man, looking mountainous in everyday clothes, getting out while folk standing around murmur "W.G.!"; of simple-faced men in wide uncreased trousers proceeding along the pavement, the names of them, likely enough, Lockwood, Lohmann, Richardson,—all keen to "get at the old'un." No lover of cricket can very well keep the thought of Grace from his mind as he wanders about Lord's, for though Grace was a Gloucestershire man, surely he larded the green earth at Lord's till the very spirit of him may be said to have gone into the grass. You see, just as Lord's is too large in spirit to stand for any one county or for any one space of time in cricket's history, so did the amplitude of Grace transcend Gloucestershire and his little day. The other morning at Lord's, with the day spending its warmth and unfolding the heart of summer, one felt a kind of resentment that there should ever have been a bourne put by nature on "W.G.'s" capacity to endure and to play the game till he was utterly tired of it. Was not Lord's here for him just as ever it was, and a summer day here also, one so fresh that it cast clean out of the understanding the thought of years that pass away? Why should it ever happen to a cricketer that a July day comes sooner or later on which the sun begins in the old comfortable way to climb the sky, and Lord's stands in the light, full of summer-time animation—and he not there to know of it?

Go from Lord's in a day and to-morrow discover Bramall Lane and you enter another world. Frankly, the cricket field at Sheffield is a blasted heath, but, as Shakespeare knew, it is on blasted heaths that matters of grim moment come to pass. A Lancashire and Yorkshire match is not to be thought of at Lord's. There, at Sheffield, the scene tells a plain tale of the stiff energy of North Country life, and it provides the right setting for a battle between ancient hosts where informing spirit is dour, and combative blood feud. Squat chimneys outside the ground loom black, and even on a Bank Holiday the air contains a hint of furnaces and steel smelters. And to the man who likes his cricket moving dramatically on the right stage, the Bramall Lane crowd is a work of art. It is a multitude which seemingly throws out a white heat and causes the game to boil over prodigiously. Who at Sheffield on Whit Monday in 1922 will ever forget the great crowd that watched Yorkshire struggling for a first innings' advantage over Lancashire the day long? It was a crowd unashamedly partisan. No room had the red-hot ranks of it for the equanimity that can look on an issue and say "May the best side win." This vast gathering lived the violent after-

noon through to one thought, and one thought alone—"Down with Lancashire, Trample the Red Rose in the dust." Here we had a partisan temper which sought to persuade events in Yorkshire's way. There was surely not a man on Bramall Lane's desolate plain that afternoon who would not have held up his hands to the sky till pain scourged him had he believed that such a martyrdom would keep the hurly-burly favourable to his county. Not magnanimous, you might well say; still, there is an aspect to partisanship as brittle as this which is not entirely to be despised. If the Sheffield crowd cannot attend to the amenities at the sight of an advance by the ancient foe, if it is driven in the hour of Yorkshire's adversity to a fury and apprehension that have no use for a magnanimous admiration of the skill of the conquerors—we may wish ourselves far away from such a crowd, and thank our stars cricket does not breed many like it, but we certainly cannot deny that here is "character," here is rich-red blood, and abundant spirit.

I have heard folk from the South say of cricket at Sheffield that it simply is *not* cricket. Their preference has been for the game as it is played with trees and country graciousness around. But why put a limit to cricket's appeal; why deny her infinite variety? Lancashire and Yorkshire at Bramall Lane is not less cricket than any match in an old meadow at Little Slocombe on the laziest day in June. Cricket, indeed, has many facets; it can satisfy most of the human animal's interests and emotions, and, as we have seen, it is sensitive to most of our moods and our habitations. It can stir one, at Sheffield, into a very man of war, it can soothe one, at Tonbridge, to the sweetest peace. In turn, it can sound a clarion note that sets the combative spirits in the blood running agog like hey-go-mad, as Tristram Shandy would say, and in turn it can capture the summer's own music.

Kent cricket you may see from a mile's distance was born of Canterbury and Tonbridge—an innings by Woolley is a pastoral And those who have Miss Mitford's eyes for the summer game will find cricke at Worcester lovable. The pretty field there, true, is overshadowed by the town and its industry, but all the bricks and mortar of the plac are huddled at one side cosily, and there is the cathedral to look at The Worcester cricket ground is in the midst of meadowland, the scen of grass is in the nostrils all day and a wide space of sky above. Here a cricket lover may seek out a corner of the field, lie down at full length and watch the game from a distance. (There is enchantment in watching the movements of men in white through the sun's haze, from a long way off.) And well does Worcestershire cricket suit cou

humour. It is even a virtue in a place so full of green loveliness his that Worcestershire often cannot play severely expert first-class cket. The rough conflict of the championship manner would seem mock Worcester's drowsy landscape. This is a cricket field apt for country club game—and it is the happy country club game Worcestershire plays. Looked at from strict first-class standards Worcesterire's bowling these last few years has been just a joke. Better fa look at it from the tolerant country club view. Let us call th Worcestershire bowlers not by the names they are known by in the list of "averages," but by names like Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson—all names of jolly good fellows for a country club match. Smith we all know; he possesses strong views on the leg-break, but somehow it never comes off "in the middle." Jones has a complete mastery over the principles of the "googly"—in the smoke-room when he is playing matches over again in reminiscent mood. Brown once got a wicket against the M.C.C., and, of course, there is always a chance that he will some day do it again. And Robinson boasts an ability to swerve with a new ball: he goes on at the outset of the innings, and will be ready again when the 200 is up! How they must enjoy their summers down at Worcester. Yet once upon a time even Worcestershire cricket could show a severe skill and pugnacity not out of keeping with Old Trafford and Sheffield: that was in the days when Worcestershire was 'Fostershire."

The world of Kent and Worcestershire cricket and the world of Yorkshire cricket might appear impossibly apart, yet Lancashire manages to make the best of both. At Old Trafford the game has a hearty sportsmanship and yet this is an efficiently ordered ground, which never lets you forget that Manchester knows a thing or two about getting and spending. Old Trafford, like Lancashire cricket, is both utilitarian and human. Makepeace who plays the game as a machine is at home at Old Trafford, but so was Johnny Briggs, a cricketer who was always niling. Old Trafford has a nice name and more of the open air gets ıto it than into Kennington Oval, for there still are fields outside Old Trafford, so that its beautiful stretch of turf does not cause you to ask, ıs the turf at the Oval does, "How on earth did it get here?" The Old Trafford crowd is fond of Lancashire cricket, but not so jealous of it that there will not be generous applause for a triumphant invading host. When Lancashire collapses, as the team not infrequently does the Old Trafford crowd will simply curse the county players heartil for a while and ease its heart that way. But at Leeds the other after

noon, when Yorkshire collapsed against Notts, though the crowd took a rather lasting sorrow home with it to tea, no word of complaint or distrust was uttered against Yorkshire cricket. There, in a word, is the difference between a Lancashire crowd's regard for its county XI and the Yorkshire crowd's. The one is based on the notion that after all cricket is only a game and hence need not ever be an occasion for a gnashing of teeth; the other sees in cricket—that is, in Yorkshire cricket—one of the fine passions of life, a possession of the clan and not too rudely handled. The Yorkshireman's intolerance of an enemy's prowess is simply the measure of the Yorkshireman's pride in his county's genius for cricket.

The Australians find the best "light" in the country at Old Trafford—no nonsense about waving trees there! And at Old Trafford the Australians have made history. The writer, for one, will always remember Armstrong sitting on the grass at Old Trafford, refusing to go on with the game until the crowd, which was in a bad temper, for a wonder, stopped "barracking" him. He will also never forget the innings Darling played at Old Trafford in the 1902 Test Match there—a small innings numerically, but how lion-hearted. It was a day of lowering clouds and Australia was in an inimical situation. Darling came in and played a death or glory innings, the fitful sun glinting on his bat. But not in great Test matches has Old Trafford come into its own, but whenever Hornby and Barlow were at the wicket and we all looked devotedly on as "the run stealers flickered to and fro." Perhaps Old Trafford is less Lancashire than Manchester; there is little in its prosperous shape—the pavilion is the image in stone and mortar of your successful Manchester man—that tells of the county's scrambling little mill towns where cobbled streets go up and down hill. None the less it is more like Lancashire county than Kennington Oval is like Surrey county. For if Lord's is cosmopolitan, the Oval is distinctly metropolitan. One of the ironies of the game, surely, is that Surrey, with its hills and downs, has in cricket come to be associated with Kennington and a setting of bleak tenements and confident announcements (on hoardings) about somebody's pale ale and dry gin. Little of breezy county air passes over the Oval. And so, because the Oval incessantly comes to mind when one thinks of Surrey cricket, one is driven to thinking of the Surrey team as made wholly of the stuff of Cockaigne. "Bobby" Abel was the personification of Surrey cricket seen through the air of the Oval; the pert cock of the cap on his head, the slick dexterity of his play, with bat at an impudent angle,—all these gave

cricket a Cockney accent. Poor Tom Richardson, with his sun-stained face and black hair, was, I can hardly think, rarely in his heart's home with the odours of modern Vauxhall about him. Why cannot Surrey find for occasions, a pleasant field, somewhere, say, near Cranleigh?

Nottinghamshire cricket has never been unfaithful to Trent Bridge. That perfect pitch at Trent Bridge went a long way towards the making of the Nottinghamshire cricket tradition. For on a cushion of Trent Bridge marl batsmanship was tempted to proceed comfortably along the lines of least resistance. The poor bowler was at a discount at Trent Bridge in fine weather; no long and keen challenge was sent from him to the batsman. "Keep your wickets up, lads, and runs will come," seems usually to have been the easy philosophy of Nottinghamshire cricketers—dwellers for a season's best part on Trent Bridge, a Lotos-land for batsmen, a place where it is always afternoon and 360 for 2 wickets. That guileless turf at Nottingham accounted for Shrewsbury, whose every innings was stately blank verse of batsmanship; accounted for Attewell, pitching the ball on a sixpenny-piece's circumference till soothing monotony came over the onlooker; accounted for Scotton, the stonewaller—"Block, block, block at the foot of thy wicket, O Scotton!" In its hey-day Nottinghamshire cricket was fit for heaven and eternity. You could admire it like unflavoured marble, but, being human, you could not live with it for long. How powerfully the Trent Bridge pitch has contributed to the cold Nottinghamshire cricket tradition of the past may best be understood if we look at the doings of the Nottinghamshire XI in 1907—a wet summer. In that season Notts won the championship by cricket as brilliant as Kent cricket. The rain took from the Trent Bridge wicket its customary easefulness; no longer could a batsman dawdle on it all day while his score mounted almost without a thought from him—his innings growing in the warmth like a plant. No; he had now to get runs by art and quick wit against a spinning ball, and the Nottinghamshire XI responded beautifully to the stimulus of the new environment. To-day, one believes, the wicket at Trent Bridge is no longer as delicately nurtured on marl as it was in the old times: Nature in the grass is given a better chance of asserting herself. If this is the truth, we can hardly put it down to accident that nowadays Nottinghamshire cricket has perhaps a more lively habit of mind, a freer gait than ever it had; that A. W. Carr, wearing the mantle of A. O. Jones, is leading his batsmen from its ancient flat lands to slopes romanticly uneven.

You can't get away from it—cricket does turn sensitively to sun and the setting, moves to the passing of summer in England. True, they play cricket in Australia and South Africa; the game, in fact, has gone round the wide world. But not in the lands of dry light and parched brown earth is cricket the game we know and love here. Cricket as a combat and as a display of skill would be fascinating in the Sahara, no doubt; in England only does the soul of it unfold. You have never even wooed cricket, let alone won it, if you have looked on the game merely as a clever matter of bat and ball which, given a fine day and expert players, might be appreciated at any time of the year, like football which is as good to watch in December as in April or May. One, *indeed, has heard folk ask for winter cricket, to be played in some* glass-domed "Olympia" brilliant with electric light. The cricketer of soul knows better than this. He knows that whoever would appreciate cricket rightly must have a sense, as he sits in the sun (there can be no real cricket without sunshine), that he is simply attending to one part, and just one part, of the pageant of summer as it slowly goes along, and yet a part as true to summer as villages in the Cotswolds, stretches of gleaming meadowland, and pools in the hills. Cricket in high summer is played with the mind of the born lover of it, conscious the whole time that all this happy English life is around him—that cricket is but a corner in the teeming garden of the year. Pycroft in "The Cricket Field" writes of "those sunny hours . . . 'when the valleys laugh and sing,' " and plainly the memories of them as he wrote his book were as the memories of some sweet distillation of cricket itself. You see, at cricket, there is a chance to bask in a comprehension of the summer-time setting and spirit; the game more often than not is a leisurely game. And so the watcher may be mindful, as the men in white come on to the field at the fresh of the morning, that the sun is beginning a lazy journey up the sky; that, while the game pauses in the hour for rest and lunch, the earth is smoking in the heat of noon, that at the fall of day, with its shadows and the yellow light that touches the cricketers' flannels with dust—why, then the watcher of the game may also see the peach bloom come in evening skies. All things that matter are these to cricketers of heart and to our delectable game. Only on dull days and in dull places is cricket dull.

The Empire Review.

The first deviser of "Characters" in English, Joseph Hall, was a faithful disciple of Theophrastus. Not merely does he prove on every page that he holds imitation better than invention, but he frankly and freely acknowledges his debt. He has trod in the paths of the ancient philosophers, he says, "but with a higher and wider step." Especially he follows Theophrastus, "that ancient master of morality, who thought this the fittest task for the ninety-and-ninth year of his age, and the profitablest monument that he could leave for a farewell to his Grecians." Thus, in consonance with the master's theory, Hall's characters are mere abstractions. He does not write with his eyes upon this or that specimen. He attributes to each virtue and to each vice the qualities and manifestations which he thinks each ought to reveal. His Wise Man and his Busy-Body, his Hypocrite and his Malcontent are the same, wherever he found them. They were the same in the time of Theophrastus; they are the same to-day—the same in essence, different only in phrase.

Though he speak of Cales and Nieuport; though he speculate of Holland's peace and the Guiana voyage, Hall's personages, good or ill, inhabit a shadowland of morality, not the England of his day. And Hall reveals other ambitions, of which Theophrastus knew nothing. Before all things he is a man of letters, not writing with the careless ease of the Greek, but striving busily and consciously after a literary effect. Here he is in the right of it. Brilliant finish and a fine surface are the essentials of work composed on so small a scale as is the "Character," and in Hall's pages you will never find a wry or ill-considered word. He delights in imagery, like the artist that he was. "He is a lowly valley," he says of the Humble Man, "sweetly planted and well-watered: the proud man's earth, whereon he trampleth; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them: a rich stone set in lead: and lastly a true Temple of God, built with a low roof." He replaces the just and commonplace humour of Theophrastus with a kind of mysticism. He is metaphysical, like Crashaw and Donne. He enwraps his simple virtues in phrases of fantasy. Of the Faithful Man he says: "He walks every day with his Maker; and talks with Him familiarly. . . . If his own parents lie on his way to God, his holy carelessness makes them his footsteps. . . . He hath white hands and a clean soul, fit to lodge God in; all the rooms whereof are set apart for his Holiness." Even at his plainest, he has the tact to choose the right word, to fashion a comely sentence. What can be better than this of the Valiant Man: "He hath often looked death in the face, and passed it by with a smile"? Or of the Honest Man, who "scorneth to gain by orphans,

or ransack graves: and therefore will be true to a dead friend, because he sees him not"? All the resources of antithesis and epigram are his. He has a grave wit, and thinks it no shame to set a fine point even on moral exhortation. The Patient Man, he tells us, "goes with the same mind to the shambles and the fold." And again, "Superstition is godless religion, devout impiety." The few flashes of humour which light up the book are turned upon the vices. In describing the Vainglorious Man he steps down from his pedestal. "A bare head in the street"—thus he writes—"doth him more good than a meal's meat. He swears big at an ordinary; and talks of the Court with a sharp accent. . . . He picks his teeth when his stomach is empty, and calls for pheasants at a common inn." In brief, although Hall's book is made up of moral generalizations, it is yet a mirror in which every man may find his counterfeit. And happy is he, or vain, who seeks it among the virtues.

That Hall's book escaped notice is not wonderful. It came, modest and inobtrusive, into the hey-day of our literature. But Overbury knew it, and with Hall and Theophrastus—whom he read in Latin, if not in Greek—as examples, he sat him down to sketch characters for himself. For his masters he borrowed not much more than a technical process. He, too, got his effects by an accumulation of traits and habits. And there he left them. Their cold abstractions did not satisfy his quick eye and ardent soul. It was not for him to classify and arrange. Even though he could not pack into words all that he did and thought; even though, being better adapted to intrigue than to letters, he wrote as an amateur,—he did not shut out from his book the fruits of his experience. He replaced the reflection of Hall and Theophrastus by a vivid observation of his own. He drew always from the life, and fixed his gaze upon concrete examples. At his book's end he set down his own definition of a character. "It is a picture (real or personal)," said he, "quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing. It is a quick and soft touch of many springs, all shutting up in one musical close: it is wit's descant on any plain-song." Thus he lets us into his secret. His pictures are real or personal. There was not one of his models with whom he had not an intimate acquaintance. They are one and all of his own time and place, and they light up for us those darker corners of the past which serious history holds still in obscurity.

That the "Characters" are the work of a scholar and a courtier writing to amuse his friends is evident in every page. As I have said, it was not for Overbury wholly to express the life that he had led. The faculty of expansiveness was not his. It is equally evident that he

castigated his prose with the greatest severity. His sketches are models of concision and economy. He aims at producing an effect in every sentence, and he does not often fail. He devises phrases and constructs epigrams with a zeal and artistry which cannot elude his readers, and as he was the first to paint the "Characters" of individuals he may claim all the credit which belongs to an originality. Moreover, despite the impersonality of his style, despite the reticence of his method, Overbury and his friends emerge now and then from the measured prose, and for those who know his story it is impossible not to detect the traces of autobiography. His Courtiers, his Glory-Hunters, his Flatterers are the men whom he best knew, and as you contemplate their portraiture you think instinctively of Overbury himself and of Rochester. When he calls the Flatterer "the shadow of a fool," was he not thinking of the ungrateful part he had taken for his own? By accident or design, that which follows is surely Rochester delineated: "He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth like the sun, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loves nothing."

Look at the "Amorist" and picture to yourself Rochester's intrigue with Lady Essex, the intrigue which for a while Overbury assisted: "Her favour lifts him up as the sun moisture; when she disfavours, unable to hold that happiness, it falls down in tears. . . . He answers not, or not to the purpose; and no marvel, for he is not at home. . . . His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pied coat of red and white; shortly he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion." If this and other portraits were recognized in the manuscripts, which we may suppose Overbury handed from friend to friend, there is another clear reason for his unpopularity, for they are drawn with a truth and bitterness which would at once enrage and disconcert his victims, and they help to explain though not to condone the indifference wherewith his friends looked upon the fallen courtier.

But it is not only upon the Court that Overbury showers his invective. He expected more of life than life had to give, and thus was constantly out of humour with his surroundings. He contemned always that which was nearest to him, and detected with the quick eye of criticism the weakness and folly of his intimate companions. The University, which lay not far behind, seemed to his memory a place of desolation

understand with sympathy and turn to its own purpose with imitative zeal.

Indeed, no better vehicle for the criticism of life, which is the grave business of prose and poetry alike, than the "Character," as Overbury designed it, could be found, and there is no end which it was not destined to serve. The satirist found in it a means of invective, the politician a means of argument, the idealist a means of expressing the hope that was in him. Characters tumbled from the press in hundreds. There were characters of plain men and women, characters of statesmen—magnanimous and servile, characters of cut-throats and pick-pockets, characters of states and countries. And perhaps, if the seventeenth century had not worn the artifice to detrition, we might still express ourselves by the same method that seemed good to Sir Thomas Overbury.

The authors of "Characters" were of many kinds and many ambitions. Nicholas Breton and Henry Parrott, Wye Saltonstall and Lord North all tried their hands at the new craft. The common hack vied with the person of quality in explaining his fellow-men. The Projector and the Trimmer, the Reformado and the Fanatick, the Tory and the Prince, were one and all put under the microscope. The titles of the books are some measure of their nature and eccentricity. "The Good and the Bad," "Cures for the Itch," "Picturæ Loquentes,"—these are some of them. The most are mere echoes. Many who had nothing to say could still learn the trick of characterization, and hope with the sanguine temper of the imitator that they would not be found out. One of them, gravelled for matter, thought it worth while to travesty the noble prose of Hall in heroic verse, to destroy a masterpiece that he might build a trivial monument for himself.

But among them are a few who knew well how to profit by a good example, and who could put some substance of their own into a borrowed form. Here, for instance, is Geoffrey Mynshull, turning a bitter experience to the best account. Who and what he was is still uncertain. We know little more of him than that he belonged to a good family in Cheshire, that in 1617 he lay in the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, and that his "Essayes and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners" (1618) ill merit the oblivion into which they have fallen. It is a brave and tragic little book, the work of an ingenious scholar and a high-minded gentleman. The author does not tell us by what misfortune or improvidence he was brought within the rules, but clearly he bore his punishment with a quiet courage, and he wrote of the underworld into which he had been thrust with a vividness of style and imagery that never fails. For him,

"a prison is a grave to bury men alive, it is a microcosmos, a little world of woe, it is a map of misery, it is as intricate a place as Rosamund's Labyrinth, and it is so full of blind meanders, and crooked turnings, that it is impossible to find the way out, except he be directed by a silver clue, and can never overcome the Minotaur without a golden ball to work his own safety." Such is the place, and what are the inhabitants? "A prisoner," says Mynshull, "is as impatient patient, lingering under the rough hands of a cruel physician; . . . he is fortune's tossing-ball, an object that would make mirth melancholy: to his friends an abject, and a subject of nine days' wonder in every barber's shop." Then he pictures him as "a poor weather-beaten bird, who, having lost the shore, is driven by tempest to hang upon the sails and tacklings of a prison."

But in whatever likeness you see him, the prisoner lies in his dungeon, neglected and forgotten, the victim of a rascal creditor, "who hath two pairs of hands, one of flesh and blood, and that nature gave him; another of iron, and that the law gives him: but the one is more predominant than the other, for mercy guides the one and mammon the other." And if the creditor gives no hope, little solace may be got of visitants, who are men, for the most part "composed of all protesting promises, and little or no performance; who are like your almanacks, which, when they prognosticate fair weather, it is a million to a mite if it prove not contrary." Thus he sketches, with the eloquence of anger, the jailers, the lockers-up of nights, and the other matters of cruelty, who made the life of a debtors' prison intolerable. Yet, though he rise to the height of Juvenal's invective, he knows that his duty is to preserve a tranquil mind in the bitterest adversity, and when he draws the character of a noble, understanding Prisoner, he shows to his reader the ideal of life, which he himself would hope to realize.

"A noble understanding Prisoner," says he, "is a book so truly printed that Fortune (with all her mistakings) cannot find in him any *errata*. He comes to prison, as a great ship in a storm to shore, showing more noble emblems of constant sufferings than the seas could stick upon it of their tyranny. He beholds jailers as a valiant soldier looks upon his wounds, which how dangerous soever, yet he smiles upon his surgeon, and will endure dressing with an undaunted countenance, because he knows it is to fetch him off from danger." Above all, though he does not underrate the miracle of his freedom, he knows that good and evil come alike from himself, that oppression cannot break his magnanimous soul. He asks, in one of his loftiest passages, why the name of prisoner is distasteful. "Is it because thou art cooped under lock and key? Is

t because thou feelest wants? . . . Is it because thy friends look strangely on thee, or forsake thee? Is it because thou art disgraced and holden in scorn? . . . Yet let not all these dismay thee, for hadst thou the whole country to walk in, yet thy soul is still imprisoned in thy corrupted body. . . . Look into thy own bosom, and learn but a short rule, yet very difficult, viz.; *Nosce teipsum*, and thou shalt find that it is not imprisonment that afflicts thee, but the evil that is in thyself." From all which it is clear that Mynshull mingled reflection with his portraiture, and showed us not merely what manner of men infected a prison, but how a hero might bear himself though he lay fast bound under lock and key.

To Mynshull's exotic purpose the convention of Overbury was perfectly adapted. Artifice well becomes that which lies outside our commonplace experience. The poor Cheshire gentleman shows us but one corner of life, and that a dingy corner, but he shows it us with a gravity and a verisimilitude which none will contest. John Earle, whose "Microcosmographie, or a Piece of the World Characteriz'd," was published in 1628, had an ampler design. He set out to paint the personages whom he had encountered on his earthly journey, and the colours and the brushes which he employs are Sir Thomas Overbury's. In some respects he is superior to his master. While his observation is as keen as Overbury's, he shows a finer sense of impartiality and a happier sentiment. He does not see his subjects either all black or all white. He does not make characterization an excuse for invective, nor attempt under a general head to castigate a particular enemy. He was content to look about him, and write down his impressions. If his world was circumscribed, he knew it all the better for that, and it is the University, the Church, and the countryside which inspire his happiest efforts.

When he touches the Court, and the rufflers who frequented there, he does but echo the voice of the dramatist. His gallant is the gallant of convention, "one that was borne and shaped for his clothes," whose "main ambition is to get a knighthood, and then an old lady, which, if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much larger. Otherwise himself and his clothes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dies in the gaol, or the country." That is the gallant of many a comedy, who has wandered into Earle's notebook, not by observation, but by accident. Nor can we accept as sincere his vision of Paul's walk, the land's epitome, the lesser Isle of Great Britain. If we would find its stale knights and captains out of service, its men of long rapiers and long breeches, we would rather seek them in the plays of Jonson and

Dekker, who knew them well, than in the book of this amiable country parson, who viewed them from the pit of a theatre. On the other hand, Earle paints those that inhabit his own world with a rare tact and rarer humour. He gives them their right professions, and he decks them out with the trappings that belong to each. You may know his young raw Preacher, as he knew him, "by his narrow velvet cape, and his serge facing, and his ruff next his hair, the shortest thing about him." His plain country fellow stands before you, house and all. "His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed thorow, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there since his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity." Is it any wonder that such a man should think "Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass"?

The chief lesson of Earle's book also is the uniformity of human nature, and nowhere does he teach this lesson more clearly than in his sketches of the University. How well we know the mere young gentleman "who comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the University, whose companion is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, which he admires at first and afterwards scorns"! With how kind a sympathy does he show us an old college butler, who is "none of the worst students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any," and who "domineers over the Freshmen when they first come to the hatch"! And the University Dun, is he not the same to-day as when he sat for his portrait to the ingenious Earle? "He is very expensive of his time," we are *told*, "*for he will wait upon your stairs* a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman usher. . . . He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed *it is his* own fault, *for he is too great an upbraider.* No man puts them more to their brain than he, and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world." With equal justice Earle describes the hangers-on of scholarship—the Antiquary, who *loves all things as Dutchmen love* cheese, "the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten"; the Pot-Poet, the dregs of wit, "a man now much employed in commendation of our Navy, and a bitter inveigher against *the Spaniard*"; and best of all, the Pretender to Learning, that gentleman whom we all know, a great emendator of authors, which he has read in the catalogue, "who ne... ...s of anything but learning, and learns all from talking." In co...

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The chief lesson of Earle's book also is the uniformity of human ature, and nowhere does he teach this lesson more clearly than in his ketches of the University. How well we know the *mere young* entleman "who comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has een at the University, whose companion is ordinarily some stale fellow hat has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, which he admires at irst and afterwards scorns"! With how kind a sympathy does he show s an old college butler, who is "none of the worst students in the house, or he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any," and who '*domineers* over the Freshmen when they first come to the hatch"! And the University Dun, is he not the same to-day as when he sat for his portrait to the ingenious Earle? "He is *very expensive of his time*," we are told, "for he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman usher. . . . He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he, and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world." With equal justice Earle describes the hangers-on of scholarship—the Antiquary, who loves all things as Dutchmen love cheese, "the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten"; the Pot-Poet, the dregs of wit, "a man now much employed in commendation of our Navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard"; and best of all, the Pretender to Learning, that gentleman whom we all *know*, a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in the catalogue, "who never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking." *In conclu-*

on, when Earle writes of that which comes within the circuit of his perience, he writes with a truth, a humour and a skill of phrase which w of his rivals surpass, and which, if we forget the claims of invention, ititle him to as high a place as Overbury's in the history of the Character."

As I have said, the drawing of "Characters" was for the idealist a eans of expressing the hope that was in him. Nor did George Herbert sdain to employ, for his own purpose, the literary form handled with ual skill and to another end by Overbury and Mynshull. "A Priest in e Temple, or the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life" 632), is a sanguine sketch of what the Parson's Character should be. is a vision of excellence, not a picture of reality, as it is seen by vout and simple soul. Different as Herbert's aim was, his method is recisely the method of his predecessors. His sentences have the same rangement; they rise and fall to the same cadences. Each chapter egins with a brief enumeration of qualities, and if it ends in exhortation, at is exacted by its subject. For instance: "The Country Parson is full f all knowledge. They say it is an ill Mason that refuseth any stone, nd there is no knowledge, but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even the knowledge of tillage and pasturage. . . . But the chief and top f his knowledge consists in the Book of Books, the storehouse and agazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks and ves." And again: "The Country Parson, as soon as he wakes on Sunay morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a Market an is when the Market-day comes, or a shopkeeper when customers se to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day and ontriving it to his best gains."

In these two passages it is not difficult to recognize the technical rocesses of other and secular writers, and George Herbert's adoption f the "Character" best proves its elasticity. And no more violent ontrast could be found, in matter, though the manner is the same, to Herbert's quiet idealism, which calls up before our eyes the tranquil laces of the earth, the grave church, the homely parsonage, the yewhadowed churchyard of a remote and pleasant village, than the "Charcters" of Samuel Butler, which are full of strife and violence, and which n every page provoke discussion and challenge to the fray. It was not or the author of "Hudibras" to use any other than a boisterous humour. He was a fighter who never shrank from the field, and who struck at his oes as fiercely in the prose of his "Characters" as in the inspired doggerel

of his verse. Their wit is as turbulent as their temper, and if in the end we find them tedious, that is because we cannot dine off sauces, and because Butler refuses to mitigate his bitter seasonings with a morsel of bread or a plain piece of beefsteak. Nevertheless it is a curiosity of [illegible] that George Herbert and Samuel Butler [illegible]

Butler was neither the first nor the last to see the value of the "Character" in political controversy. The pamphleteers of a militant age took it in hand, and fashioned it valiantly to their use. The ardent discussions of the seventeenth century found in the unconscious following of Theophrastus the quickest outlet for their malignant humours. There was scarce a statesman who was not pilloried in the name of the class to which he was supposed to belong. And from the hustings the fashion of character-drawing passed into history. Clarendon and Burnet, to give but two instances, were not content to record events, to cite the mere names of soldiers and politicians. They must fit each hero, each villain, with an appropriate character; and so well did they practise the art, that we know their contemporaries as well as we know our own. Thus it is by an irony of chance that they too owed something to the ingenuity of a poor, hapless courtier, who fell a victim many years before their time to the fierce passions of love and hate. As he lay dying in the Tower, Sir Thomas Overbury thought only of that last letter, which he prayed would involve Northampton in the net of eternal shame. And by one of the accidents which defeat the settled purposes of men, the letter was speedily forgotten, to be remembered long after only by the curious, and the book of "Characters" which doubtless their author thought scattered to the winds of heaven, was sent down the stream of Time to make him famous in the eyes of those, who knew not the scandal of his life, and to be an example to a vast number of writers and pamphleteers, hardly conscious of the debt they owed.

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